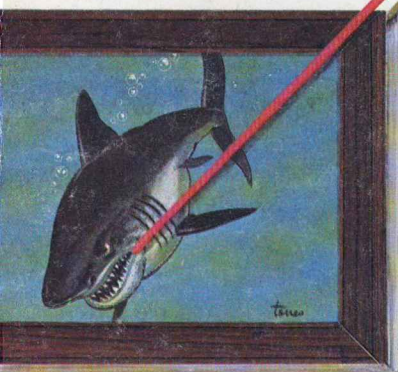
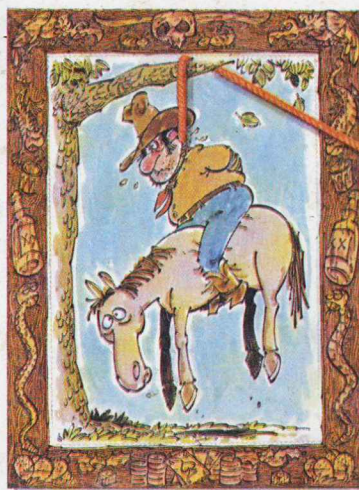
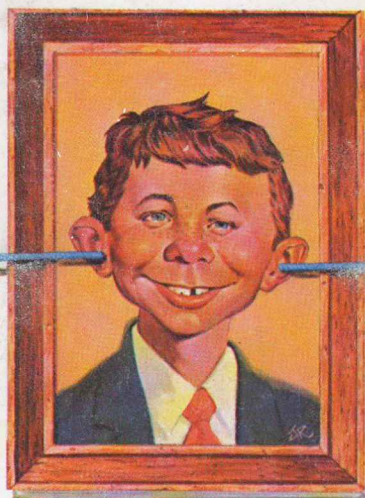
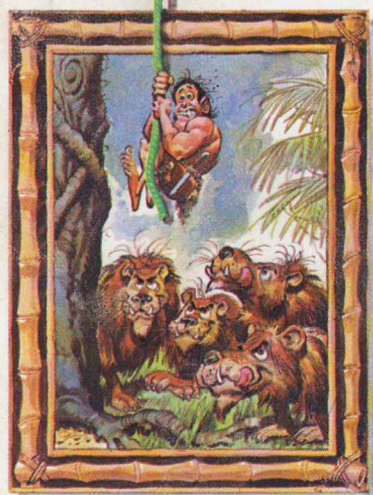


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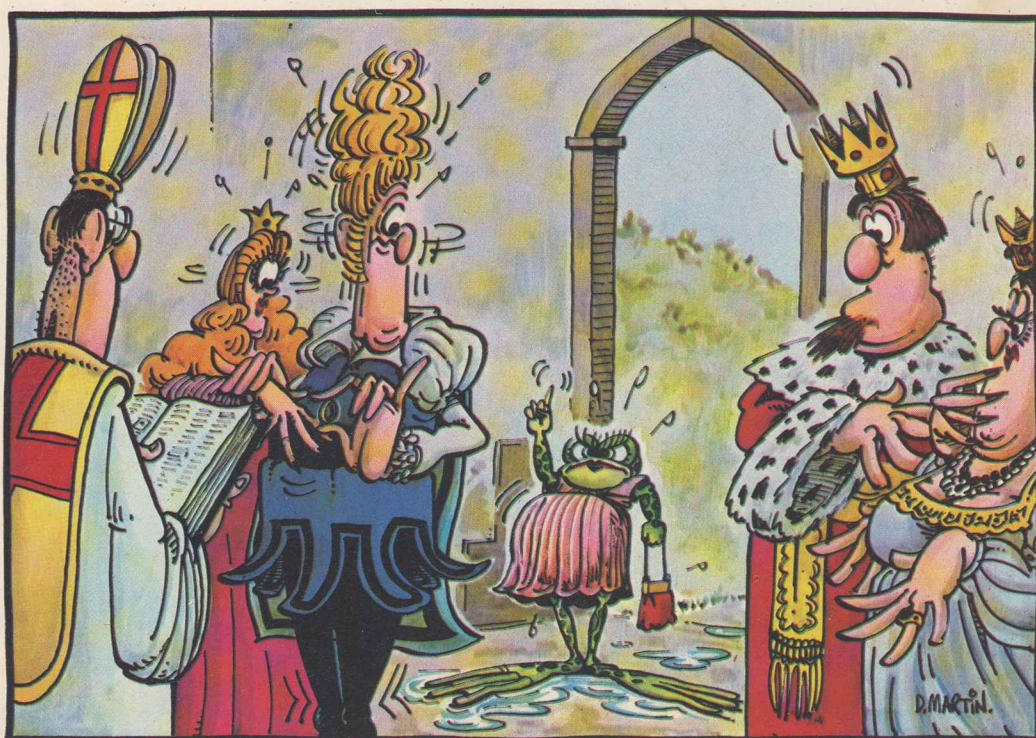
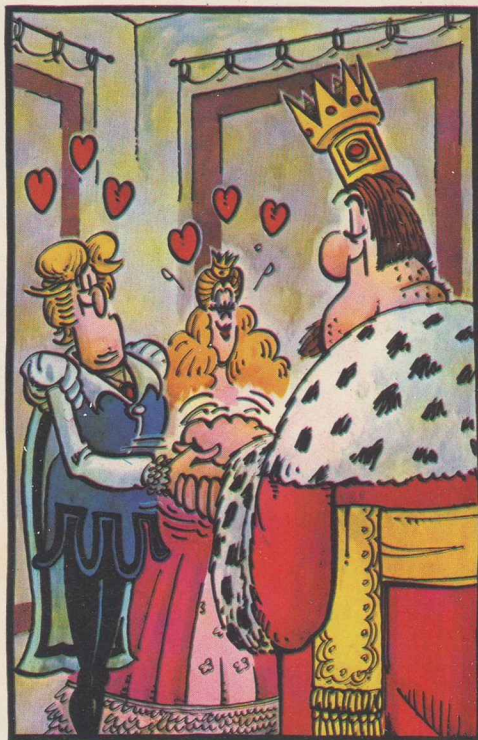
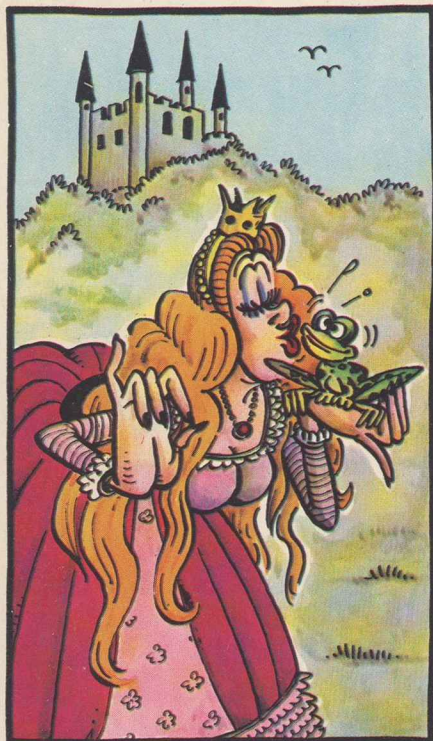
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MORE



SCENES WE'D LIKE TO SEE

(THE FROG PRINCE)



ARTIST: DON MARTIN

WRITER: DON EDWING

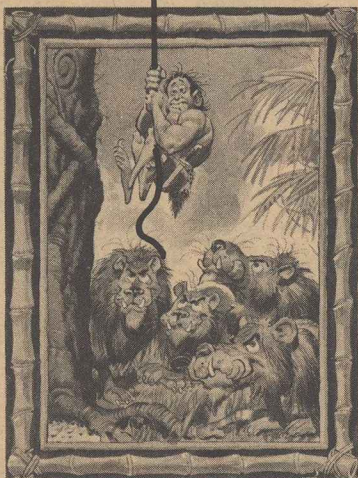
WINTER 1979 MAD SUPER SPECIAL NUMBER TWENTY-NINE

"The women who go around wearing padded bras, false eyelashes and phony wigs are the ones who complain, 'There aren't any real men left!'"—Alfred E. Neuman

WILLIAM M. GAINES *publisher* **ALBERT B. FELDSTEIN** *editor*

JOHN PUTNAM *art director* **LEONARD BRENNER** *production*
JERRY De FUCCIO, NICK MEGLIN *associate editors*

CONTRIBUTING ARTISTS AND WRITERS
the usual gang of idiots



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**Various Places Around The Magazine

PLAYING IT FOR SHARK VALUE DEPT.

There's a sick new trend in movies! It started with "Airport", continued with "Towering Inferno", sunk to a low with "Earthquake" and has now reached the depths with the movie that's REALLY packing 'em in, the one about a giant shark that terrorizes a summer community! Yep, it's obvious that people get their kicks out of seeing other people die... in every horrible way possible, which includes being...

JA

Well, here we are... a bunch of teenagers enjoying a typical Summer night in the typical seaside community of Vomity, Long Island!

It sure is fun sitting on a cool beach, drinking beer... smoking pot... listening to Rock... and making out!

Yeah, but the first thing you know... it'll be September and we'll be back in school, and our whole lives'll change!

Yeah! What a drag... sittin' in a hot classroom, drinking beer... smoking pot... listening to Rock... and making out!

Maybe you're having fun... but I'm bored! Doesn't anything different ever happen on this beach?

Look at Freddy and Brenda... running to go swimming nude and then make out in the water!

Like I said, ... doesn't anything DIFFERENT happen on this beach?!

What's that strange THING out there?!

Yeah... and listen to that rich, melodic background music...!

Oh, my God, it's horrible! HORRIBLE!

That strange thing out there...?

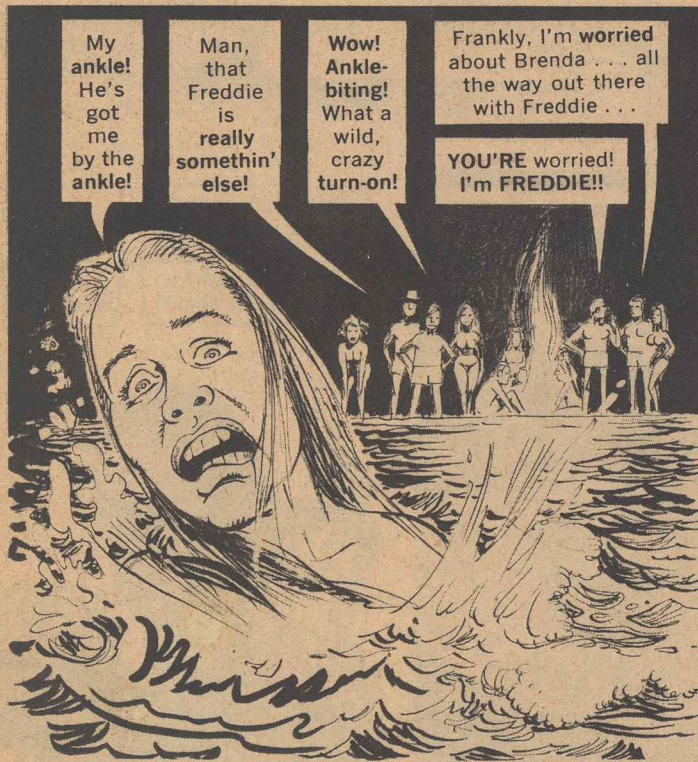
No—melodic music! I never heard music with a melody before! Quick! Someone turn up that Rock number before I go crazy!



AW'D

ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER

WRITER: LARRY SIEGEL



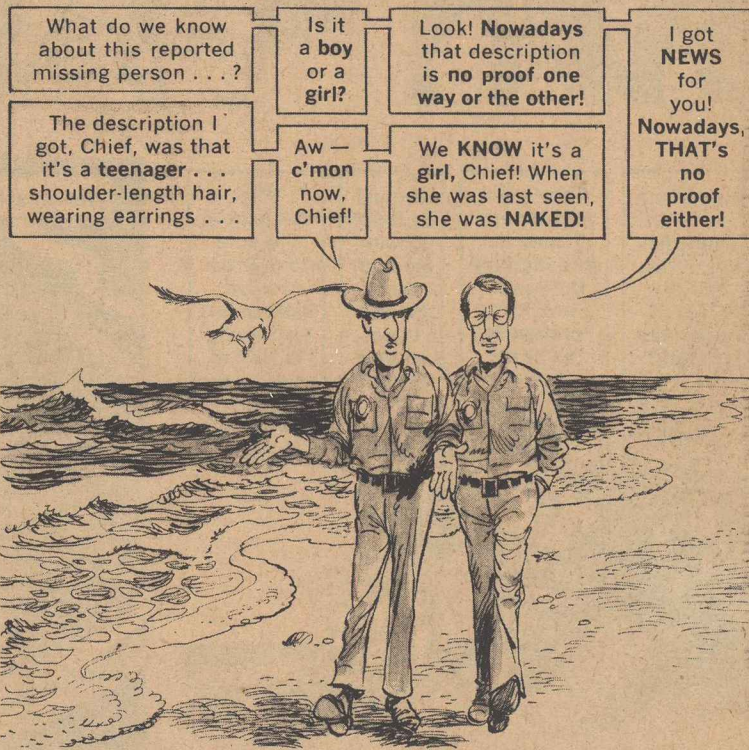
My ankle! He's got me by the ankle!

Man, that Freddie is really somethin' else!

Wow! Ankle-biting! What a wild, crazy turn-on!

Frankly, I'm worried about Brenda . . . all the way out there with Freddie . . .

YOU'RE worried! I'm FREDDIE!!



What do we know about this reported missing person . . . ?

Is it a boy or a girl?

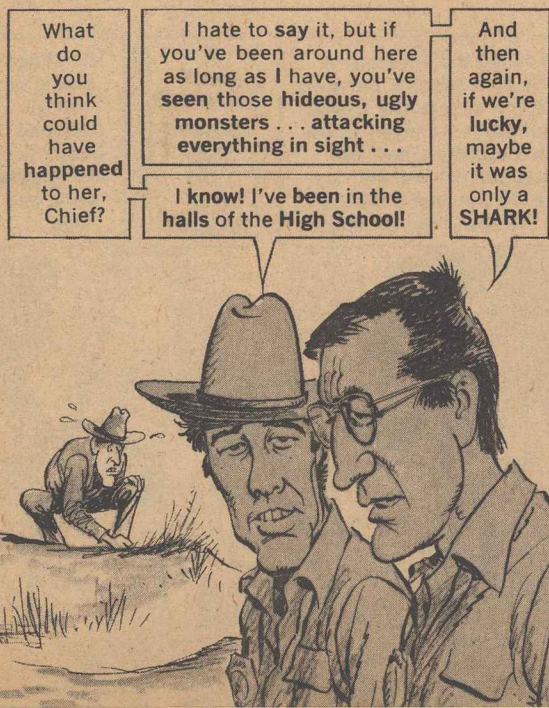
Look! **Nowadays** that description is **no proof** one way or the other!

I got **NEWS** for you! **Nowadays, THAT's** no proof either!

The description I got, Chief, was that it's a **teenager** . . . shoulder-length hair, wearing earrings . . .

Aw — c'mon now, Chief!

We **KNOW** it's a girl, Chief! When she was last seen, she was **NAKED**!

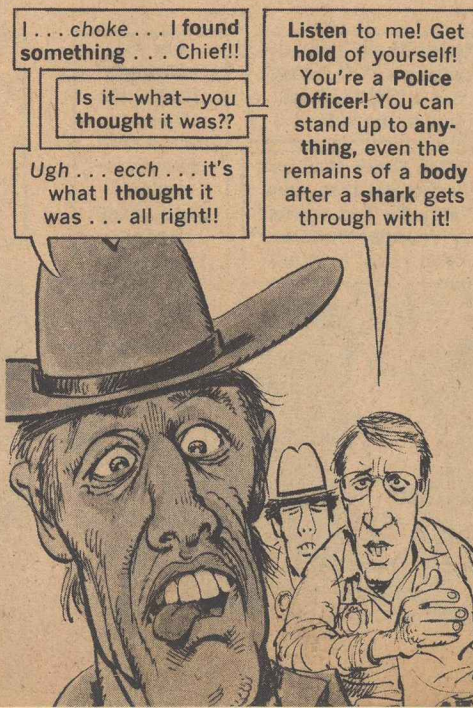


What do you think could have happened to her, Chief?

I hate to say it, but if you've been around here as long as I have, you've seen those hideous, ugly monsters . . . attacking everything in sight . . .

I know! I've been in the halls of the High School!

And then again, if we're lucky, maybe it was only a **SHARK**!

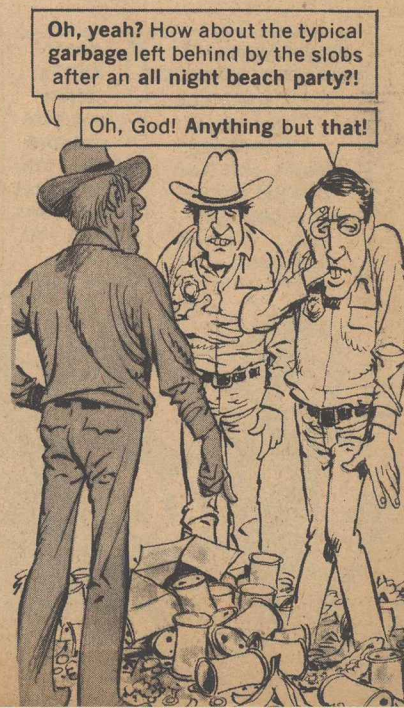


I . . . choke . . . I found something . . . Chief!!

Is it—what—you thought it was??

Ugh . . . ecch . . . it's what I thought it was . . . all right!!

Listen to me! Get hold of yourself! You're a **Police Officer**! You can stand up to anything, even the remains of a **body** after a shark gets through with it!



Oh, yeah? How about the typical garbage left behind by the slobs after an all night beach party?!

Oh, God! Anything but that!

Uggh!
Melon
rinds
and
banana
peels!

Blaah!
Anchovy
pizza
scraps
and
scungilli!

Pyuch!
Peanut
butter
sand-
wiches
and —

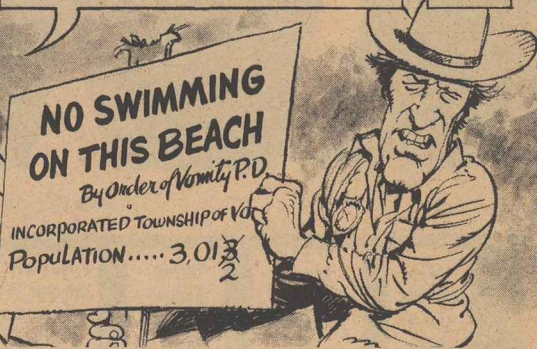
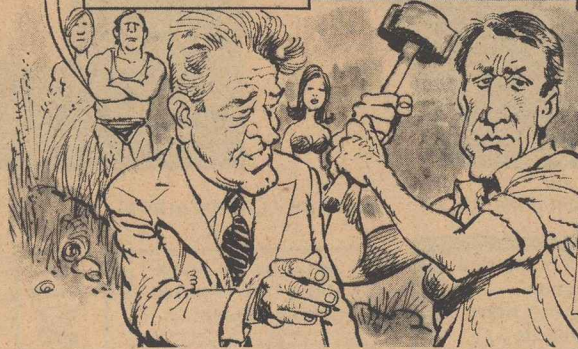
What do you think **you're**
doing, Chief. Brooding?!!

The remains of a
girl were found,
Mayor Vault! She
must have been
eaten by a shark!
We can't allow any
people in the water!

Are you insane?!
Close our beaches
with **July 4th** a
week away?! That's
when we do all our
business around
here! **Forget** about
that shark and **take**
down that sign!

Forget about it?! Do you realize
what **horror** you may be subjecting
people to on this beach? Have you
no **conscience**? Particularly on
Independence Day, when Americans
celebrate their precious, hard-
earned **freedom** by blowing off
their arms and legs with fire-
crackers, and driving drunkenly
down our nation's highways ...

Come
to
think
of it,
I guess
I'll
take
down
the
sign!



How come
we're all
enjoying
ourselves,
and the
Chief of
Police has
to **work**?

They say a
mysterious
thing is
endangering
the beach,
and he's
protecting
all of us!

It must
be tough
looking
through
those
glasses
hours
on end!

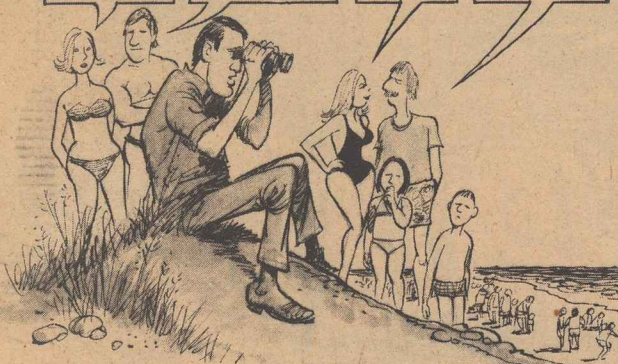
What
dedication!
I'm sure
that what-
ever he's
looking for,
he's going
to **GET** it!

Not unless somebody tells his **WIFE**!!

Well, Schmendricks,
so far ... so good!

That's great! No
sign of the shark?

No
sign
of
her
Husband!



What happened?

All of a sudden
I heard this
rich melodic
music, and then
this kid started
screaming and ...
ugh ... it was
just awful ... !

Yecch!
All that
blood
and **gore**
and **torn**
limbs! You
know what
this means,
don't you,
Chief ... ?

Right! There goes the
picture's "**G**" rating!
But a "**PG**" will still
pull in the kids ... !

What about that line
in the ads that says,
"**May Be Too Intense**
For Younger Children"?
Won't that hurt us?

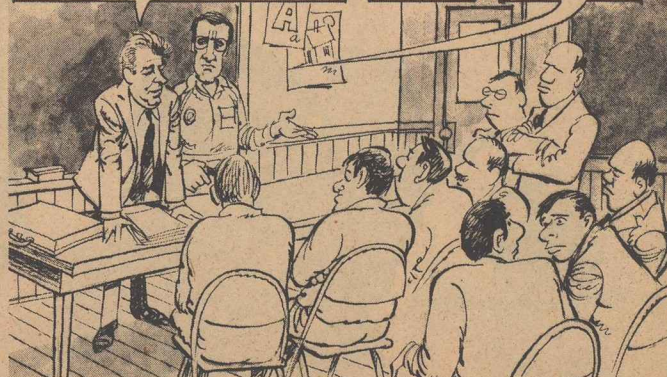
Are you
kidding?!?
That's like
trying to
scare ants
away from
a picnic
by pouring
sugar on
the ground!

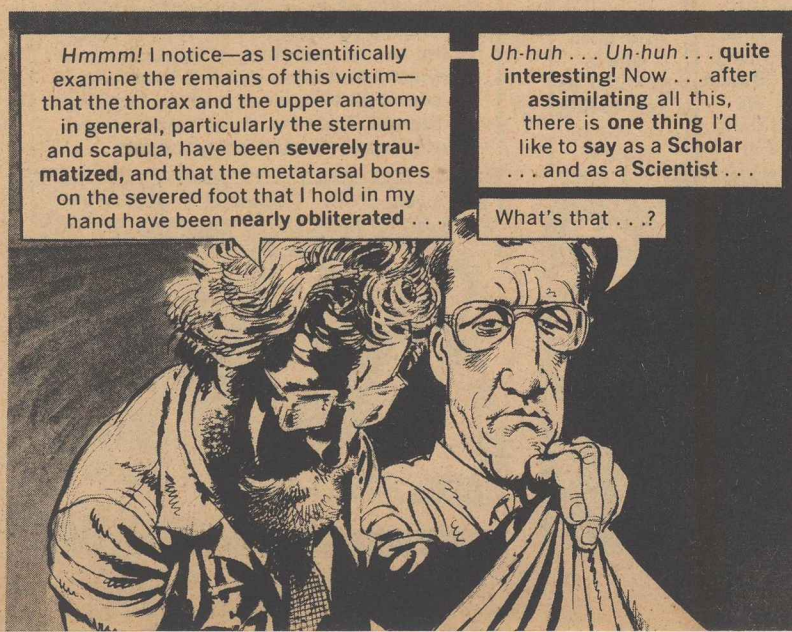
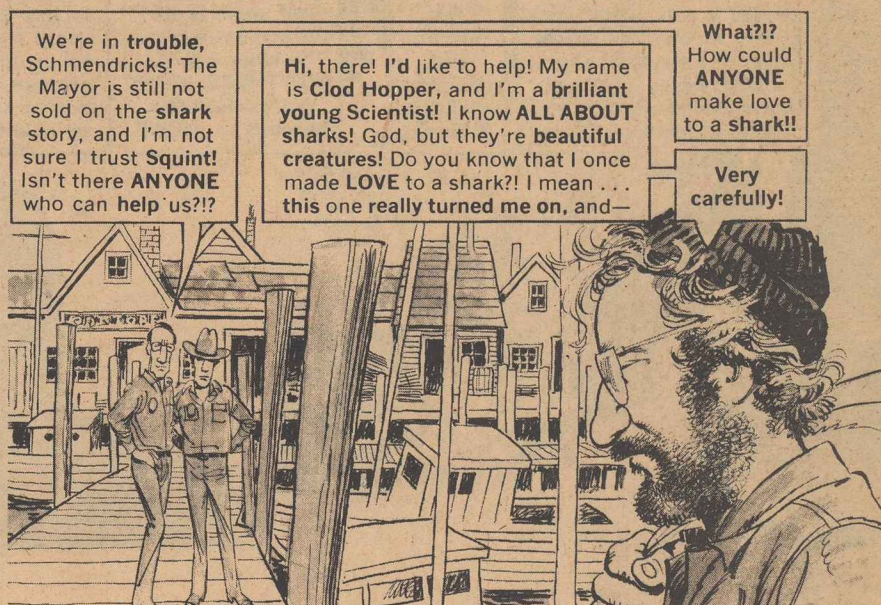
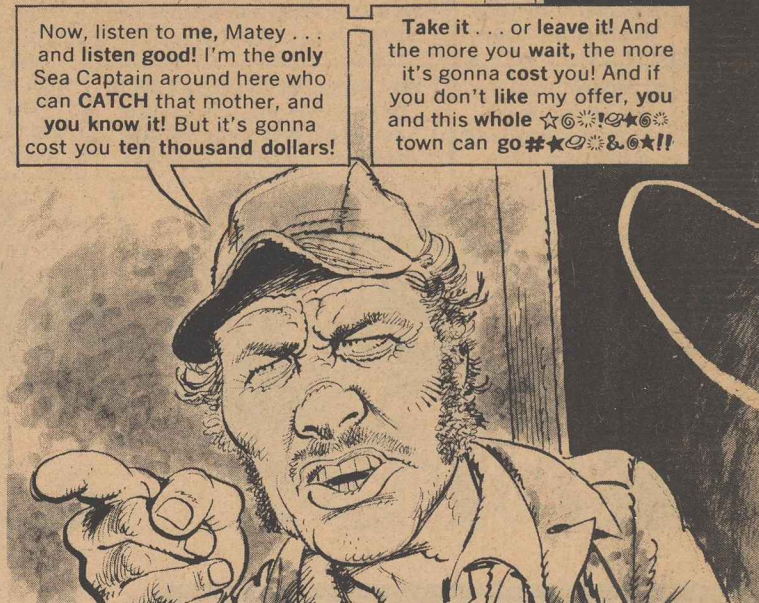
I've called this meeting of
you key townspeople because
there is a **silly rumor** going
around that an **alleged shark**
has **allegedly killed two**
alleged people! We will now
have the **Coroner's report**!
Er ... where is the Coroner?

He's
dead!

WHAT?!
How
did
it
happen?

The **alleged**
shark bit
off his
alleged
head! Also
his **alleged**
arms and
legs ...





Great news, Chief!
My kid and I caught
the shark, so your
troubles are over!

Incredible! How did
you and your kid
ever manage to land
a fish this size?

Very simple! My kid has this old
kite string, see? Well, sir... I
bent this safety pin around the
string and tossed it into the—

Wait a minute! You expect me to
believe that anybody using a
safety pin and some old kite
string could catch a shark!?!

Sure, providing
you use the
right bait...!

And
what did
YOU
use for
bait?

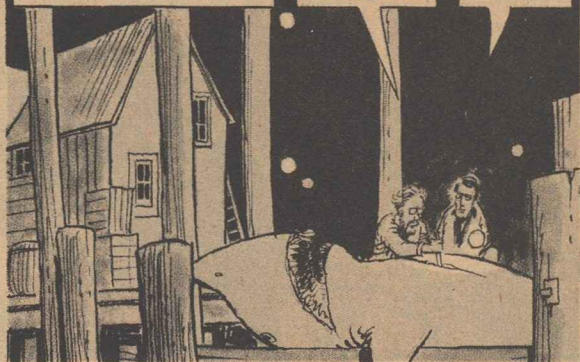
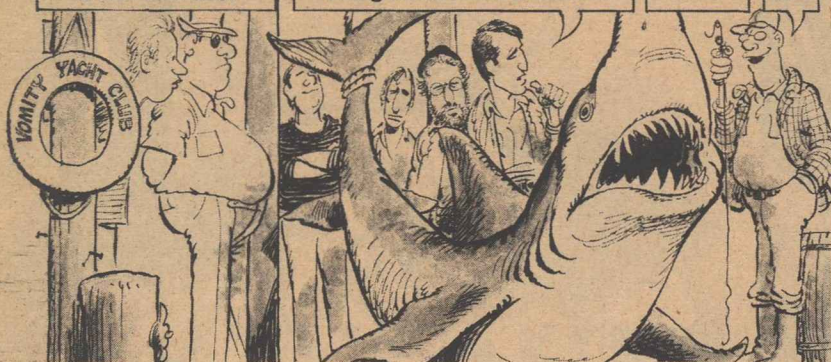
My
kid!

I'm not sure this is
the shark we're after!
The only way to know
for sure is to cut him
open and look for clues
inside! Don't worry! I
know what I'm doing!
I've been around fish
all my life...

You know,
you remind
me of a
surgeon!

You mean
SURGEON!
I cut like
a surgeon!

You may
CUT
like a
surgeon,
but
you
SMELL
like a
surgeon!



Ah-hah! Just as I thought!
This shark doesn't eat
people! It eats **JUNK!** Look
at this! An old lawn mower,
a pair of orthopedic shoes,
a 1959 Edsel, a crate of
watermelons and 500,000
copies of Reader's Digest!

Sew him
up fast!
I feel
like we
just
operated
on Euell
Gibbons!

Mayor Vault! I've
got **proof** that the
dead shark is **NOT**
the one we're after!
The killer is **STILL**
OUT THERE! We've
got to close the
beaches... **NOW!!**

Not on your life! This
is July 4th! But don't
worry! They're going to
set up an impregnable
barrier in the water
that no shark will ever
be able to penetrate!

It won't work!
He's too smart!
He'll slip
past the gun
boats! He'll
sneak by the
helicopters!

I **KNOW** that! I'm
talking about the
NATURAL barrier:
that wall of typical
holiday refuse and
garbage... thrown
into the water by
50,000 beachgoers!



ARRRRRGHHH!

YECCCH!

CHOKES!

UGH!

Well...
Mayor?!?
Still
MORE
deaths!
Are you
satisfied
now?!?

Okay, Chief!
You win! I'll
pay Squint
what he wants!
Go out there
with him and
GET THAT
SHARK!!

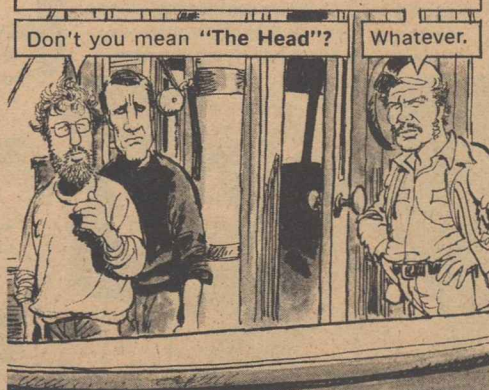
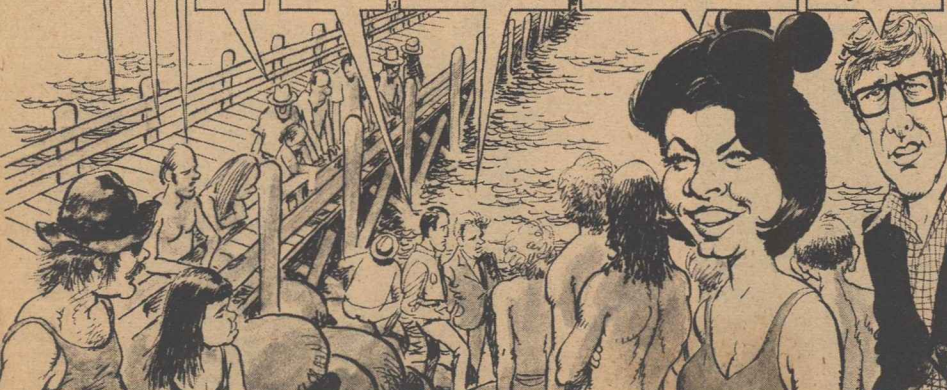
Golly, all this
blood and torn
bodies and killer
sharks! They sure
don't make "**Beach**
Pictures" the
way I made them
in the '60's!

That's true,
Annette!
But **THIS**
one is
ALMOST as
nauseating
as one of
yours!

Now hear this, Mates! I'm the Captain of
this@#\$%& boat, and what I say **GOES!**
I've been a sailor, man and boy, for **forty**
years! I know every inch of this ocean and
every nook and cranny of this boat! I know
the sound and the smell and the language
of the sea! And now, if you'll excuse me,
I gotta go to The Little Boy's Room...

Don't you mean "The Head"?

Whatever.





I'd feel a lot more secure if he didn't get **SEASICK!**

I'd feel even **BETTER** if we weren't still in **PORT!!**



The College Boy'll take the helm! And you, Chief ... you see those pails of bloody fish innards and entrails? Well, start throwing it **overboard** ...

Naaahh! Sharks **HATE** the stuff!

You think I want it stinking up my boat?

Listen ... one more stupid question, and I'll have you down on your hands and knees, swabbing the floor!!

Oh, I get it! It's **BAIT** ... to lure the shark!

Then why do you want me to throw it **overboard**?

Then why'd you bring it aboard in the first place?

The **"DECK"**!

Whatever.

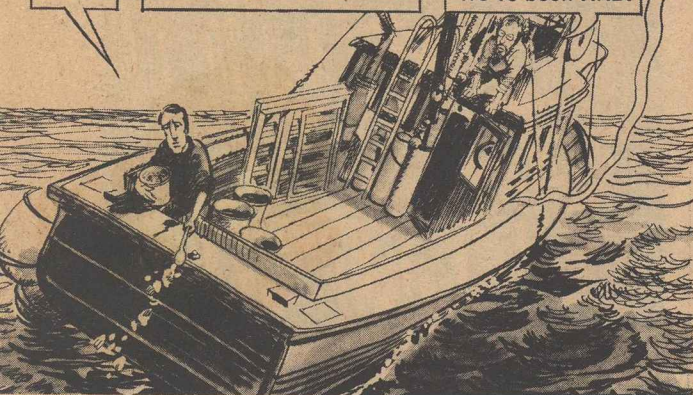


Don't you sort of get the feeling we've been **HAD**?

Not really! He may be a bit eccentric, but I think he's a good sailor! Let's wait until we're out a while and he gets his sea legs and starts singing those loveable old Sea Chanteys ...

Over hill, over dale,
We have hit the
Dusty trail,
As those Caissons
Go rolling along!

You're **RIGHT!**
We've been **HAD!**



You see this scar? That's from a Tiger Shark when I was in the South Pacific!

That's nothing! See **THIS** scar! That's from a Giant Barracuda when I was in Key Largo!

That's nothing! See **THIS** scar! That's from Gene Hackman when I was in "The French Connection"!



C'mon, Squint ... you're an expert on sharks! Tell us all about 'em!

Oh, the shark has ...
Pretty teeth, dear ...
And he shows them ...
Pearly white ...

Boy ... with these Old Salts, everything is a **SONG CUE!!**



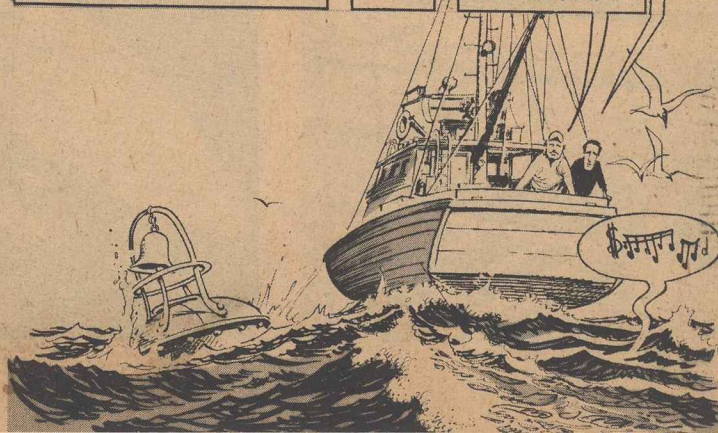
Well, we've been out for ten hours and still no sign of the shark! Where could he be? If there was only some way we knew he was in the area! If he would only give us some sort of clue!

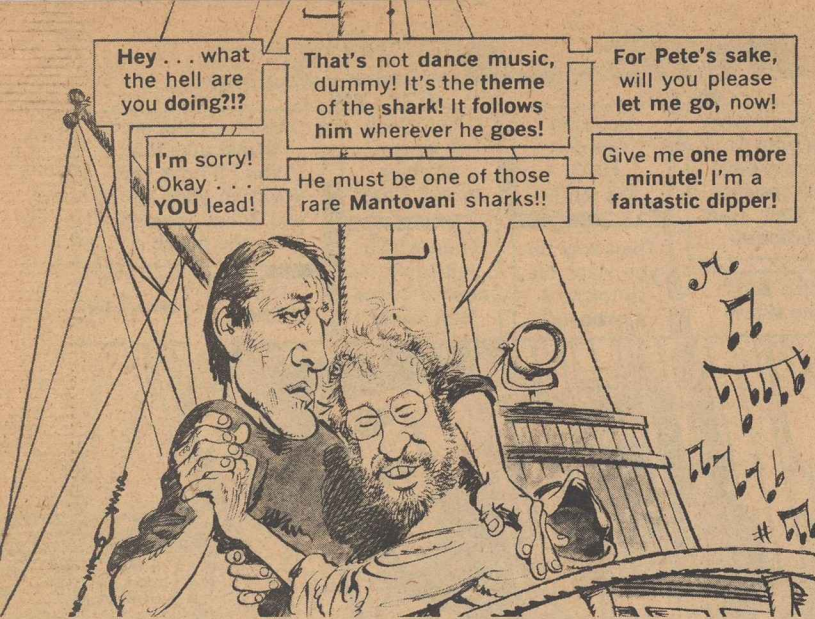
Wait a minute! Do you hear it? That rich, melodic music ...??

Yeah! Yeah! I hear it!!

Does that mean anything to you?

You bet ...!





Hey... what the hell are you doing?!!

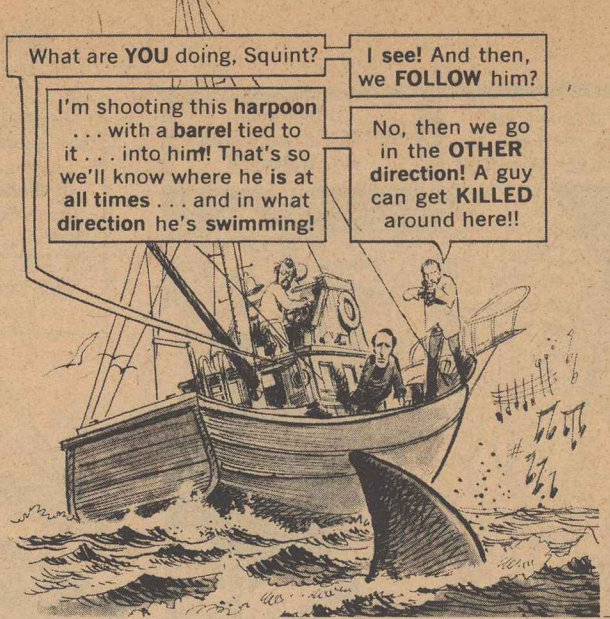
That's not dance music, dummy! It's the theme of the shark! It follows him wherever he goes!

For Pete's sake, will you please let me go, now!

I'm sorry! Okay... YOU lead!

He must be one of those rare Mantovani sharks!!

Give me one more minute! I'm a fantastic dipper!

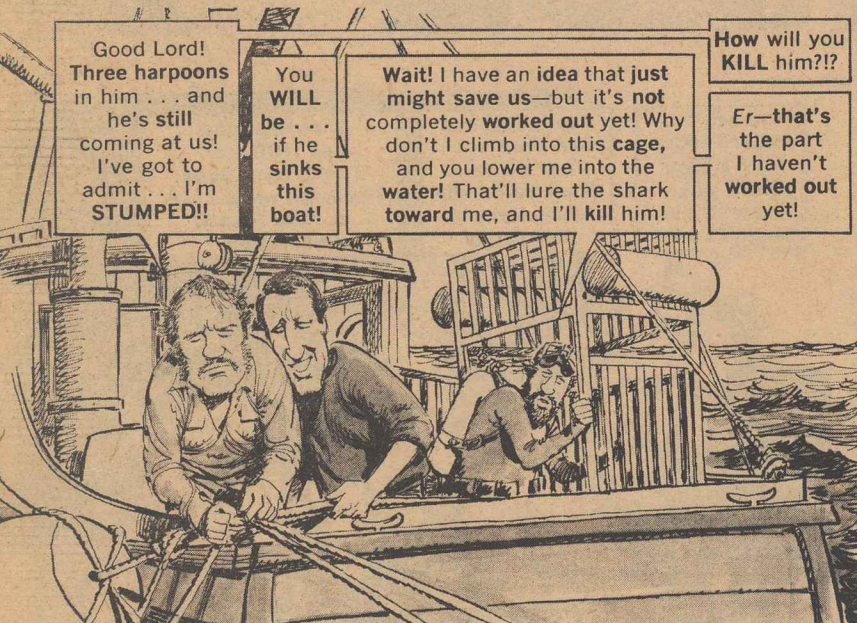


What are YOU doing, Squint?

I see! And then, we FOLLOW him?

I'm shooting this harpoon... with a barrel tied to it... into him! That's so we'll know where he is at all times... and in what direction he's swimming!

No, then we go in the OTHER direction! A guy can get KILLED around here!!



Good Lord! Three harpoons in him... and he's still coming at us! I've got to admit... I'm STUMPED!!

You WILL be... if he sinks this boat!

Wait! I have an idea that just might save us—but it's not completely worked out yet! Why don't I climb into this cage, and you lower me into the water! That'll lure the shark toward me, and I'll kill him!

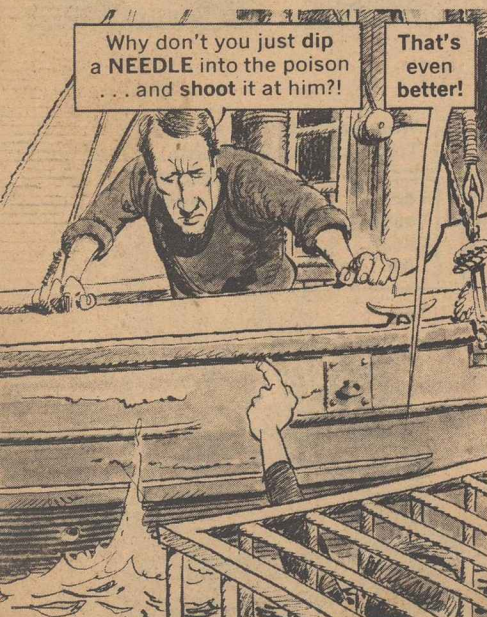
How will you KILL him?!!

Er—that's the part I haven't worked out yet!

Hey, I've got it! STRYCHNINE!! This poison will kill ANYTHING!

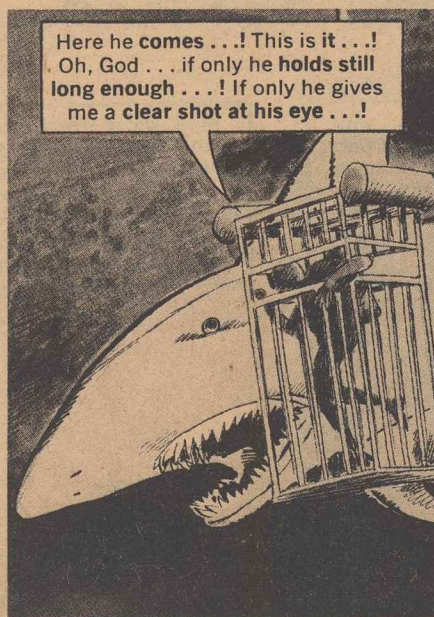
Great! Only HOW will you give it to the SHARK?!

Good question! Uh... I know! I know! Oh, it's so simple! Why didn't I think of this before! What I'll do is MIX TWO MARTINIS! Then, I'll propose a toast, and when the shark isn't looking, I'll slip some of this into HIS!



Why don't you just dip a NEEDLE into the poison... and shoot it at him?!

That's even better!



Here he comes...! This is it...! Oh, God... if only he holds still long enough...! If only he gives me a clear shot at his eye...!



If only I didn't drop the needle!!





He's back! He got Clod! The poison thing didn't work! What now, Captain?

You wait here while I go and check the old Navy Manual ...

It's too late for that now! A desperate situation calls for desperate measures! Er—I know! Listen to THIS ...

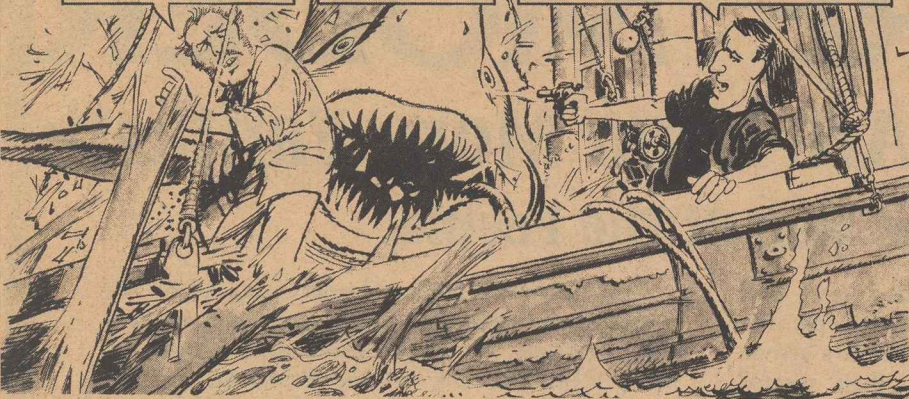
OKAY, SHARK ... MY MEN HAVE YOU SURROUNDED! DROP YOUR TEETH AND COME OUT OF THE WATER WITH YOUR FINS UP AND YOU WON'T GET HURT ...

Wait a minute, Shark! Not so FAR out of the water!!

Too bad! It always worked in "COPS AND ROBBERS" movies!

Well, Mate! I guess I'm a goner! But if I gotta go, I suppose it's only fit that an old sailor like me dies at sea! So long, lad! This old sea dog is headed for his final resting place in Davey Smith's Locker ...

That's Davey JONES'S Locker!



Whatever ...

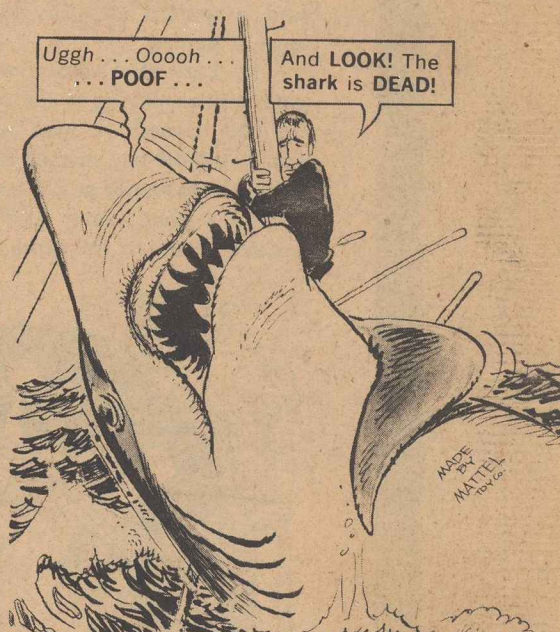
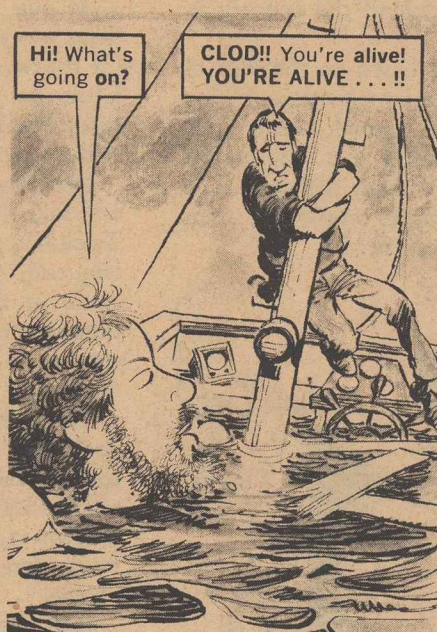
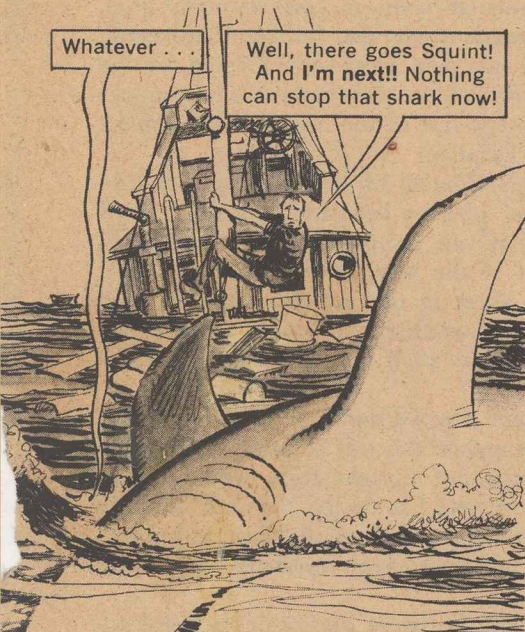
Well, there goes Squint! And I'm next!! Nothing can stop that shark now!

Hi! What's going on?

CLOD!! You're alive! YOU'RE ALIVE ... !!

Uggh ... Ooooh ... POOF ...

And LOOK! The shark is DEAD!



It's a miracle! How did the shark DIE?

Psychological Indigestion!

What in hell is that?

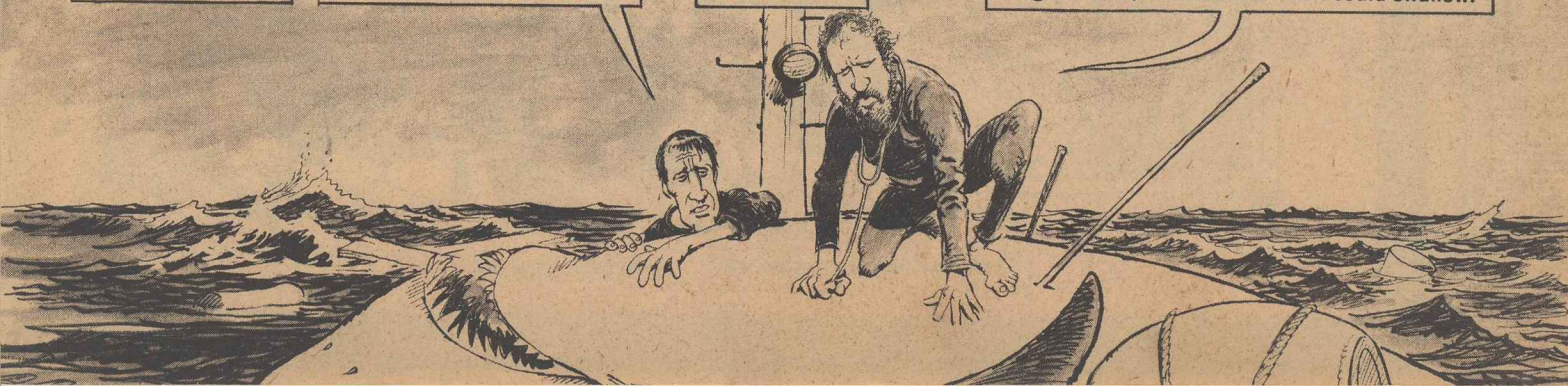
It's a very rare fish disease, brought on by a very common movie disease that we Scientists call "Scriptus Fantasticus!"

C'mon, Man! Talk sense!

I think you know by now that a shark can usually eat ANYTHING! However, when he had me underwater ... and he destroyed my cage ... and there I was, swimming around, helpless ... and the Director wouldn't let him devour me so he could get a cheap, corny happy ending to this movie after subjecting the audience to two hours of nauseating garbage ...

You mean ...

Right! THAT, not even a SHARK could swallow!



Some years ago (In MAD #173 to be exact!), we noted the objections of educators and assorted authorities to traditional Fairy Tales which are filled with an assortment of dragons, wicked stepmothers and other

strange creatures who indulge in murder, mayhem and other forms of anti-social behavior. At that time, we contended that even if violence and bloodshed in story books actually were harmful to impressionable

MORE "MODERN" (That Are Even More Fantastic) The Man Of The People

Once upon a time, there existed a great land filled with hard-working and prosperous people who enjoyed freedom and prosperity. Through a system called Taxation, the people paid their elected leaders, took care of the needy and sick among them, and supported an army to defend the country in time of danger.

The Law of Taxation was based on the idea of each citizen paying to the country a portion of what he had earned. A man who earned twenty gold pieces would pay one of them, a man who earned forty pieces would pay three of them, and those who earned a great many gold pieces would pay their greater shares in the same fashion.

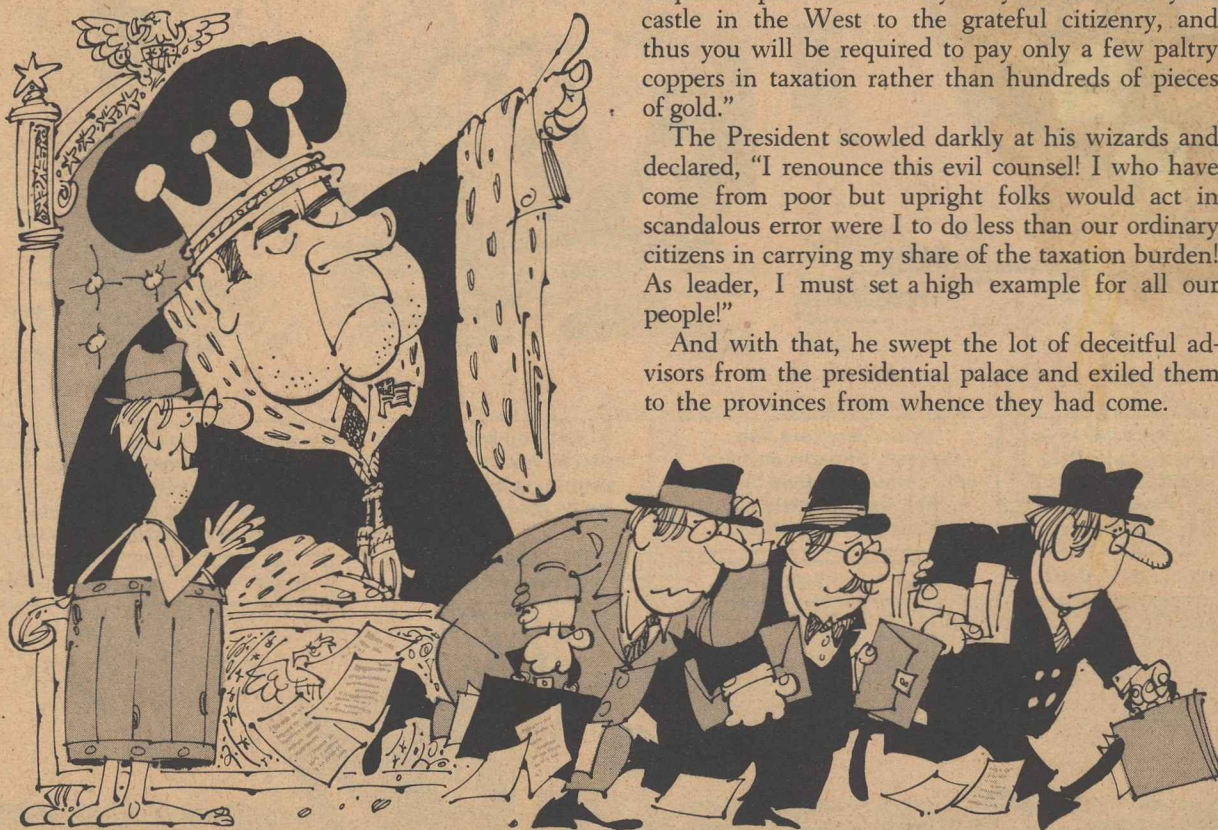
That country's highest leader was called The President, and according to a legend popular among the people, any citizen, no matter how humble his birth, could one day become President. And, in truth, this had happened more than once.

At one particular point in this country's time, there was a President who had fulfilled that legend. Of course, he was paid great sums of gold for the labors he performed in this highest office in the land. He, like the rest of the citizens, was subject to the Law of Taxation.

One day, his Council of Wizards came to him and said, "Sire, we have been studying the Law of Taxation, and if you accept our counsel, you will bequeath part of the story of your life and your castle in the West to the grateful citizenry, and thus you will be required to pay only a few paltry coppers in taxation rather than hundreds of pieces of gold."

The President scowled darkly at his wizards and declared, "I renounce this evil counsel! I who have come from poor but upright folks would act in scandalous error were I to do less than our ordinary citizens in carrying my share of the taxation burden! As leader, I must set a high example for all our people!"

And with that, he swept the lot of deceitful advisors from the presidential palace and exiled them to the provinces from whence they had come.



ARTIST: PAUL COKER, JR.

WRITER: DON REILLY

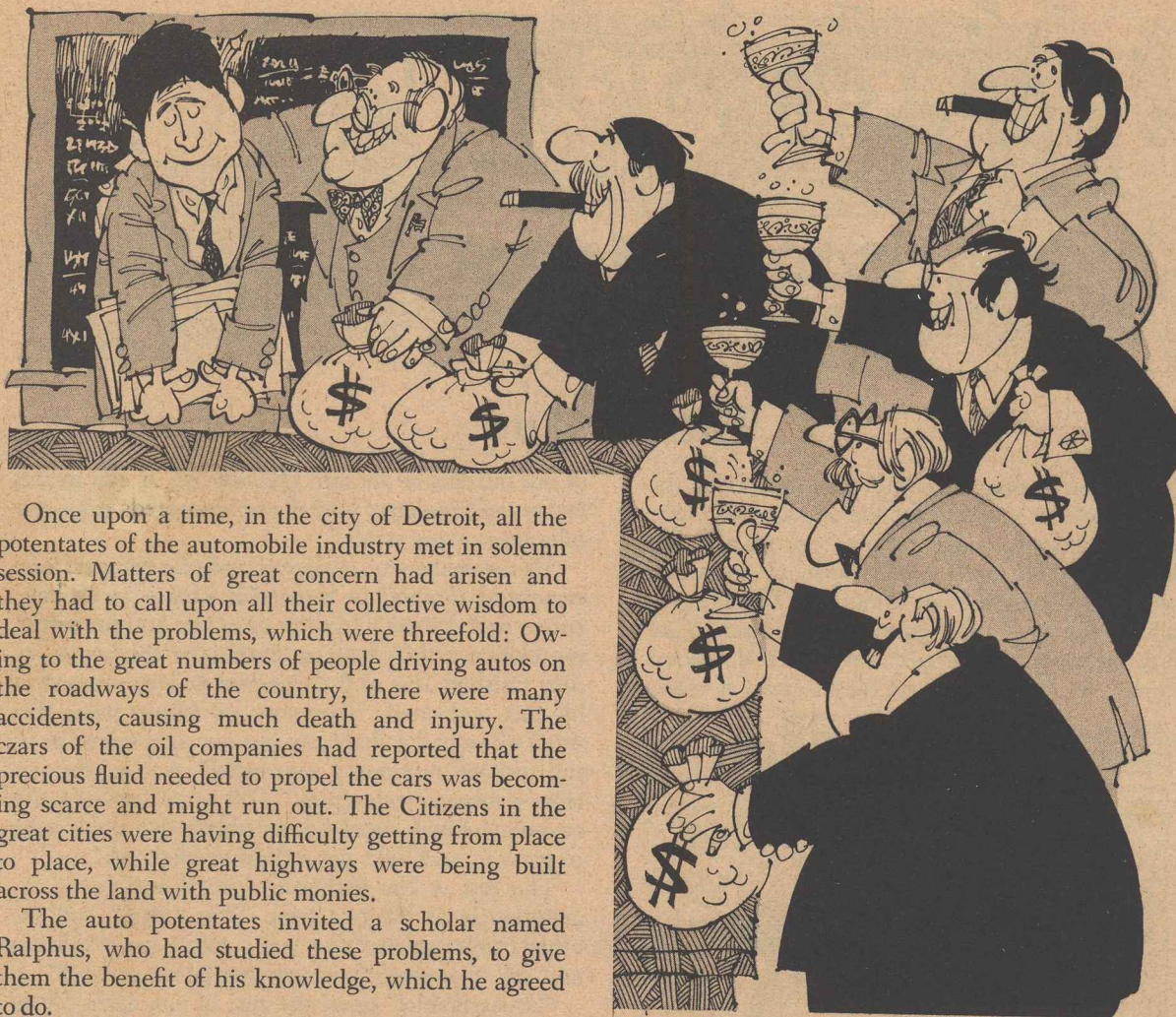
young minds, children still need heaping helpings of "pure fantasy" in their reading diets. And so we published "Modern Fairy Tales" (That Are Even More Fantastic Than The Old-Time Fairy Tales!) And today,

we still believe that children love the unbelievable as much as ever. So we've taken another look around at contemporary society, and we've created this new selection of unreal episodes which we've entitled . . .

N" FAIRY TALES

Than Old-Time Fairy Tales!)

The Wise Carriage Makers



Once upon a time, in the city of Detroit, all the potentates of the automobile industry met in solemn session. Matters of great concern had arisen and they had to call upon all their collective wisdom to deal with the problems, which were threefold: Owing to the great numbers of people driving autos on the roadways of the country, there were many accidents, causing much death and injury. The czars of the oil companies had reported that the precious fluid needed to propel the cars was becoming scarce and might run out. The Citizens in the great cities were having difficulty getting from place to place, while great highways were being built across the land with public monies.

The auto potentates invited a scholar named Ralphus, who had studied these problems, to give them the benefit of his knowledge, which he agreed to do.

"What must we do?" the auto potentates cried. The young man replied, "You must take all pains to make the autos stronger to protect the lives of the people. You must make the autos smaller in order to save some of the precious fluid for future generations. You must convince the leaders of the land to take some gold from the building of roads and use it to transport the populace of the crowded cities.

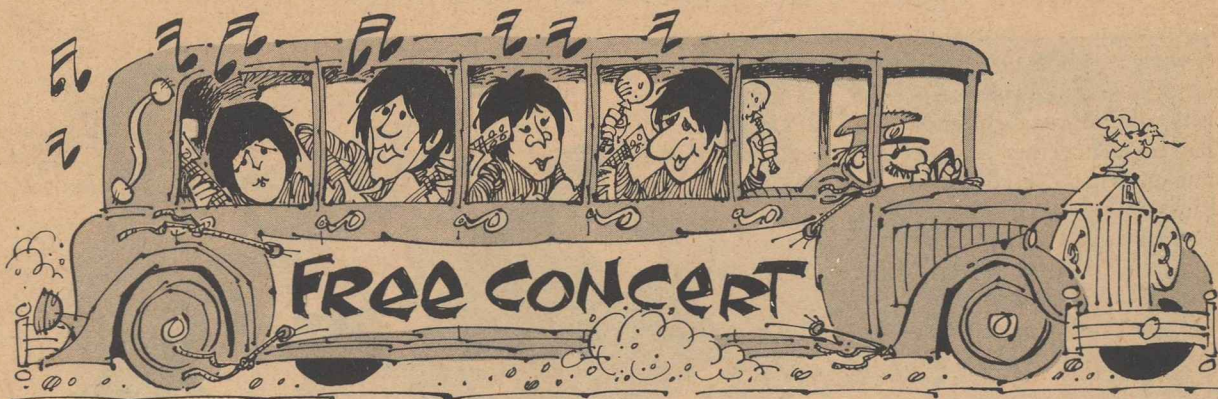
"Bravo!" the auto potentates cheered. "We must reward this young scholar," one of them said. "I have it," said another, "we'll each give a portion of our earnings each year to provide him the means of keeping us supplied with more good ideas in the future, so that we may serve the people well. "Done!" said they all and drank to his good health.

The Generous Minstrels

Once upon a time, there was a group of singers and musicians who had come together as very young people bound by their love of music. Through weeks and years of diligent practice, they became proficient in their art. As their skills grew, so did their reputation, and they found that people were willing to pay to hear them. Their fame spread far and wide, their fees became fabulous, their performances were sold out to the very last seat, and their recordings were distributed around the world.

They grew rich and beloved, but wealth brought

with it disputes and discontent. They drifted apart and spent their days battling about money. One day, after months of quarreling in courts of law, one of them said to the others, "Do you realize we're all rich beyond our dreams? Let us return to the simple idea that first brought us together, our love for the music we've created." The others pondered this advice and agreed it was sound. From that day on, they did just that. In gratitude for the love and wealth their millions of fans had given them, they devoted the rest of their lives to traveling everywhere, giving free concerts to all who wished to come.



The Rescue

Once upon a time, scientists and doctors of the country came to suspect that the smoking of cigarettes was likely to make people very ill and kill them years before their normal span of years had passed. They brought their findings to Washington to advise the men who governed the land. "Can this dreadful thing be so?" the shocked leaders chorused. "If so, we must act now to save as many

of our citizens as we can! Quickly, let us call in the makers of cigarettes and the congressmen from the tobacco-growing states."

All the makers of cigarettes and the congressmen came and listened in respectful silence as the scientists and doctors told their grim tale and presented the evidence they had gathered over the years. As they finished, one of the cigarette makers jumped to his feet and cried, "I propose we forget about this until we've had a chance to put our *own* scientists to the task of examining cigarettes!" A congressman from a tobacco state cried, "Y'all tryin' to wreck the economy of mah state? I'm for liberty! We got a right to grow it, and folks got a right to smoke it!"

The rest of the gathering turned and stared incredulously at the two men. "You mean," said another congressman, "that you'd rather grow tobacco and sell cigarettes than save our citizens' lives?"

"Unspeakable!" cried the rest of the assembly as they fell upon the two wretches and flung them from the room.

And so it happened that the tobacco farms switched to food and the cigarette companies went out of business rather than devote their time, knowledge and money to poisoning their fellow human beings.



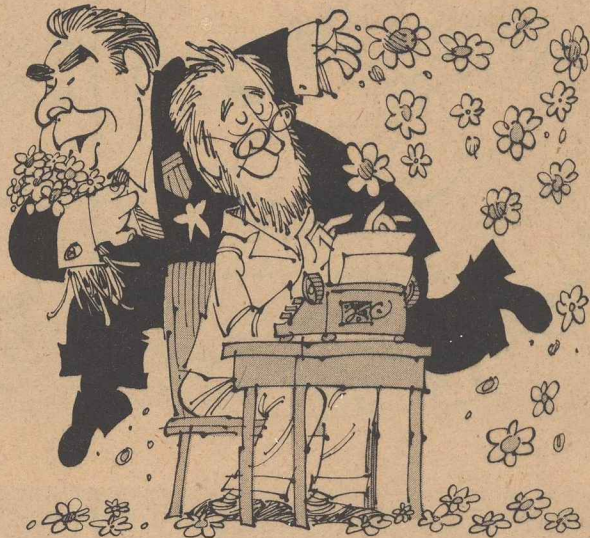
The Author

There once was a vast, cold land in the East whose people lived out their days without ever being allowed to journey beyond its borders. The people were not overly unhappy about this, it seemed, because they had known no other life. Their rulers were stern men who became furious when criticized. Since the rulers controlled all means of communication in the land, there was little chance of public criticism to anger them.

Then, one man began to write books about his country which were often very critical. And so, the rulers did not permit them to be read by the people, and cast the writer into prison to repent. Friends of the writer managed to send his writings abroad and they were published in other lands, to the great annoyance of the rulers. One day, out of angry curiosity, the Supreme Ruler gathered the man's forbidden books together and began to read them for a clue to what caused the author's unbalanced and criminal behavior. The Supreme Ruler read and read, and at length summoned the errant author and said to him, "I have been struck by the power and sincerity of your writing and your depiction of grave errors committed in our country's past. You are right. We must stop throwing critics into asylums and

dungeons and permit our people to travel across our borders as they choose. It is so decreed."

And so the people of the vast cold land were free from that day to come and go in peace. Most stayed, some left. The author stayed and wrote many more books during a long and happy life in his homeland.



The Careful Chemist

Once there was a chemist whose task it was to concoct new medicines for the pharmaceutical firm that employed him. He liked his work and delighted in finding ways of getting chemicals into people's bloodstreams faster than chemists from other companies were able to do. It was a race, and it was fun.

The chemist was especially fond of one project he had worked on for some years. This was a pill that, taken at bedtime, cured headaches and backaches, settled upset stomach, and gave the pill-taker a gen-

eral glow of good feeling for a day or so. Remarkable to say, this versatile pill would be extremely cheap to manufacture and thus the drug firm could expect to earn enormous sums in the marketplace. The board chairman had taken a lively interest in the new pill and had dubbed it "The Blahs Bomb."

One day the chairman visited the chemist's laboratory, eager to learn whether the tests were complete so that he could begin production and watch the firm's profits soar. The chemist said, "Everything has gone beautifully in our treatment of test patients. One-hundred per cent of them felt immediate relief after taking our pill."

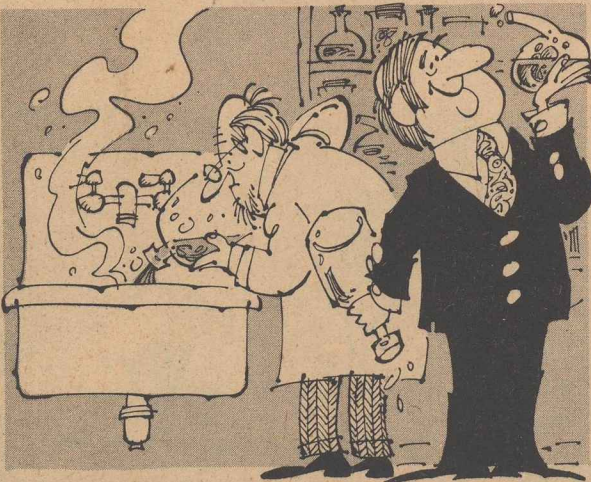
"Fanstastic!" cried the chairman.

"Unfortunately," said the chemist, "one half of one per cent of the test patients suffered a perplexing side effect. They acquired rashes."

"Is that so bad?" asked the chairman.

"The rashes appear to be permanent," replied the chemist.

"Oh dear," sighed the chairman. "Obviously we can't in good conscience subject people to that risk. We have no choice but to abandon the project." And so the chemist and the chairman poured the flasks and bottles full of the precious pill potion down the drain and looked optimistically to the future.

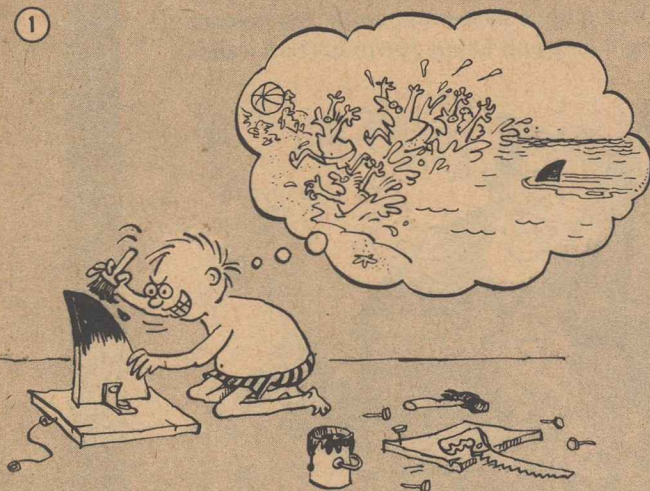


BITING HUMOR DEPT.

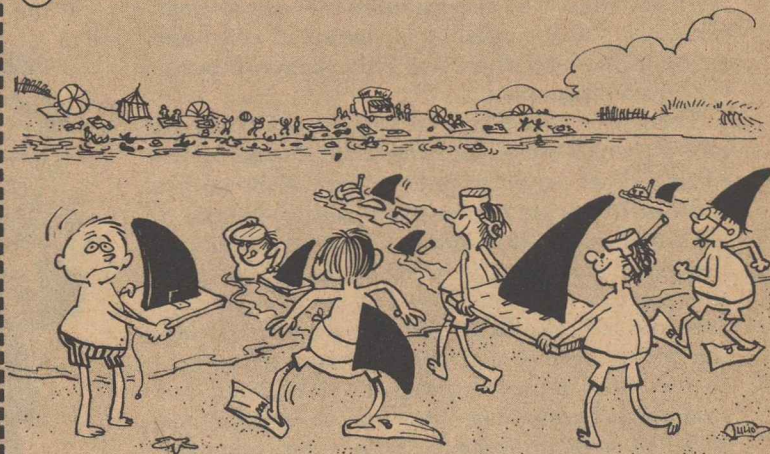
A MAD LOOK AT

SMHWA

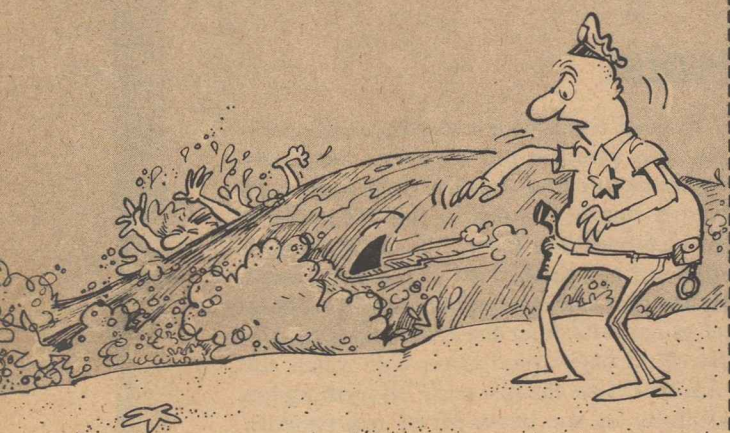
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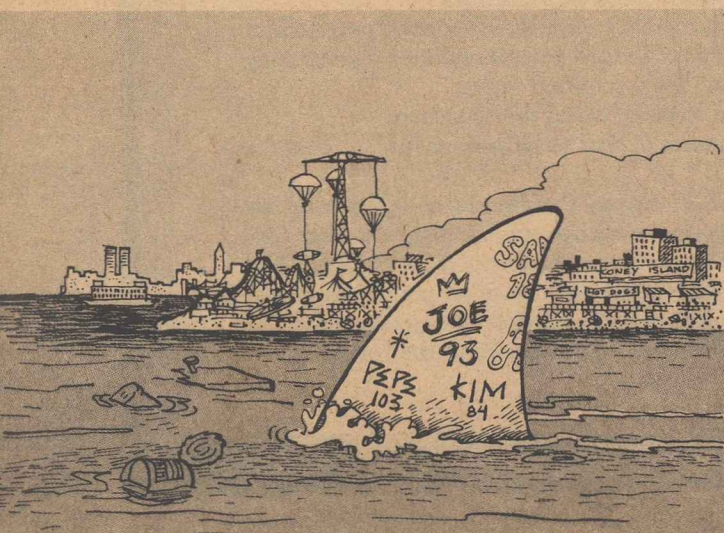
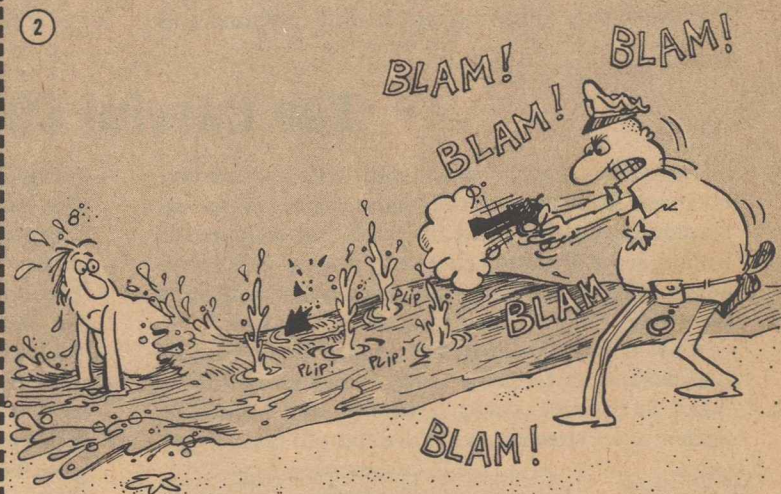
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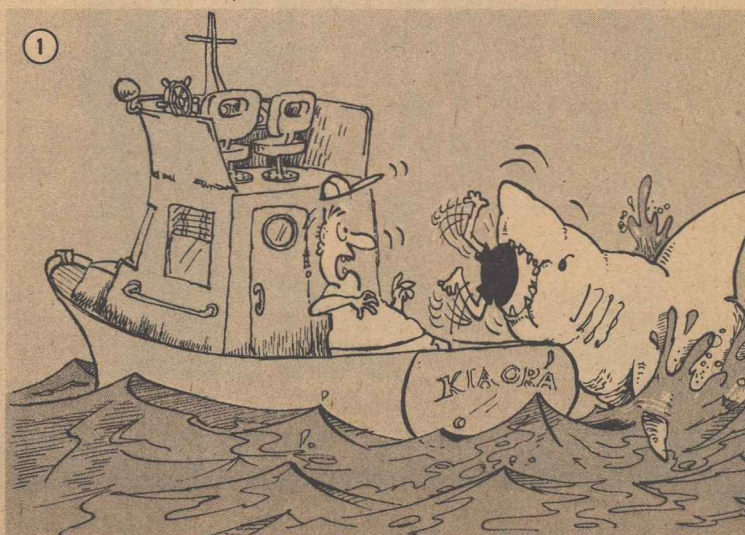
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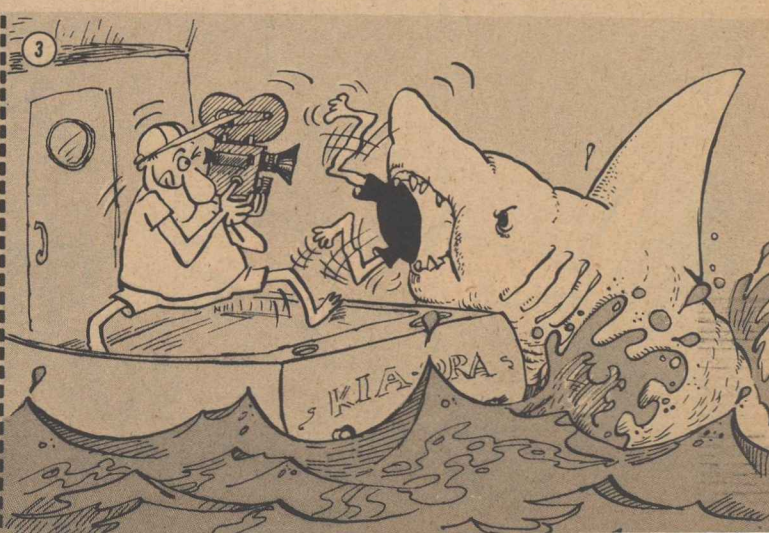
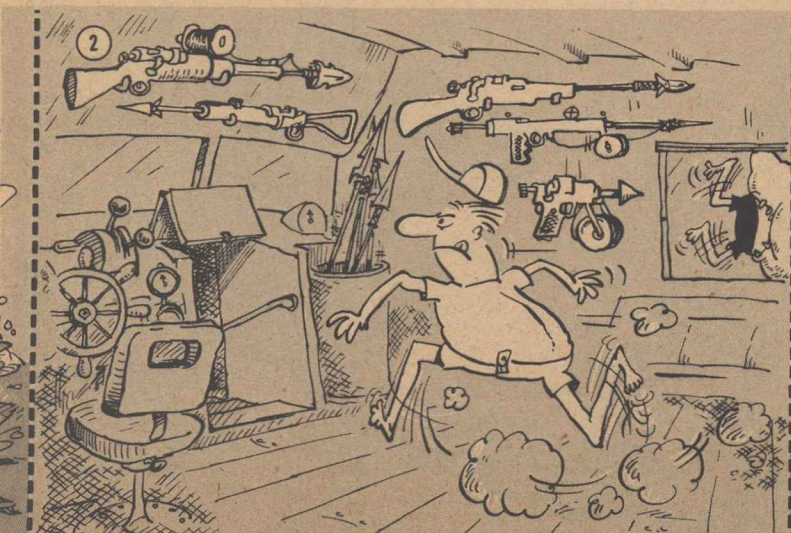
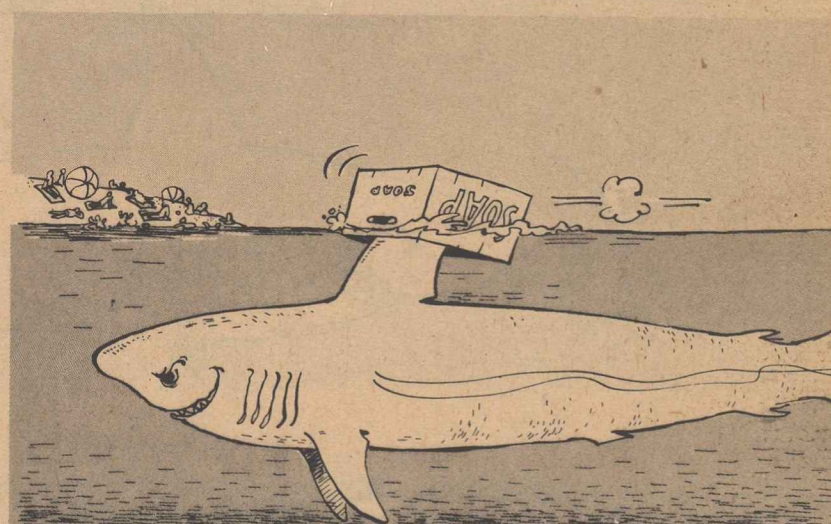
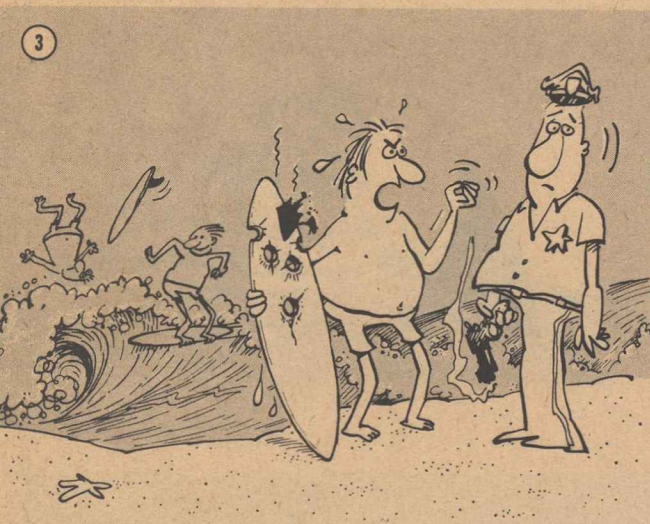
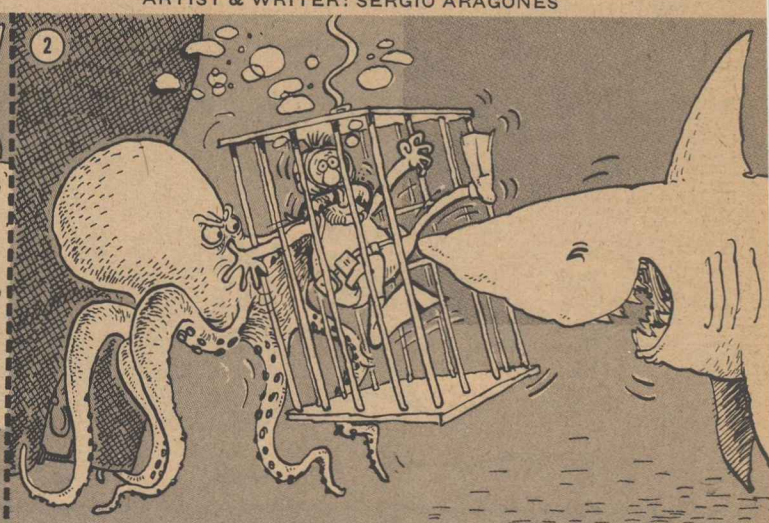
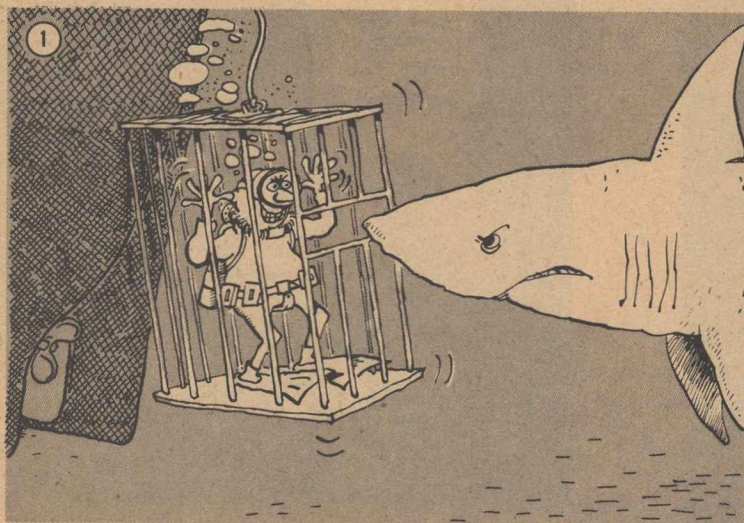
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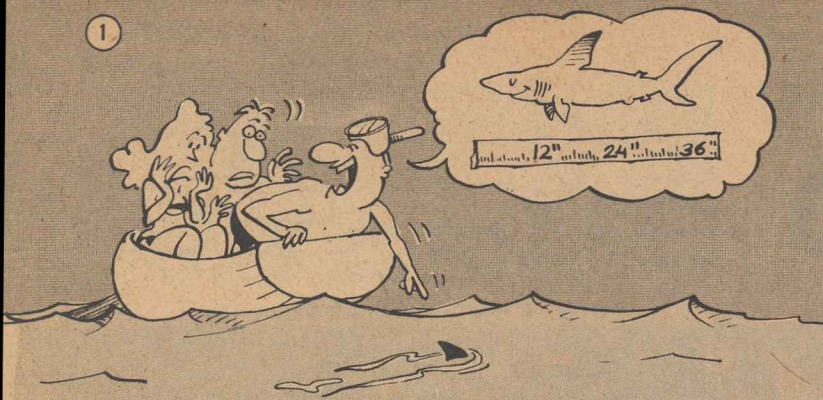
WRINKS



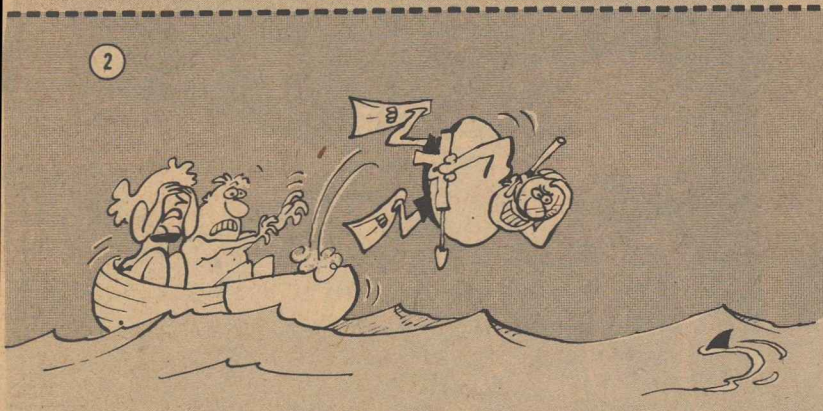
ARTIST & WRITER: SERGIO ARAGONES



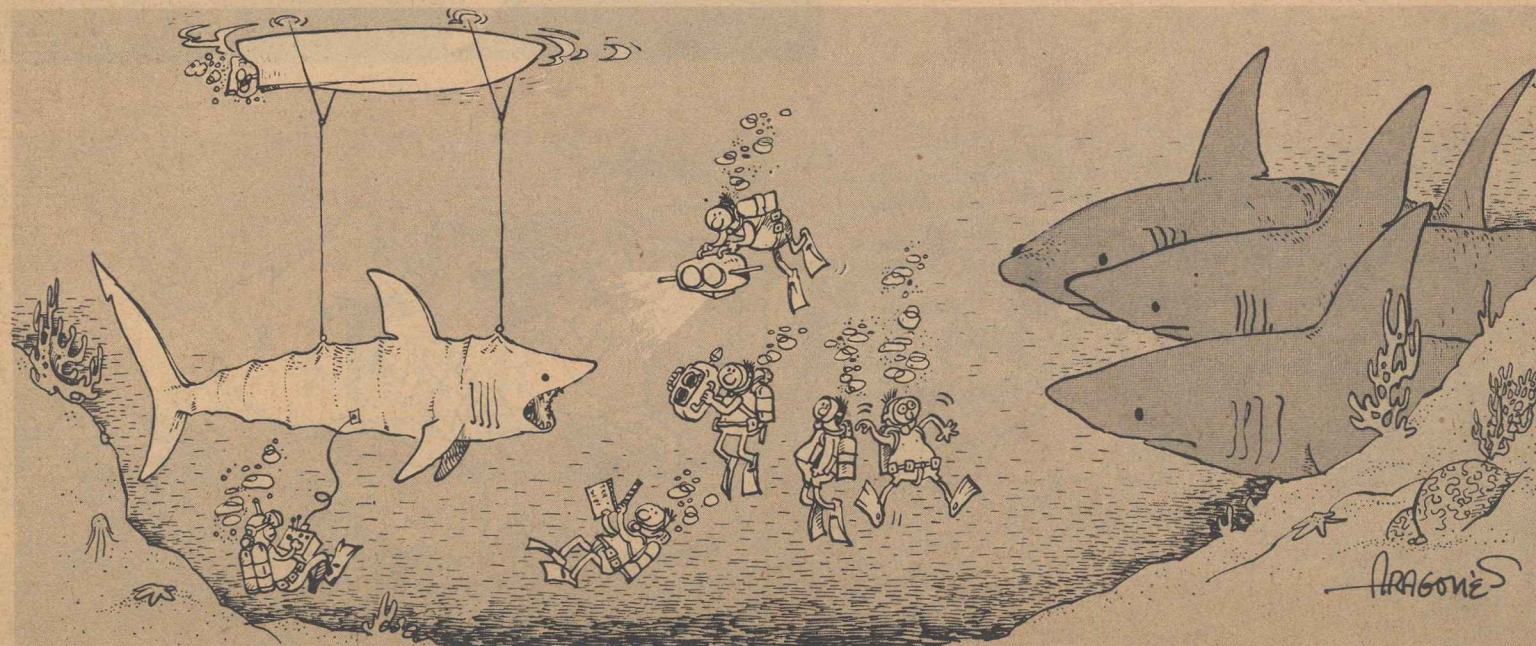
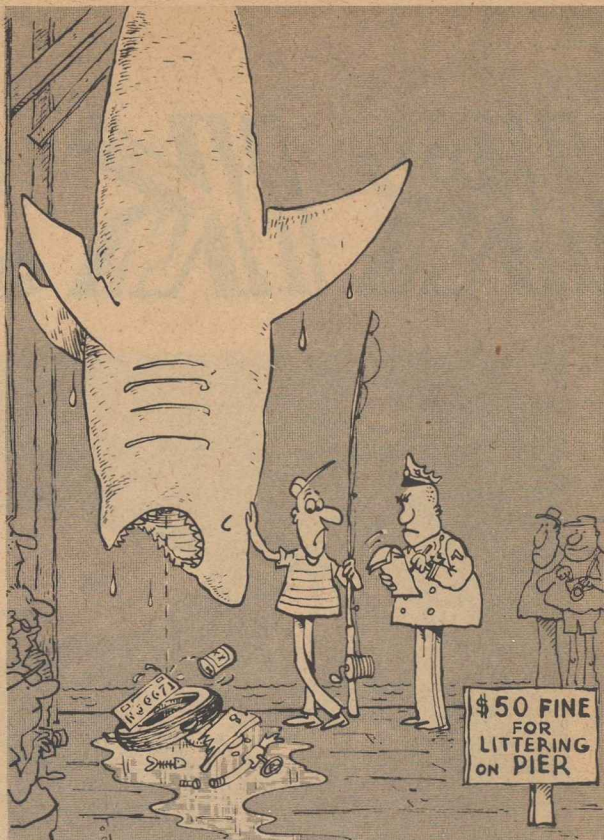
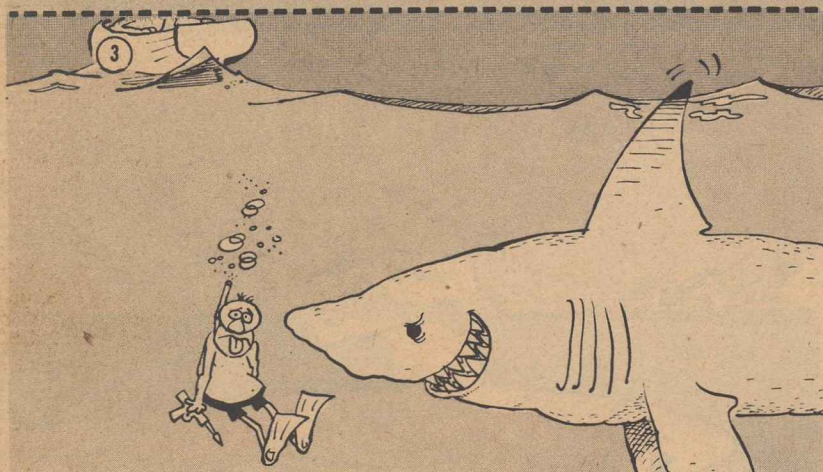
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ARAGONES

DRAW THIS FIGURE



**WE'LL EVALUATE YOUR
ARTISTIC TALENT FREE!**

Have you ever suspected that you may possess the skill to make big money as a Commercial Artist or a free lance Pencil Sketcher? Then don't wait another day to find out whether your dreams of a profitable Art Career can be attained. Let our professional staff evaluate your talent NOW at no immediate cost to you.

Simply draw the animal pictured above (which is a horse) on a plain sheet of paper and submit it, together with the attached coupon, for a free estimate of your artistic ability.

If we honestly believe that you have natural talent, we may allow you to develop it by enrolling in our home art study course. So take that first step toward great wealth today! Draw your horse and mail it in quickly!

HORSE DRAWERS' ART INSTRUCTION SCHOOL

Penthouse Suite
Odd Fellows Bldg.

Endless Plains,
Kansas

I enclose my horse. Please evaluate it and let me know if I have enough talent to become a paying student in your Art School.

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____
STATE _____

"CON" TESTS DEPT.

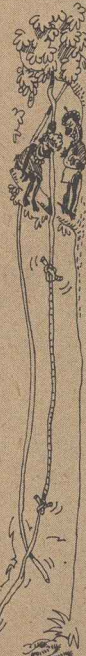
Unless MAD is the only magazine you read, this ad probably looks familiar to you. It should. It appears in virtually every periodical in the known world. At times the horse changes to a fawn, and at times scholarship prizes are promised to those with "outstanding ability." But the ad hasn't undergone any basic changes in a generation.

We have no idea how many students have enrolled in Art Courses as a result of this "Free Evaluation" offer. But it seems safe to assume that no school would keep running the same type of ad for years unless it produced the desired results.

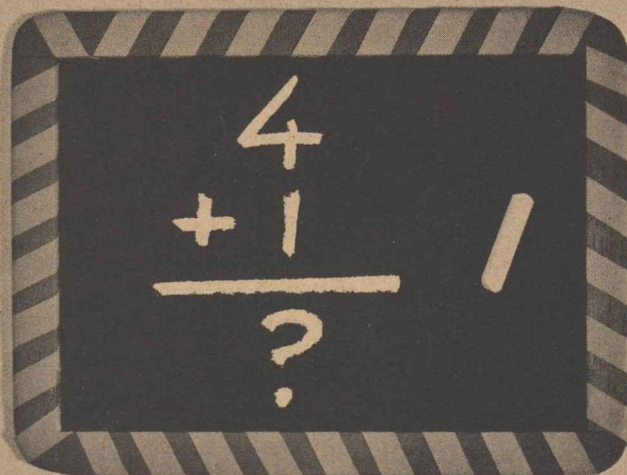
And that raises a logical question. If the "Free Talent Evaluation" deal works for an Art School, why couldn't it be utilized just as successfully to bring students into other kinds of Home Study Programs? And for example, just imagine how irresistible the lure would be to sign up for a ten week course if you were offered the following...

"TALENT EVALUATION" ADS FOR OTHER CAREER TRAINING PROGRAMS

WRITER: TOM KOCH



ADD UP THESE FIGURES



YOU MAY HAVE A NATURAL FLAIR FOR ACCOUNTING!

Undoubtedly, you are one of countless millions wasting time in some tedious job because you're afraid you may not have what it takes to launch a fun career in the glamorous field of Accounting.

Now, at last, you can have your aptitude for Accountant Training tested in strictest confidence. Just try to add the figures together that are shown above, and mail in your result for a **FREE TALENT EVALUATION**.

If the answer you get to this tough problem is somewhere between 2 and 9, you may well possess that certain knack for figures that our faculty seeks in enrolling new students at the Red Debit School of Accounting.

To have your skills evaluated at absolutely no cost and only a certain amount of obligation, merely copy the figure "4" on a plain sheet of paper in your own handwriting. Then place the figure "1" beneath it, and attempt to add the two together. (Counting on your fingers to get the result in an accepted accounting procedure, but you should not cheat by borrowing an arithmetic book to discover that the right answer is 5.)

Once you complete work on your talent evaluation test, mail it in together with the signed coupon below for a prompt professional appraisal of your undeveloped ability.

RED DEBIT SCHOOL OF ACCOUNTING

Box 314 (That's three-fourteen) North Fiscal, N.J.

Boy, oh boy! Would I ever love to escape from my life of boring drudgery by becoming a suave Accountant that everybody will look up to. Please let me know at once if I have what it takes to cut the mustard. If so, I naturally want to enroll at your fine school, and agree to abide by all the tuition payment requirements which you will bill me about at your earliest convenience.

LEGALLY BINDING SIGNATURE _____

STREET ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____

RE-WRITE THIS STORY

NOTRE DAME DEFEATS SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA IN FOOTBALL GAME

Notre Dame defeated Southern California, 33-14, in a football game today before 90,000 fans in Los Angeles. At least this is assumed to be what happened since Article XVI, Section 9 of the Football Rules states that the team which scores the most points prior to the end of the game shall be deemed the winner. And the Notre Dame team scored the most points today. It scored 33, and Southern Cal only scored 14.

YOU MAY QUALIFY FOR TRAINING AS A HIGHLY PAID NEWSPAPER SPORTS EDITOR

If you see any way that this news item might be shortened without omitting vital facts, the chances are good that your talent for Sports Editing can lead to a profitable career.

The Grantland Flack Memorial School of Journalism is searching for capable students who can be trained to fill the thousands of executive job vacancies that always exist in the Sports Departments of America's big city newspapers.

For a **FREE EVALUATION OF YOUR EDITING SKILL**, simply re-write the above sports story in your own words, taking care to include such facts of interest as the score, who played, etc. If your version turns out to be shorter than ours, mail it in to receive a guaranteed favorable evaluation, and a somewhat guaranteed chance to enter the exciting field of sports editing.

Just one point to remember! A good Editor must be able to work fast, so don't fail to send your sample story **at once** if you want to convince us that you can stand the pressure of big time newspapering.

GRANTLAND FLACK MEMORIAL SCHOOL OF JOURNALISM

Rural Route 4

Leapers Ridge, Ark.

I enclose my re-written story, which I have cut to the bone to demonstrate my talent for Editing. If I qualify for admission to your school, I promise to display my skill again by writing a check in twenty-five words or less to cover the cost of my full tuition.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

STATE _____

DO YOU HAVE MUSICAL TALENT?



Oh! Su - san - na Oh! don't you cry for me,

HUM THIS TUNE, AND WE'LL JUDGE YOUR ABILITY FREE!

Did you find yourself miraculously humming that melody, even though you thought you couldn't read music? If so, you could well be an undiscovered prodigy capable of earning millions as a Vocalist or Background Hummer in the lucrative Country & Western music field. Our experts will gladly judge your heaven-sent talent at **ABSOLUTELY NO COST TO YOU**, until later.

Best of all, it is not necessary for you to send us a record of your humming in order to learn whether you could benefit from the training program of the Nashville Sound Music Academy. If you think you were close to the right tune, just say so on the coupon at the right, and we'll take your word for it.

But don't delay in requesting your free talent evaluation! The Country & Western recording field could conceivably become overcrowded with musical geniuses of your caliber at any time. So submit your entry now while there are still fortunes to be made by trainable Hummers.

NASHVILLE SOUND MUSIC ACADEMY

I am clinging to the hope that my humming may be good enough to qualify me for professional training by the maestros at your Academy. To assist you in judging my musical ability, I have taken your talent test in the privacy of my own home, and I think that the results came out as follows

- ☐ I sounded pretty good to me, especially when I did it in a tile-walled bathroom.
- ☐ I couldn't hum because it made my lips tingle and feel funny, but I said the words out loud real nice and clear.
- ☐ I was too embarrassed to take the test here alone, but I'm sure I'll do fine once I get on stage in front of a big audience.

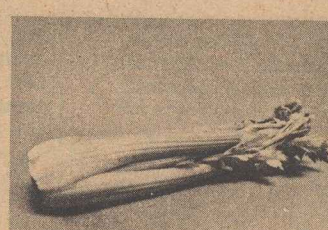
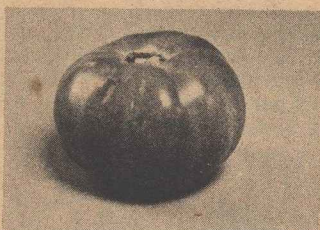
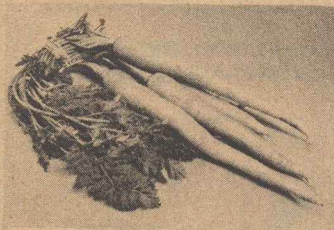
NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

MY FAVORITE MUSICAL NUMBER IS _____

MY BANK ACCOUNT NUMBER IS _____

OVER \$500 IN PRIZES TO BE AWARDED!



IDENTIFY THESE VEGETABLES!

With a bushel of tomatoes currently retailing for somewhat more than a bunch of carrots, it is vital that today's Professional Super Market Checker be able to tell these two vegetables apart. Maybe you already possess this perceptive skill without even knowing it! To have your Vegetable Identification Quotient evaluated by experts, and enter our contest for a cash prize as well, simply write down what you think the above pictured vegetable may be, and rush your completed test paper to us today! There are 500 lucky winners of \$1 each to be selected in the Ace Super Market Checker Training School's big "Produce Identification Sweepstakes!" Sloppy penmanship, bad spelling and incorrect answers will not spoil your chances of winning IF you take care to fill in the attached coupon completely and return it to us along with your contest entry.

Ace Super Market Checker Training School

Box 1.69 lb.

Dozen Palms, Calif.

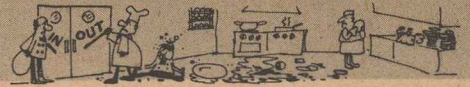
NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

I enclose my entry, and also express the following gut feeling:

(CHECK ONE)

- ☐ **YES.** If I am a lucky winner, I want to have **all of my prize money** applied toward **tuition payment** at the Ace Super Market Training School for the **Complete 2 Year Course!**
- ☐ **NO.** If I am **not** a lucky winner, I certainly will **not let that stand** in my way of a **profitable career**, and wish to be **enrolled as a student** at the Ace Super Market Checker Training School anyway.



You pop those tranquilizers like they were peanuts!

I do it whenever I get nervous!

It seems to me you're always nervous . . . and you're always popping tranquilizers!

Today, I'm more nervous than ever! I just heard some bad news and I've gotta keep popping 'em to calm down!

What was the bad news?

See these tranquilizers?

I just heard that if I take too many of them, I could suffer terrible side effects!

BERG'S-EYE VIEW DEPT. PART I

THE LIGHTER SIDE OF...

ANK

I see you're sitting there, having yourself another one of your anxiety attacks!

Did you know that anxiety is often just pent-up rage that an inhibited, scared person like you might find too painful to express???

So if someone is bugging you, all you have to do is blow your stack and tell that person OFF instead of locking it in!

Well, maybe I will some day—

—YOU NOSEY, BIG MOUTH, KNOW-IT-ALL %\$#@&!!



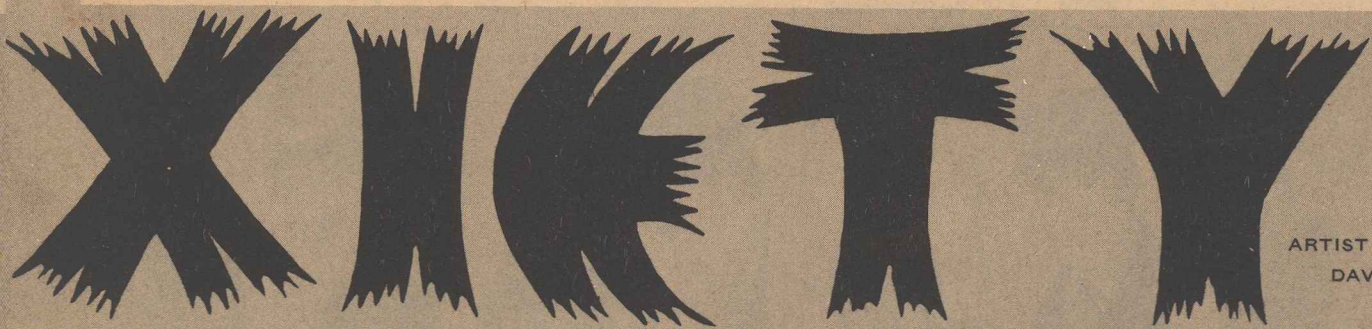
You remember how afraid I was to leave my money in the bank because it might fail?

And how I withdrew it all and brought it home, and then how afraid I was that someone might break into my house and steal it?

And how I hid it behind a wall, and then how afraid I became that the house would burn down? Well, I finally figured out what to do with my money!

What?

I SPENT IT!!



ARTIST & WRITER:
DAVE BERG

What IS it with this modern generation!? They're turning all the morals and standards that we live by upside-down!

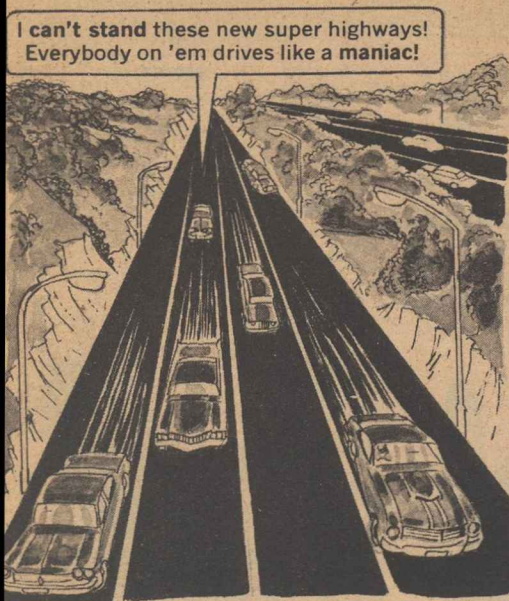
Take my son, for example! He brought home this girl, and she's living with him in his room! I tell you, it's a shame for the neighbors!

What do you care what the NEIGHBORS think?! It's YOUR problem!

No... it's THEIR problem, too!

It's THEIR DAUGHTER!!





I can't stand these new super highways!
Everybody on 'em drives like a maniac!



It's like every driver is
hell-bent on speeding to
an accident! . . . his OWN!!



You're a fine one to talk!
You're driving **faster** than
anyone else around!

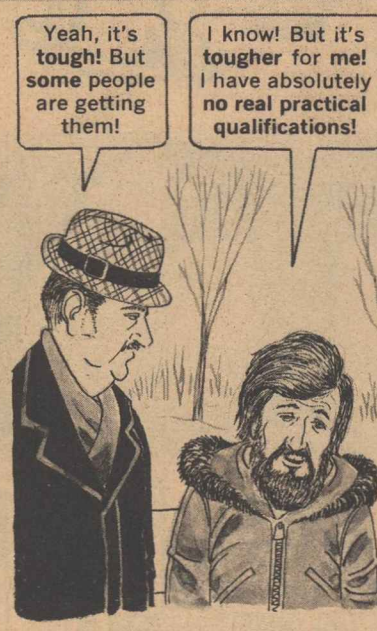


That's because I want to
get **OFF** this blasted
highway as soon as I can!



What are **YOU**
so down in the
dumps about?

I can't
get a
job!



Yeah, it's
tough! But
some people
are getting
them!

I know! But it's
tougher for me!
I have absolutely
no real practical
qualifications!



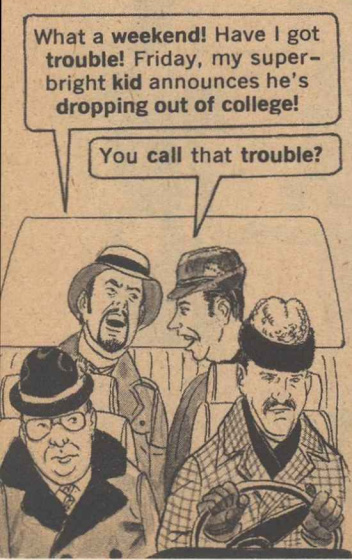
See? You
should have
prepared
yourself!

Yes! I
wasted
a lot of
years!



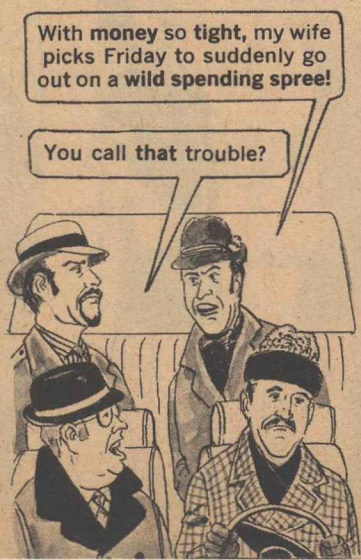
Doing what?

Getting a Ph.D.!



What a weekend! Have I got
trouble! Friday, my super-
bright kid announces he's
dropping out of college!

You call that trouble?



With money so tight, my wife
picks Friday to suddenly go
out on a wild spending spree!

You call that trouble?



Business is so lousy that
on Friday, my Accountant
tells me I won't be able to
make next week's payroll!

You call that trouble?



Friday night, my television set
blew . . . and I had to go through
the whole weekend **WITHOUT IT!!**

Now, **THAT'S TROUBLE!!**

Our whole civilization is becoming so complicated, I can't cope with it!

F'rinstance, this Income Tax form! It takes a math genius and a corporation lawyer to fill it out!

And all these electronic gadgets that keep coming out! I don't know how to work half of them, and if they break down, I don't know how to repair them!

I—I couldn't cope with that, either!

Why don't you just chuck it all and move out to the wilderness?

No more insecurity! No more anxiety! I've played that game for the last time! I'm bowing out of the rat race!

My wife and I have wiped the slate clean! We're starting out on a new Life Style . . . with new priorities! We're looking to a future based on solid standards, with deep permanent roots and long meaningful relationships!

Sounds great! How are you going to do that?

We sold our home, and got ourselves a trailer!

First, the **GOOD** news! You won't have to listen to my voice droning on and on all period long!

Now for the **BAD** news! I'm giving a surprise test based on the two chapters you were supposed to read last night! And if you think **YOU'VE** got troubles, just think of **ME** . . . sitting up half the night, marking your papers!

Okay, Peter Hunt! What are you looking so anxious about?

Well, Sir, first the **GOOD** news!

There'll be **ONE LESS PAPER** you'll have to sit up and mark . . .!!

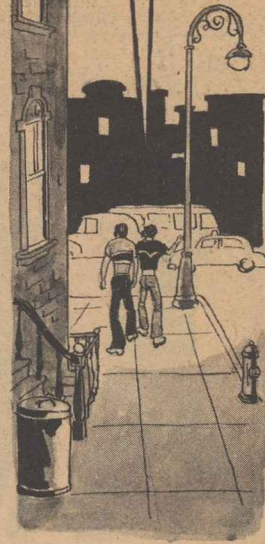
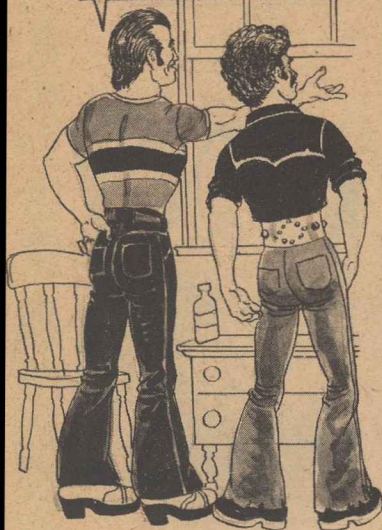
That's not a civilized city out there! It's a **JUNGLE**!

In the old days, they only used to rip off **blind newsdealers** and little old ladies! But now, they're so desperate that even **big, strong, heathy-looking** guys like us can be victimized!

I—I never thought I'd be afraid to go out there and make a few bucks!

We're just gonna have to find some **other way** to make our bread ...

... besides mugging!!



Changes ... changes! They're coming so rapidly that it's making me into a **neurotic**!

My big virile **Son** has turned into a **style freak**, and now he dresses like a **pansy**! My little feminine **Daughter** has become a **Women's Libber**, and now she dresses like a **farmer**!

I'd go **completely** out of my mind if it wasn't for **your wonderful reliable stability**!

You dressed like a **slob** in the **past** ... and you're **STILL** a slob!!



Oooh, I've got a terrible pain in my chest! I think I'm **dying**!

Again?! You're the world's greatest **hypochondriac**!

You keep going to **Doctors**, and they all keep telling you the same thing ... that it's just **EMOTIONAL**! And then, the pain moves to another spot!

Do you **understand**?! It's **PSYCHOSOMATIC**! It's **IN YOUR MIND**!

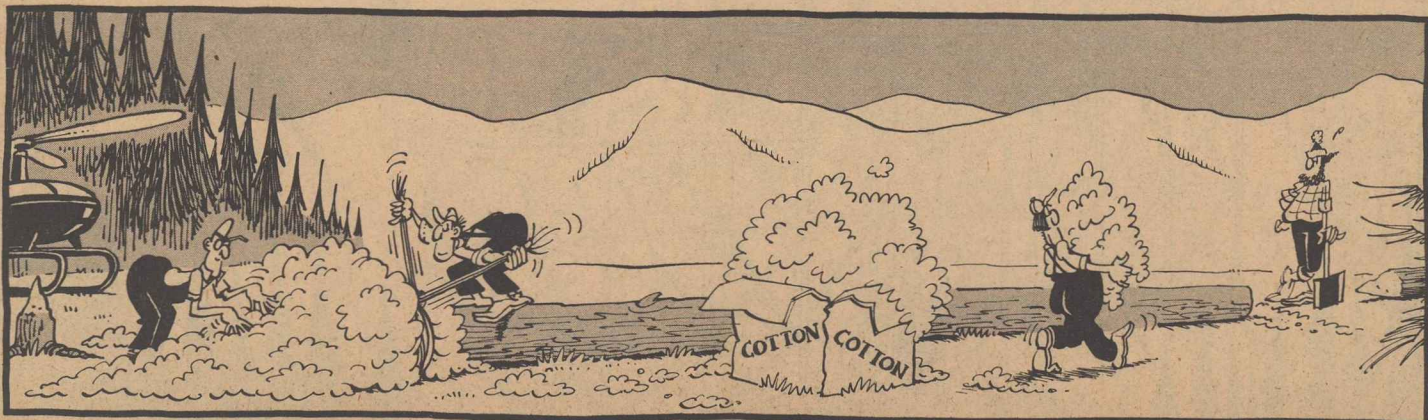
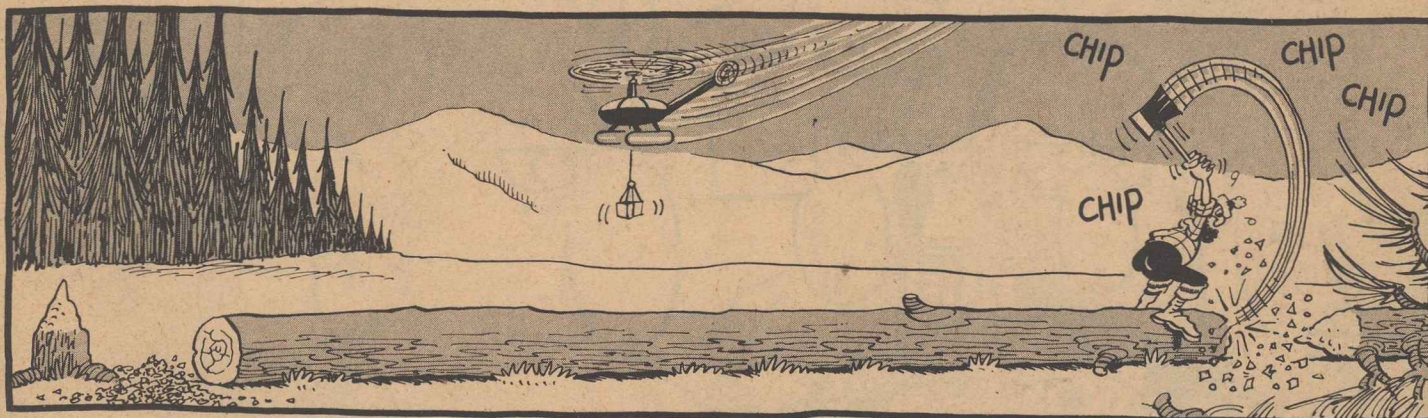
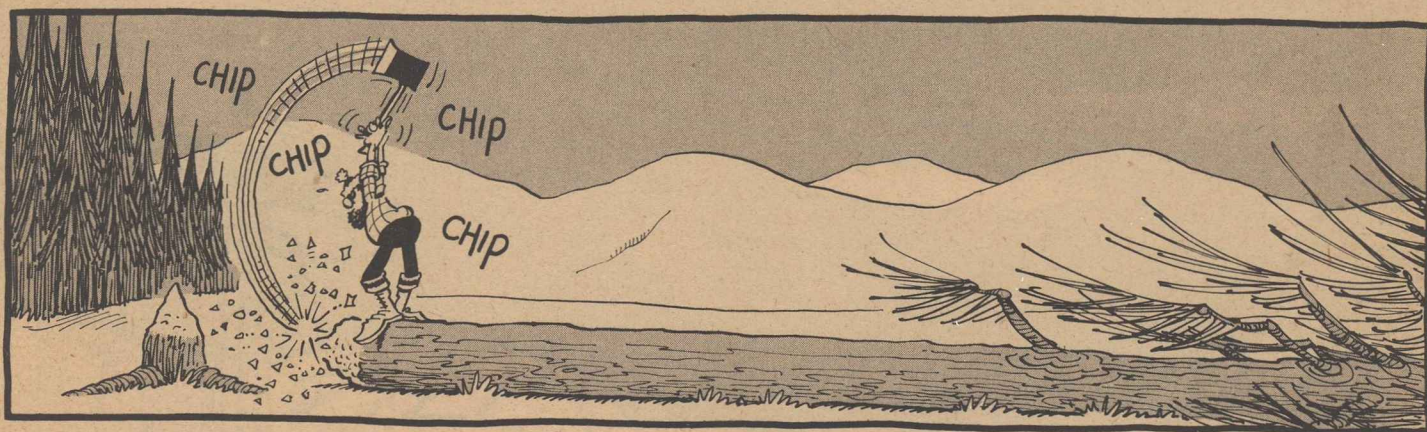
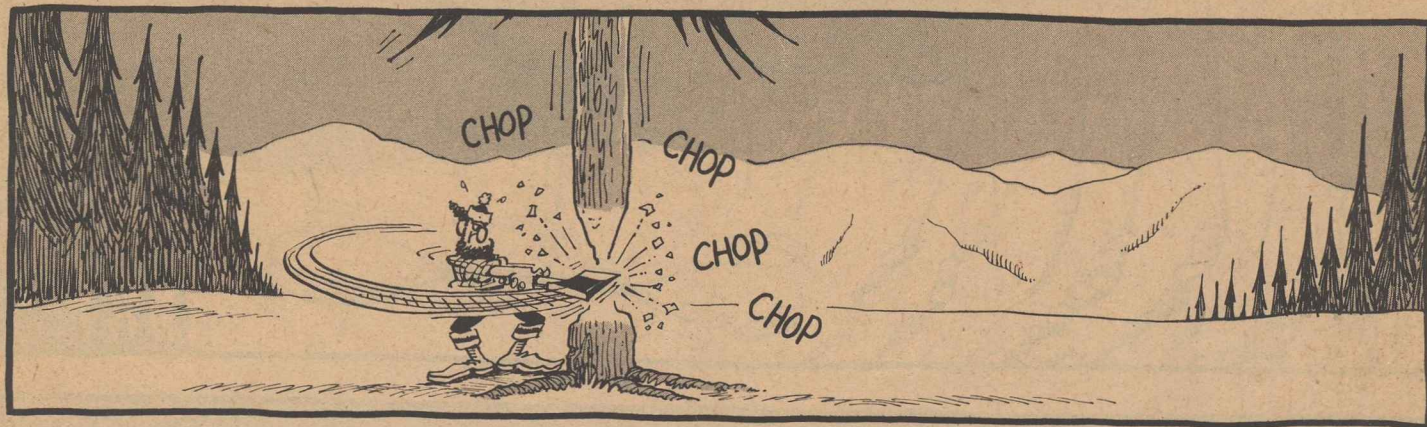
Y'know, you're **right**!

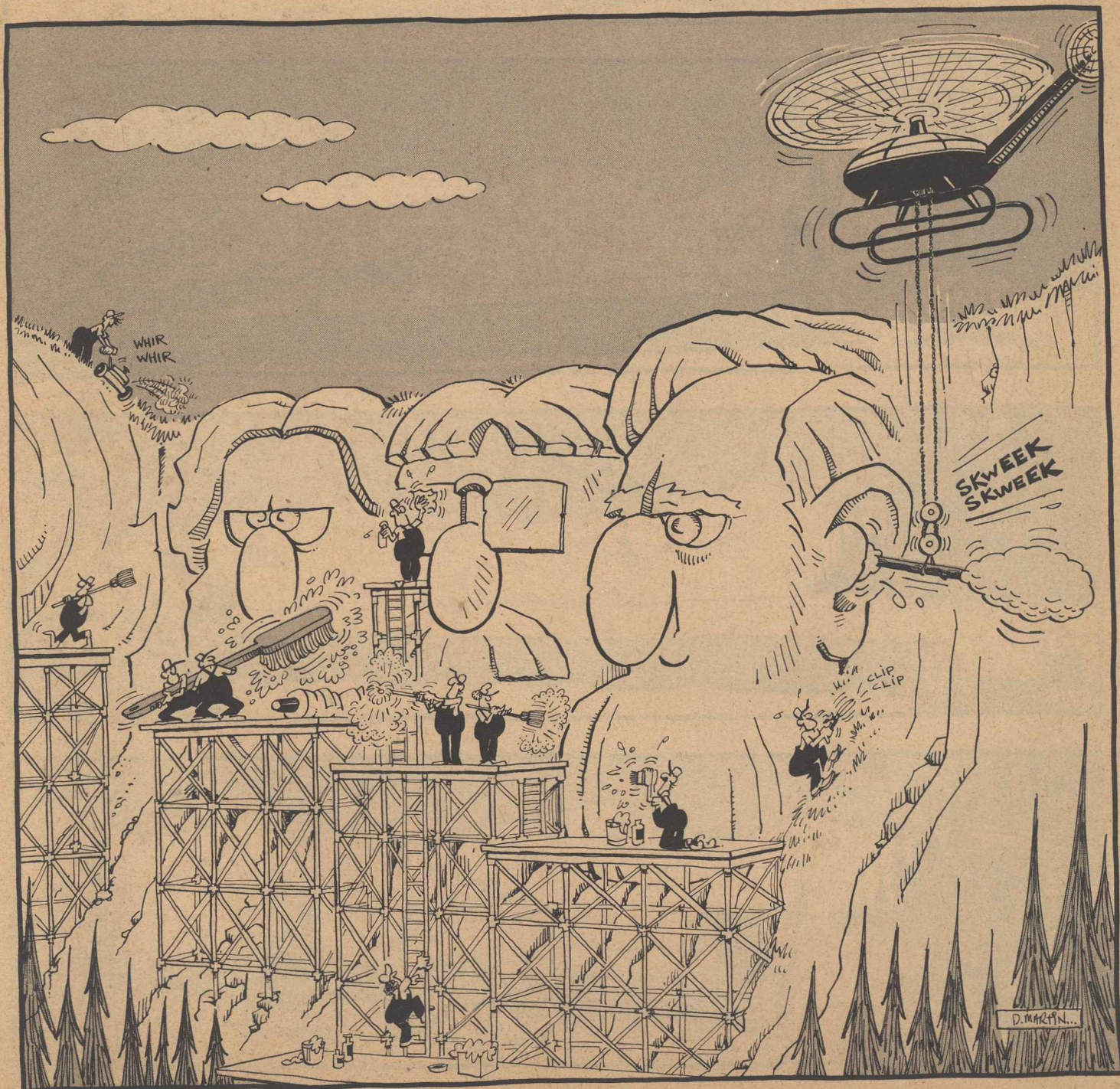
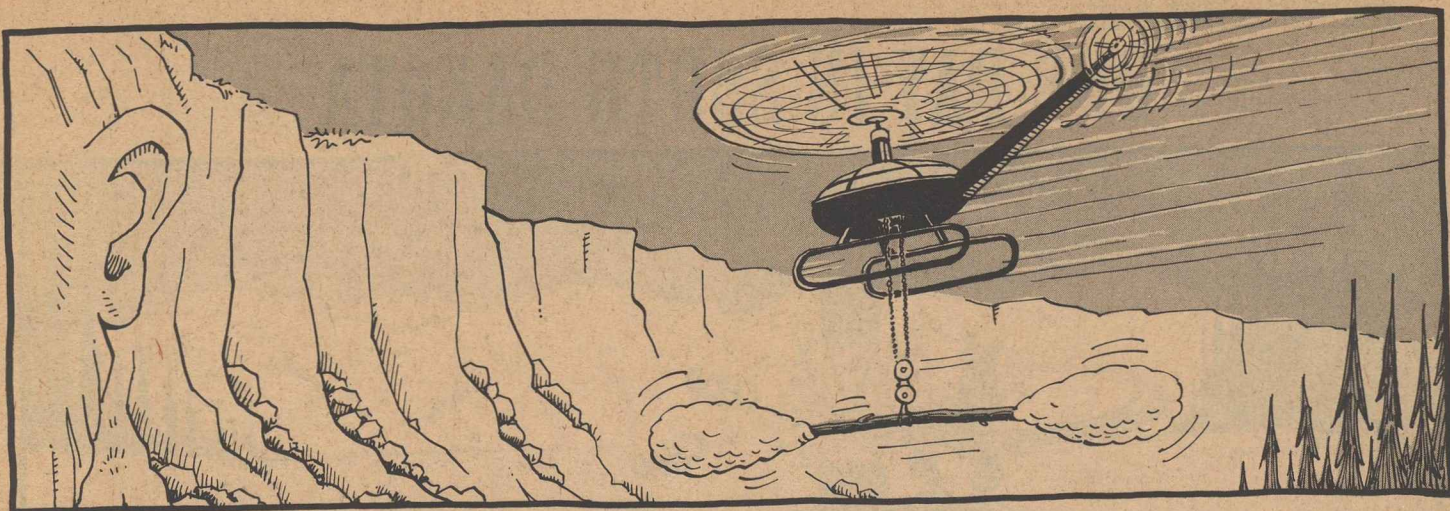
Now ... I've got a terrible **headache**! I think I'm **dying**!



David Berg

ONE DAY IN SOUTH DAKOTA





ONE PICTURE, SO THE EXPRESSION GOES, IS WORTH A 1000 WORDS, BUT IT'S WORTH A LOT MORE IF YOU'RE THE PUBLISHER OF A TYPICAL CAMERA-BUG-CATERING PERIODICAL LIKE

POPULAR PHOTO-MONOTONY

THE MAGAZINE FOR PHOTOGRAPHIC MINDS

PRICE: \$1.00

(25c IN
UNDERDEVELOPED
NATIONS)

**Kodiak Introduces The New
Pocket Insta-Matic 200
Which Makes All Other
Insta-Matics Obsolete!**

**NEW PHOTO CRAZE:
Mini-Scuba Photography!
Adapt Your Minox For
Underwater Pictures Of
Your Tropical Fish Tank**

**Kodiak Introduces The New
Pocket Insta-Matic 500
Which Makes All Other
Insta-Matics Obsolete!
(Including The 200!)**

**1500 Gadgets You Can Buy
For Your Camera—including
Two You Can REALLY Use!**

**Retouch Wrinkles And
Blemishes Directly On
Your Subject Rather Than
Risk Spoiling Those
Precious Negatives!**

**Kodiak Introduces
The New Pocket
Insta-Matic 1000
Which—you're Right!**

Photographer Milton Elnick Reveals...
**"I PHOTOGRAPHED FRANK SINATRA,
JACKIE ONASSIS, HOWARD HUGHES,
AND MARLON BRANDO—AND LIVED!"**



CLASSIFIED ADS

FOR SALE

Cannonfodder 900 with f 2.5 lens. Regularly \$100.00. Brand new, \$49.95. Sold only with case. Case, \$49.95. Honest John's Camera Angles, Box 756, Shaft, Ore.

LENS RIOT! Thousands of fine lenses at a fraction of their original cost. \$10 each. Do not specify camera or model number. At this price you can't be picky! Economy Opticals, Myopic, Nev.

5 mm lens—the widest angle lens ever made! So wide you'll be in every picture you take! Grab it at 750 clams! Eye-C-U, Box 45, Image, Minn.

Hsb NC 2 PRF bdy, *PLUS* c 12 x M, s/t, rf, sync & stb. \$225.00 Explanation of this ad, \$2.50. Write CamBy, 56 ML e, Bfd., NH

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

Learn the thrilling profession of camera repair at home. \$500 Camera Repair School course includes free broken camera to practice on. Write P-M, Box 172 for details.

Cameras repaired for Camera Repair School dropouts. Listen, don't feel bad! Not everyone is mechanically inclined! If you don't want people to know you're a loser, for an additional \$300 we will send you a "Certificate of Completion," wrapping paper, mailing labels, and everything you'll need to send those broken cameras to us for repair. We mail them back fixed, and you charge 10% over what we charge you! See above ad Box number.

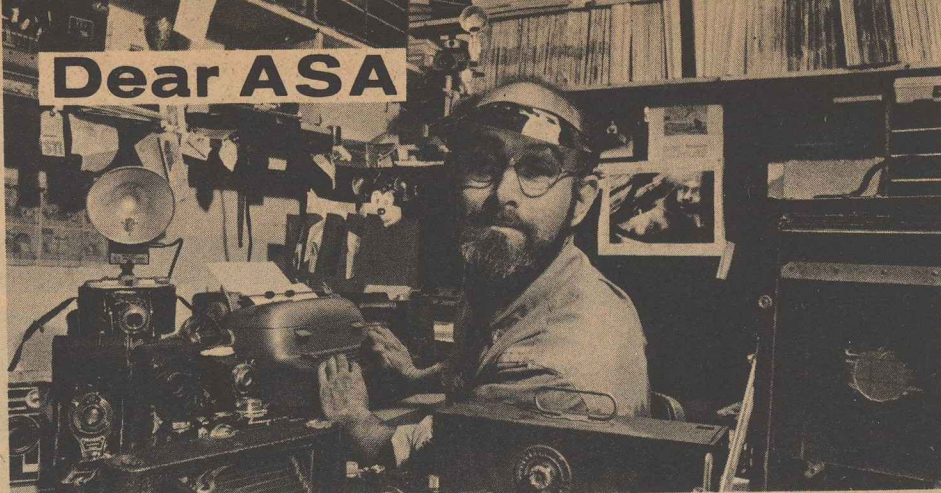
Earn big bucks with the magic of candid photography! This book, written by an expert in the field, details all you'll have to know; supplies, locations of motels and lover's lanes, tells how to approach the potential customer with your shots, how much to charge for how many years, how to destroy negatives so that they're really not destroyed, etc. "Shutter-Bugging" by Tom Peeper. \$9.95 at your neighborhood smut peddler.

OTHER OPPORTUNITIES

Save up to 90% with out-of-date film! Take off 10% of list price for every month past expired film date. 9 months or more and you get the full 90% off. Your pictures may come out terrible, but at these prices, who cares! Old Time Films, Fuzzed-Up, Ark.

2-week African Photo Safari leaves New York the 1st of every month. We supply everything—camera, film, guide, food, lodging, pro photographer and transportation—for only \$2,500.00. Or save \$2,475.00 by just sending for the pictures, which you can pass off as your own without ever leaving your living room! Write Nairobi Drug Store, Film Dept., Nairobi, East Africa.

Dear ASA



ADVICE TO THE LENS LORN

DEAR A S A

I've been taking pictures for over thirty years with my range finder camera and I still forget to take off the lens cap before shooting. As a result I have missed out on several vital Wedding and Bar Mitzvah shots with embarrassing social consequences. Is there anything I can do short of switching to a reflex camera?

Art Charney
East Meadow, N.Y.

DEAR ART,

Yes! Focus Productions has just come out with a remarkable Lens Cap Alarm System which is linked electronically to the shutter release of your camera. A loud alarm goes off when you forget to remove the lens cap, so you don't lose any shots. Unfortunately, the loud alarm also produces some NEW embarrassing social consequences, especially during the Wedding and Bar Mitzvah ceremonies.

DEAR A S A

I have to admit that I have been tempted many times over the years to buy "hot" camera equipment. But I have a problem. While I've resisted buying things like a 30-to-500 Zoom lens (\$1600 list price) for twenty bucks, it's getting tougher. It's not a question of morals—I have none. It's just that I figure I'll get caught, what with that

new serial number system on file in every Police Dept. in the country. What should I do?

Red Spine
South Boston, Va.

DEAR RED,

Keep resisting. However, I've got no such problem. Send your friend around to see me at my office after hours.

DEAR A S A

I have a very embarrassing problem—I keep falling asleep during my own color slide shows. What can I do?

Sid Ascher,
Mays Landing, N.J.

DEAR SID,

Sleep and enjoy! If your slides are anything like your boring letter, chances are everybody else is sleeping too!

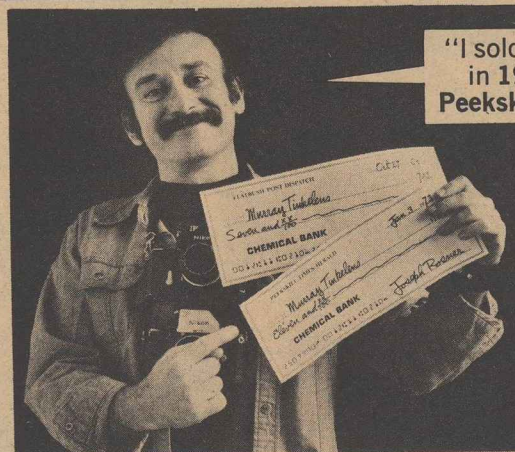
DEAR A S A

I'd like to train my dog so I can get some good pictures. Do you have any suggestions?

Eric Wessel,
Phoenix, Arizona

DEAR ERIC,

It takes months of hard work and patience, but if you stick to it, you can probably train your dog to take good pictures. It would be easier, however, if you learned how yourself!



"I sold a photo to the Flatbush Post Dispatch in 1968 for \$7.00 and another one to the Peekskill Times-Herald in 1973 for \$11.00!!!"

says MURRAY TINKELENS,
Freelance Photographer and
Student of the INFAMOUS
PHOTOGRAPHER'S SCHOOL

"And what's so great about it is I didn't have to quit my job to do it. As a matter of fact, I have to keep my regular job, plus hold down a night job sweeping tennis courts to pay for the cost of my lessons, my equipment and my postage bills. But any year now, another big check may just possibly come rolling in!"

Need we say more? You heard it right from the horse's mouth. You can learn just as Murray Tinkelens learned from 12 leading photographers who actually work in photography (or some related field) FULL TIME! Enroll today! Write

INFAMOUS PHOTOGRAPHER'S SCHOOL

Obvious, Conn

PHOTO PHASHIONS/FOTO FASHIONS

What's the difference between the amateur and the pro, the slob and the snob? Often, very little. More often—none! It's not the quality of the pictures, it's the quality of the person taking the pictures that could mean the difference between enjoying a successful career as a Professional Photographer or ending up as a Dark Room Assistant! And it all starts with APPEARANCE! Do you realize that most tourists today are better equipped than most pros? The only way you're going to succeed as a pro is to LOOK like a pro... instead of a SHMO! And now, PHOTO-MONOTONY shows how to spot the difference

THE SHMO

Wears straw hats with paisley hatbands, often sporting large plastic buttons with catchy slogans like "Hubba Hubba" and "Stassen For President", not for camp, but seriously.

Chooses well-tailored sports jackets with flashy designs to wear over well-tailored sports shirts with flashier designs and clashing colors.

Wears a tie.

Wears Swank tie clasp, bearing his initials.

Carries camera and lenses in fitted, factory approved cases to protect his equipment. Equipment is protected, but not his image, as the shiny leather cases are a dead giveaway that the bearer is a dude.

Gold watch with leather band, a graduation gift from his aunt.

The shmoe is never without his camera manual, warranty and directions for all the accessories, even when he's not actually carrying a camera.

Trousers are permanent press, contain no colors that match outrageous jacket and gaudy shirt.

Socks are dull colored so as not to clash with other garments, and are usually supported by a pair of Paris garters.

Brown and white saddle oxfords are not an attempt to join current nostalgia fashion craze—the shmoe has worn them for the last ten years (under galoshes, of course, if and when it looks like it might rain).

THE PRO

Australian war surplus army hat with one side pinned up by an obscure silver military badge.

Bush jacket with many pockets filled with accessories (not necessarily camera equipment) but cold cream jars that can bulge out like extra lenses.

Carries a dozen pens and markers in shirt pocket.

Wears an Ankh.

Keeps larger equipment in war surplus gas mask bag which also projects image of World Traveler and "Riskier-Of-Life-And-Limb-To-Get-The-Shot."

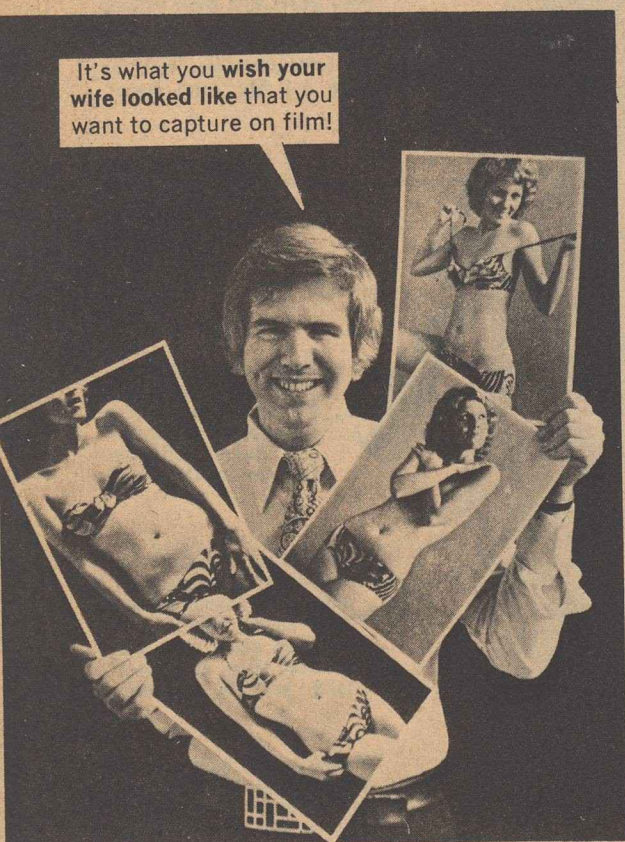
Waterproof, anti-magnetic, shockproof timer/compass/altimeter/humidifier and wind tunnel, housed in a stainless steel case with anodized strap, does everything but tell the time.

Always carries tech manuals and pamphlets like "The Care and Operation of Alpine Cable Cars" to give the impression his profession demands more than just tripping a shutter.

Trousers are permanent wrinkled, with stains to match the stains on the jacket and shirt.

Socks are seldom, if ever worn.

Paratrooper Jump Boots Provide place to carry additional accessories. Remember, a pro's equipment shows at all times!



And VOYEUR PLUS has the answer! By taking our Pin-Up Photography Course you now have an excuse to snap away at beach beauties as well as starting up a pin-up file to study from! Get the picture? From "dirty old man" to "respectable student" for just \$20.00 a lesson!

VOYEUR PLUS

Oggle, Illinois

NOTE: These photos are from Lesson One. Obscenity laws forbid us from showing samples from Lessons Two, Three & Four.

OVER EXPOSURES

by Gidget Bagg

PHONUS BALONIS DEPT. That rumored 8 mm movie footage of a TV star cavorting with "several leading men at one time" turned out to be *true*! Problem was, the "star" was a cocker spaniel from a popular TV series! But we understand the bitch's owner is suing anyway!

* * * * *

KISS AND TELLER DEPT. Talk about interest rate, people are still buzzing about the sensational shots taken with those surveillance cameras at a certain bank after business hours! Robbery was *not* the subject, which may explain the red faces behind the tellers' windows lately...

* * * * *

TWO-BIT PHOTOGRAPHER DEPT. Rumor has it that Irving Schyld, who recently won the \$500 first prize money in the "Self Portrait" division of PHOTOMONOTONY's Annual Photography Contest, did so by submitting a shot from a coin-operated machine! And he still has three poses left! That's one way to beat inflation...



UP IN SMOKE DEPT. Heads all over the country are in an uproar at recently announced agreement among top film manufacturers to coat the inside of their film cans with a noxious, but harmless substance that would render the empty cans unsuitable for illegal storage of pot! Put *that* in your water-pipes and smoke it!...

* * * * *

INSIDE DOPE DEPT. And speaking of dopes, custom inspectors are still chuckling over the Trainee Baggage Examiner at Los Angeles' Airport who arrested a tourist for smuggling a camera hidden inside a 40 pound bag of heroin! Bye, now—say cheese!

COMING NEXT MONTH:

- Plans to build a complete darkroom in your bathroom!
 - Plans to build a complete bathroom in your basement!
 - Plans to convert your garage into a bedroom where your wife will make you sleep after you've converted bathrooms to darkrooms and basements to bathrooms!
 - NASA asks "How many flashbulbs do we need to light up the dark side of the moon?"
 - Should you use a tri-pod or hand-hold a camera during an earthquake?
- PLUS**
- New equipment reports that makes **EVERYTHING** you read about in this issue **OBSOLETE!**

Dollar Days Are Here Again, but only at J.D.'s CAMERA STABLE!

CAMERA STABLE: America's Mail Order Bargain Center Shows You How To Beat Dollar Devaluation! We offer **TRADE-UP** deals you can't afford to ignore!

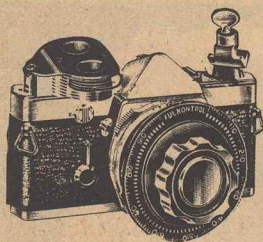
BUY ANY ITEM ON THIS PAGE AND RECEIVE 20 ROLLS OF KODIAK* FILM FOR JUST \$1.00!

J.D. SAYS...

What's the story? Trade-up to your dream camera! With things the way they are today, you might as well live it up a little before you go under! So come into any J.D. branch, show the man your credit card, and charge the balance between your crummy old camera and one of our great new or used jobs! That's the sto-reeee!!

*Offer good only on Kodak Y Film, recently discontinued with no processing available. However, we sell Kodak Y Home-Processing Kits for only \$79.95, Chemicals extra.

GLAU-COMAFLEX

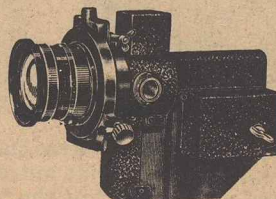


with 50 mm f. 11 unbreakable cast-plastic lens, lens shade, simulated leather neck-strap, manually operated frame counter & many, many other dazzling extras!

Yours for ONLY ONE DOLLAR!

Plus any 1974 model Hasselblad 500 C offered in trade!

KAMIKAZE 400



with suicide shutter that self-destructs if automatic light meter, range finder, and film speed indicator don't all simultaneously function together!

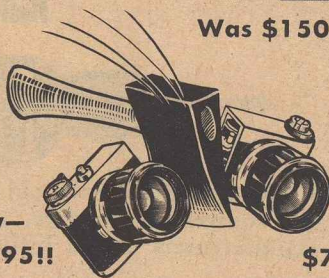
Yours for ONLY ONE DOLLAR!

Plus any Nikon F-2 offered in trade!

J.D. says...

Wanna good 35 mm camera REAL CHEAP? Well, our engineers have taken our huge stock of unpopular and unwanted stereo cameras, and cleverly sliced each one of them in two! Now you can buy one at half the price you'd expect to pay for a camera of this superb quality! Or, you can also buy two and save even more! Was \$150.00 Now, only \$74.95!

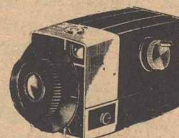
Was \$150.00



Now—
\$74.95!!

Now—
\$74.95!!

ASTIGMATIC FOUR



with Semi-Auto Meniscus lens, rewind crank, and recessed tripod socket! (left hand thread)

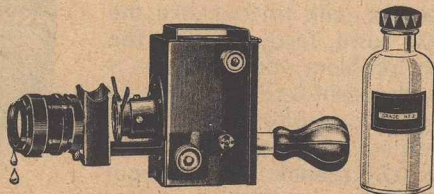
Yours for ONLY ONE DOLLAR!

Plus any Leika M-5 offered in trade!

J.D. SAYS... All "click" and no "shtick" makes photography a dull sport! Try some of my hilarious gag attachments on your camera and get big laughs!

Squirt-Em-Inna-Eye Attachment

Fits over the lens, looks like a telephoto lens. Complete with "strobe" attachment that holds up to a quart of water, plus a manual bulb release.



Squirt-Em-Inna-Eye Attachment—\$5.95

Quart of Pure Water—\$6.79

"Mr. Smiles"

You don't have to tell 'em to say "cheese" anymore! Our "Mr. Smiles" attachment converts the front of your camera into a hilarious "face" that never fails to get impatient subjects and bratty little kids to flash their ivories!

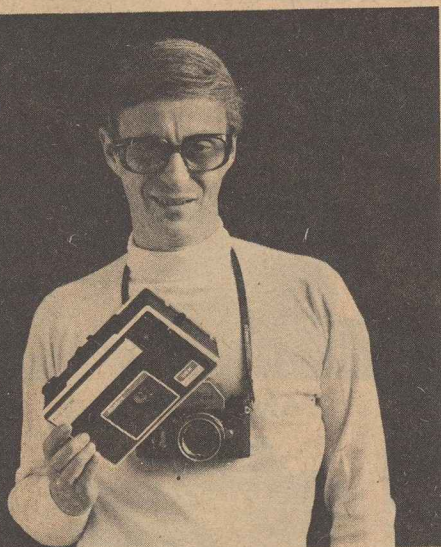


"Mr. Smiles"—\$9.95

RUSH ORDER NOW TO J.D. CAMERA STABLE, QUONSET HUT 12, DISPOSAL, ARK.

AFRAID OF A CAMERA RIP-OFF?

**HIDE YOUR EXPENSIVE
IMPORTED CAMERA INSIDE
OUR HOLLOW, PLASTIC
ARGO CAMOUFLAGE II!**



Why walk around scared half out of your wits that some murderous junkie will leap out of the bushes and rip-off the expensive, imported camera hanging from your neck, especially now that camera theft insurance is close to impossible to obtain, and, if you can *get* insurance, the premiums each year are higher than the price of a new camera?

Convincingly "cheapens" your camera treasure while allowing you full access to all controls. Walk *safe* (even if you can't walk proud) with the sensational. . .

**ARGO
CAMOUFLAGE
II**

"If you care enough to hide the very best!"

WHAT'S IN THE DEVELOPING TANK?

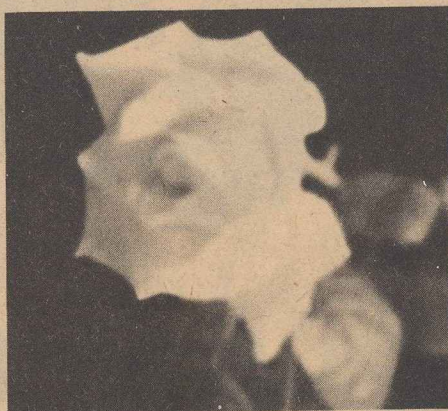
Hints, Tips, and Obvious Sales Pitches for Gullible Readers

Taiwanic III Doesn't Make It!



Taiwanic III

As must be expected from any import in the under \$300 range, we certainly didn't expect much from a camera that lists for \$15.95. And we didn't get much, except maybe a few laughs! See for yourself! Pictures were blurred and fuzzy with no detail. Proof positive that you get what you pay for!



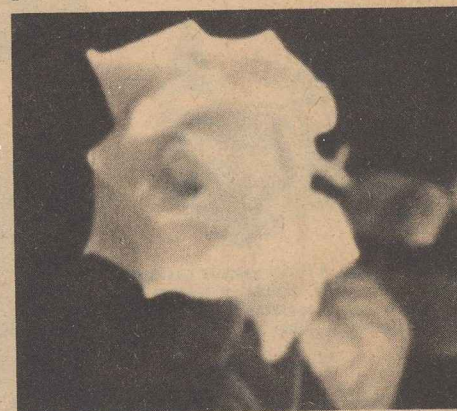
Picture of a flower taken with the Taiwanic III

Bettina CR Makes It Big!



Bettina CR

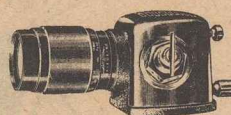
If you thought the Bettina BQ was a great camera, wait'll you handle the fantastic, new CR model, which lists for \$695.00. Using the Zorch 120 mm lens with motorized drive, the artiest shots become a snap, as you can see by the accompanying first prize winner in the Candlewood Photo-Arts Festival. Proof positive that you get what you pay for!



"To A Wild Rose" by Lee MacDowell

Hello, Ultra 8, Goodbye, Super 8!

Ultra 8



Since Super 8 made the old 8 mm camera equipment obsolete, and netted manufacturers a cool billion, they've

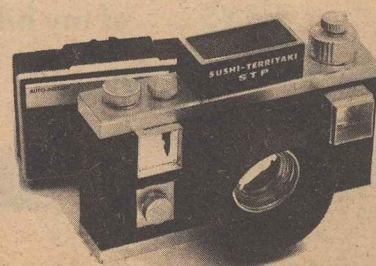
been racking their brains to find something new to kill off the Super 8 stuff. Now, Bawll and Howll has done it! Look for ULTRA 8 to make its debut before Xmas time—Bigger and brighter than Super 8, Ultra 8 should be a winner. Providing no one catches on that it's just plain, old 16 mm.

ASHAMED? EMBARRASSED?

Are you tired of those amused, condescending glances and sneers of contempt from other camera buffs everytime you walk in public with some lowly, American-made camera slung around your neck? Well, you should be! Everyone knows that the good cameras are all imported cameras!

**HIDE YOUR
CHEAP DOMESTIC
CAMERA INSIDE
OUR HOLLOW,
ALL PLASTIC
ARGO
CAMOUFLAGE
III!**

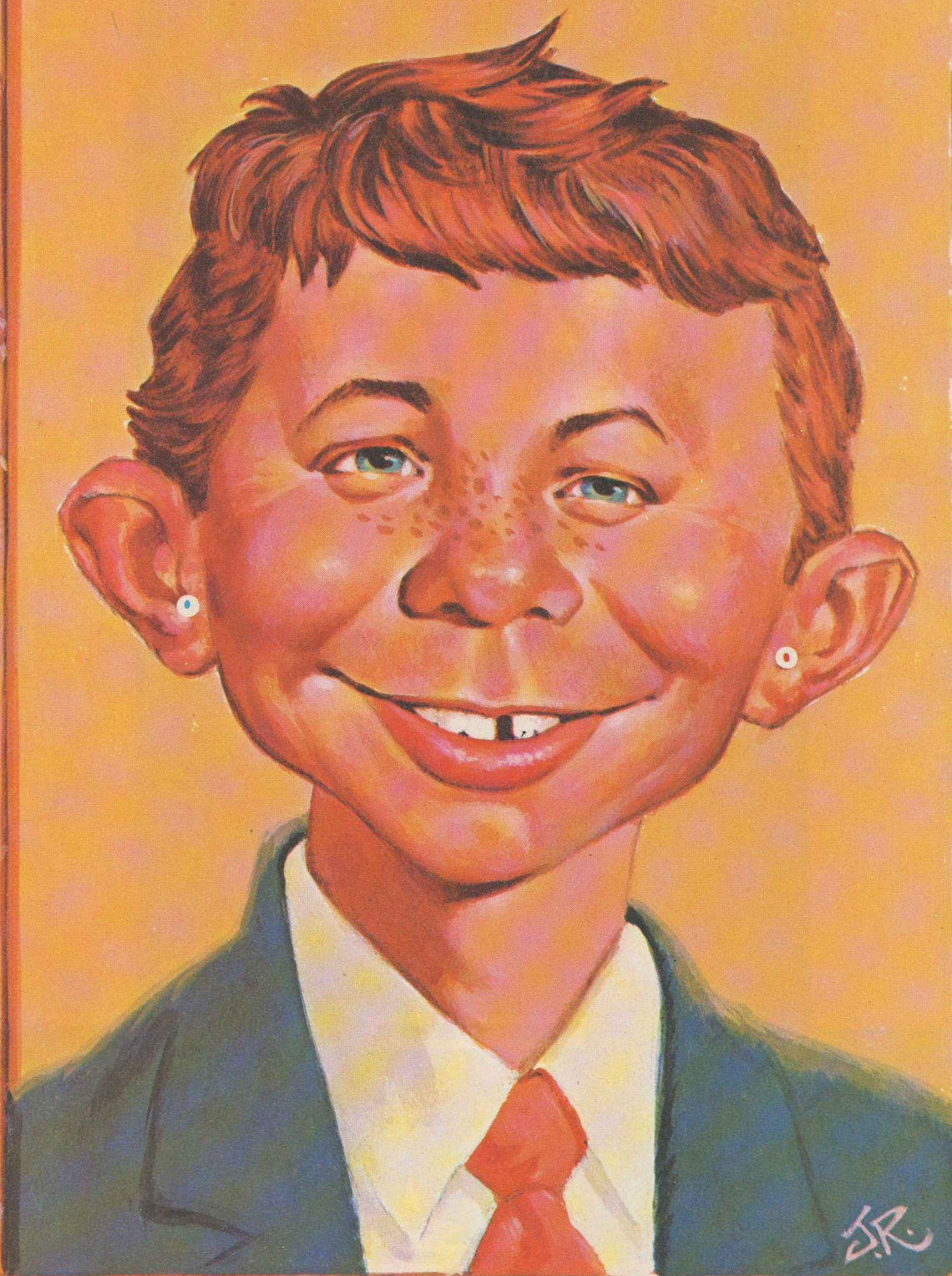
Convincingly "up-grades" your piece of junk to look like the \$900 Sushi Terriyaki STP. The only problem you will face is that the Sushi Terriyaki is a prime target for rip-off men! But even that's no problem if you read the advertisement in the upper left hand corner of this page.



ARGO CAMOUFLAGE III

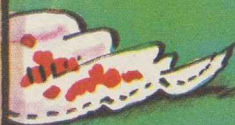
"You can't be sure if it's Argo!"

A MAD COLLECTABLE CONNECTABLE!

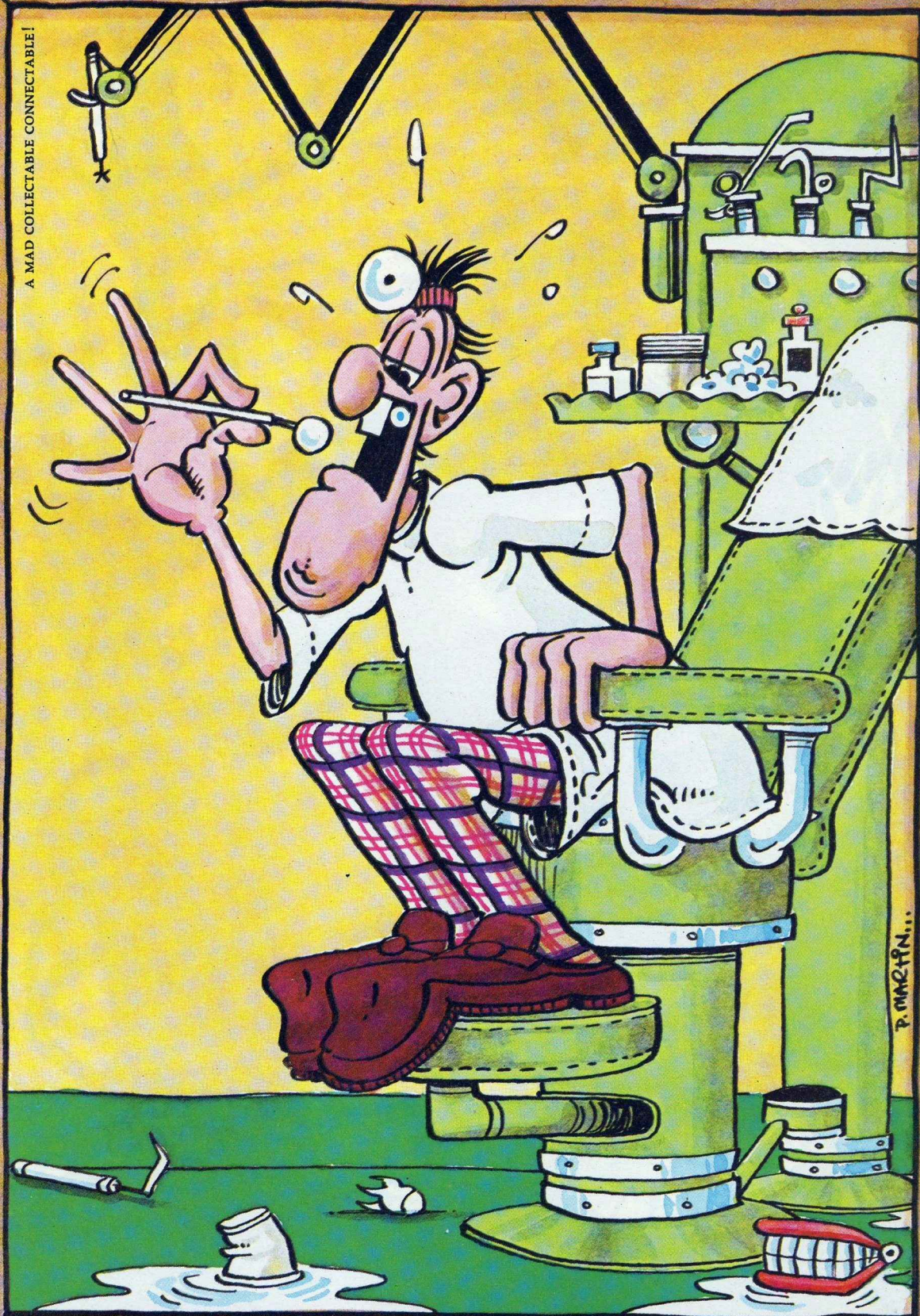


DENTIST
A.A.FONEBONE

A MAD COLLECTABLE CONNECTABLE!



A MAD COLLECTABLE CONNECTABLE!

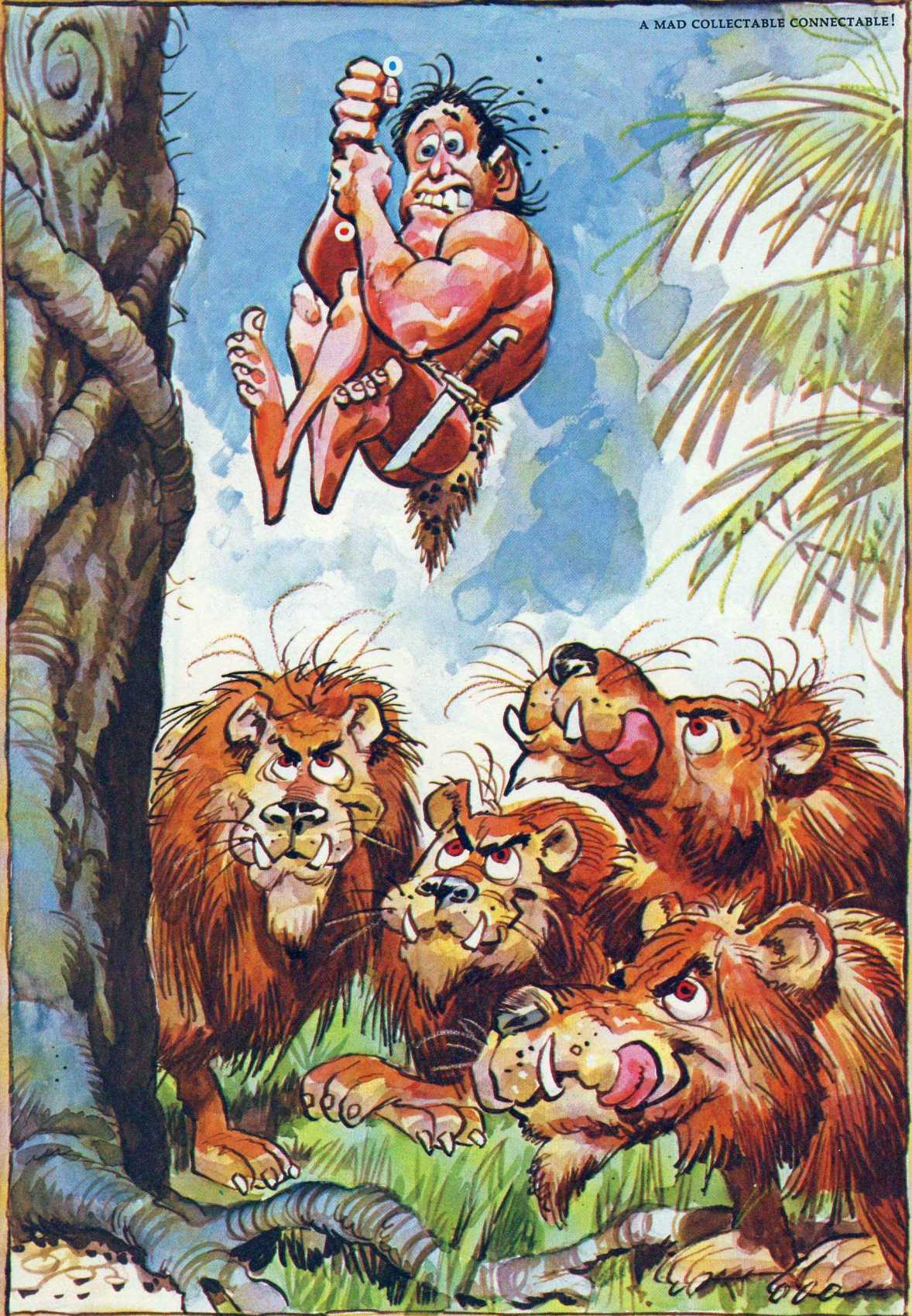


P. MARIN...

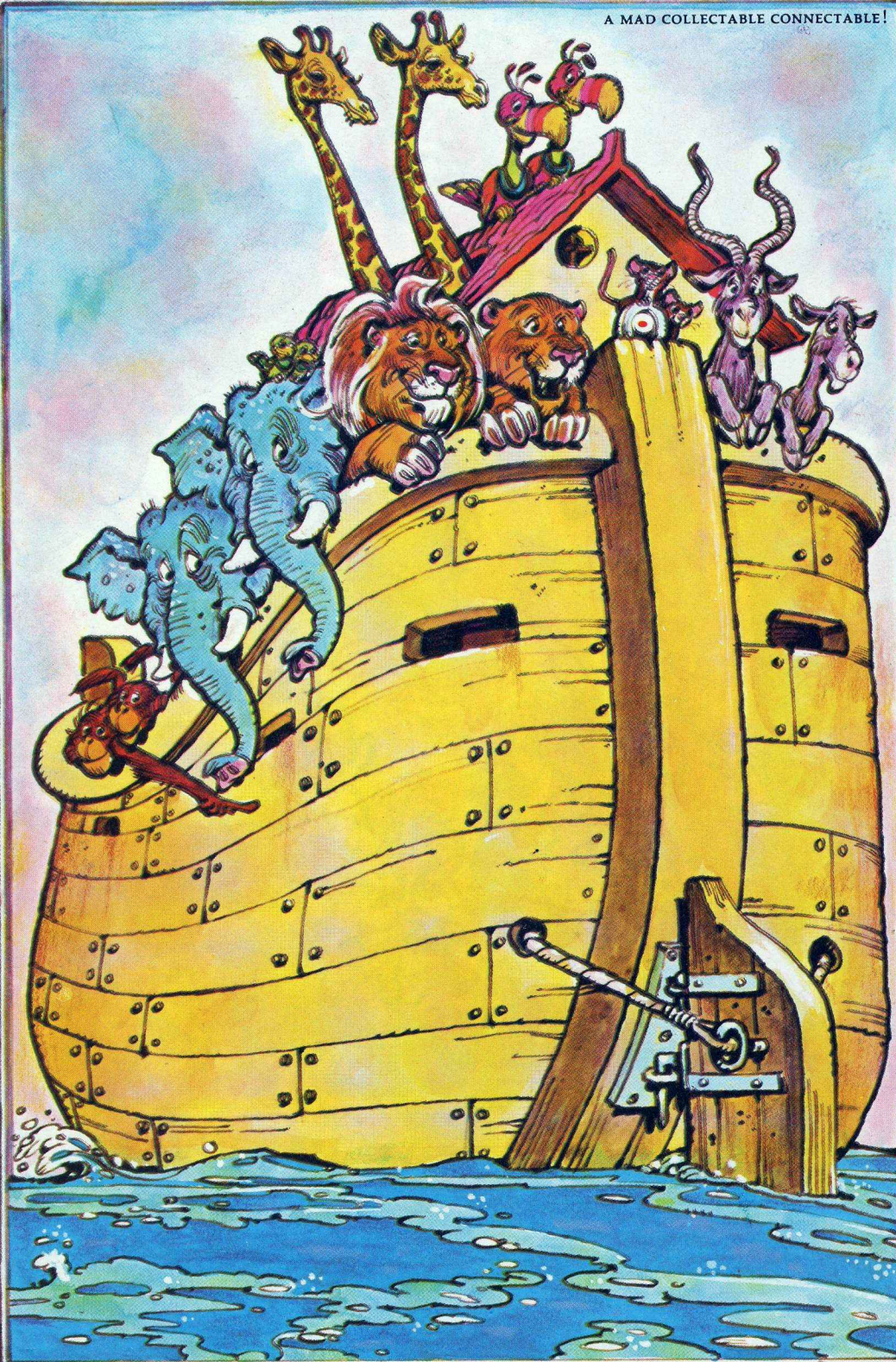


A MAD COLLECTABLE CONNECTABLE!

A MAD COLLECTABLE CONNECTABLE!



A MAD COLLECTABLE CONNECTABLE!



A MAD COLLECTABLE CONNECTABLE!





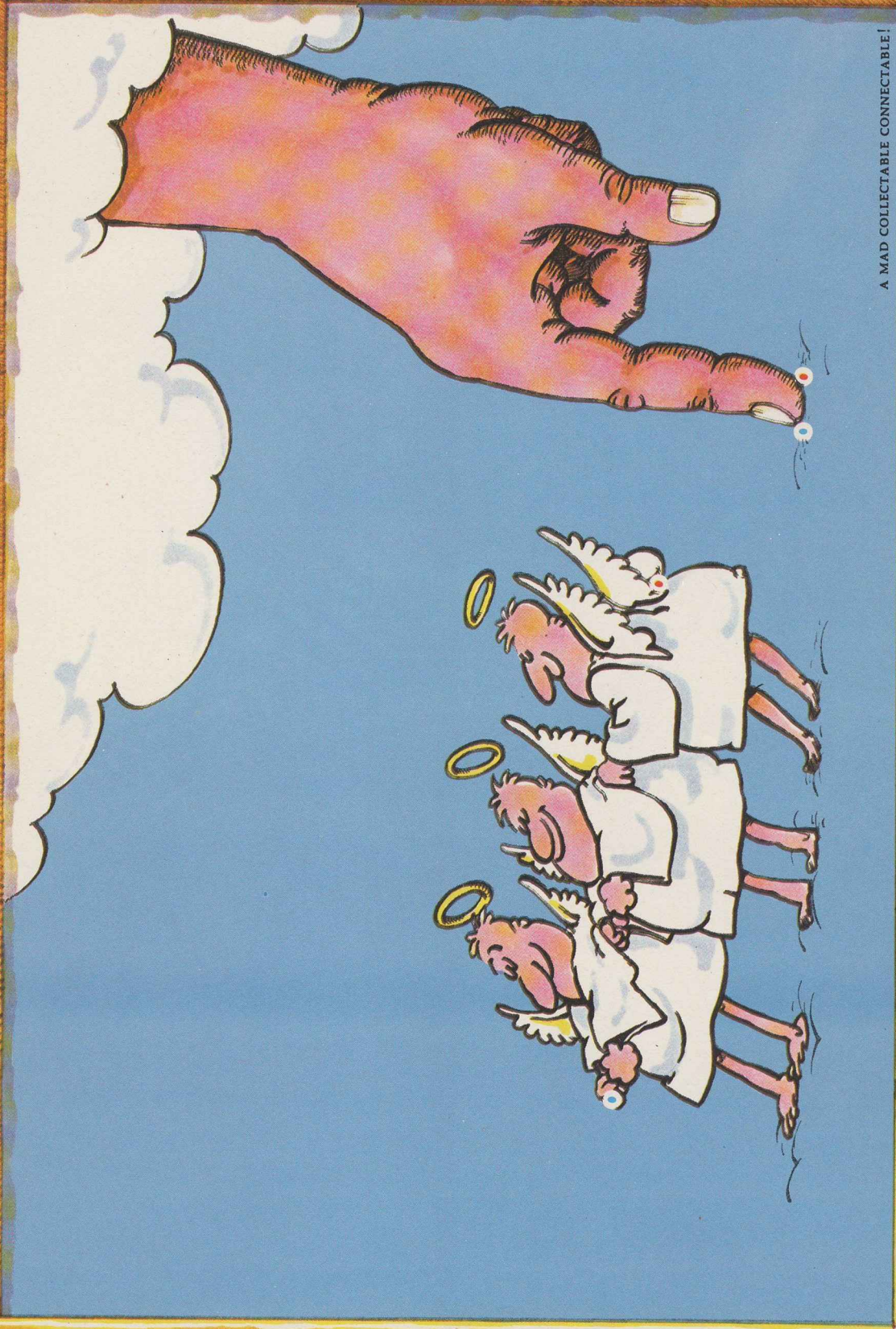
A MAD COLLECTABLE CONNECTABLE!



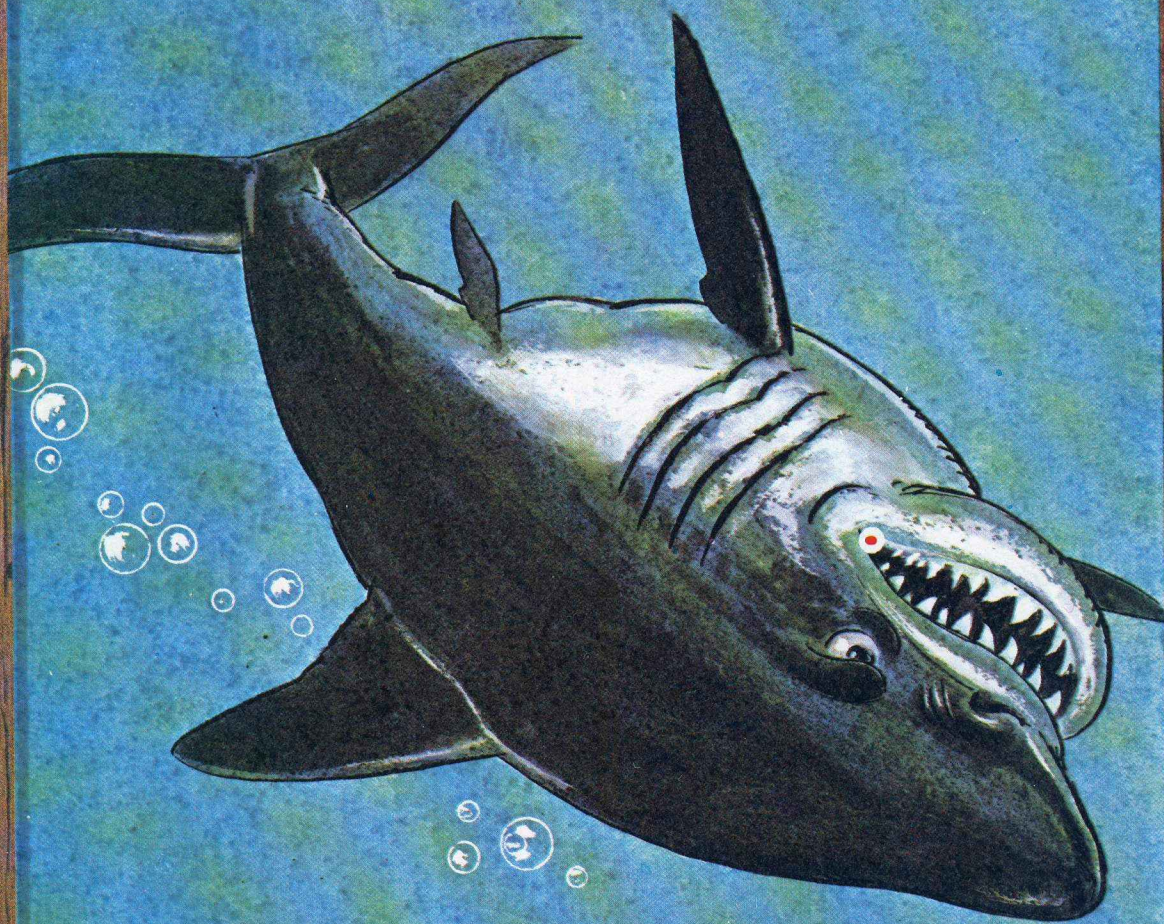
A MAD COLLECTABLE CONNECTABLE!



WHAT ARE YOU?

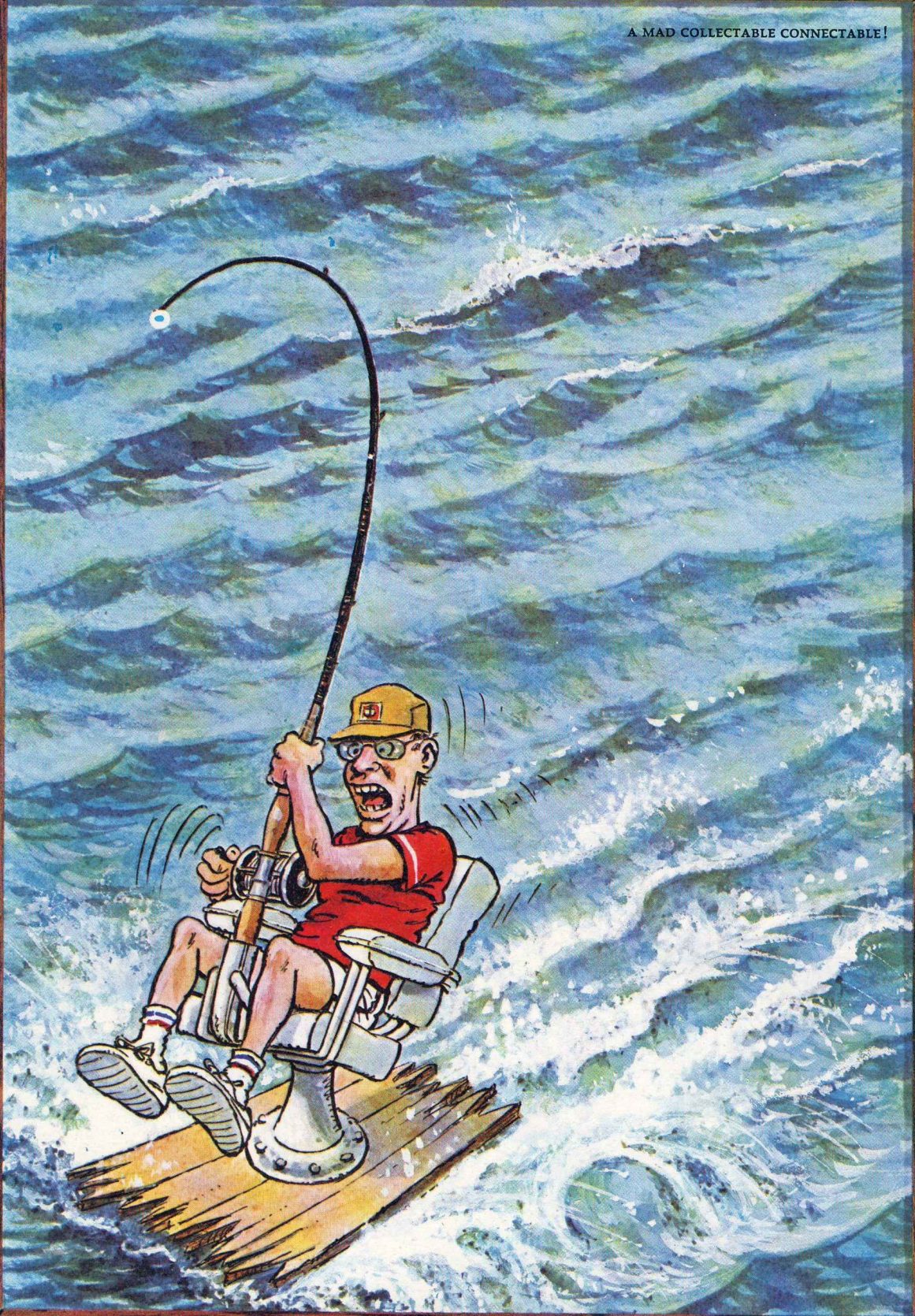


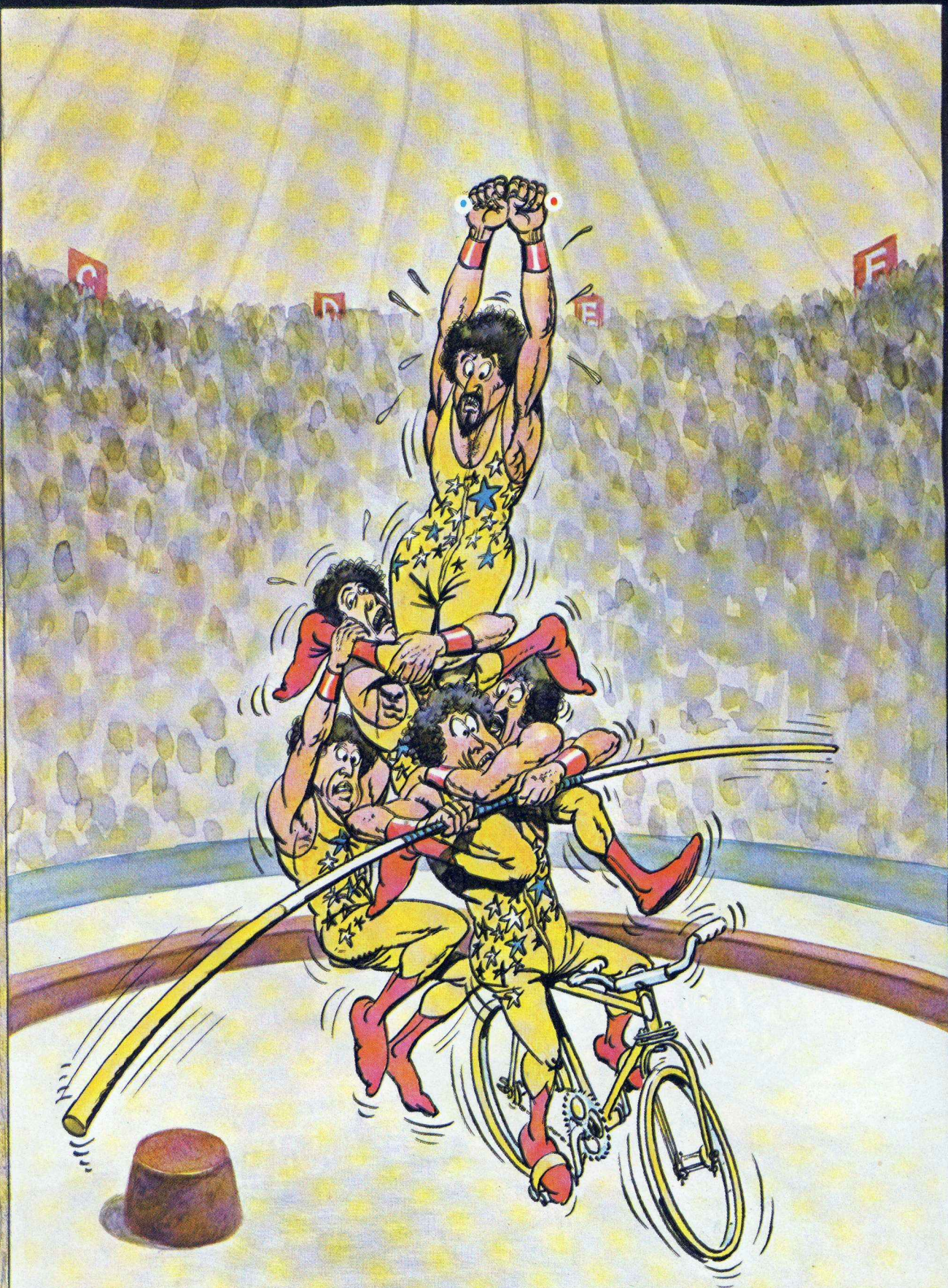
A MAD COLLECTABLE CONNECTABLE!



A MAD COLLECTABLE CONNECTABLE!

A MAD COLLECTABLE CONNECTABLE!





G. WOODBRIDGE

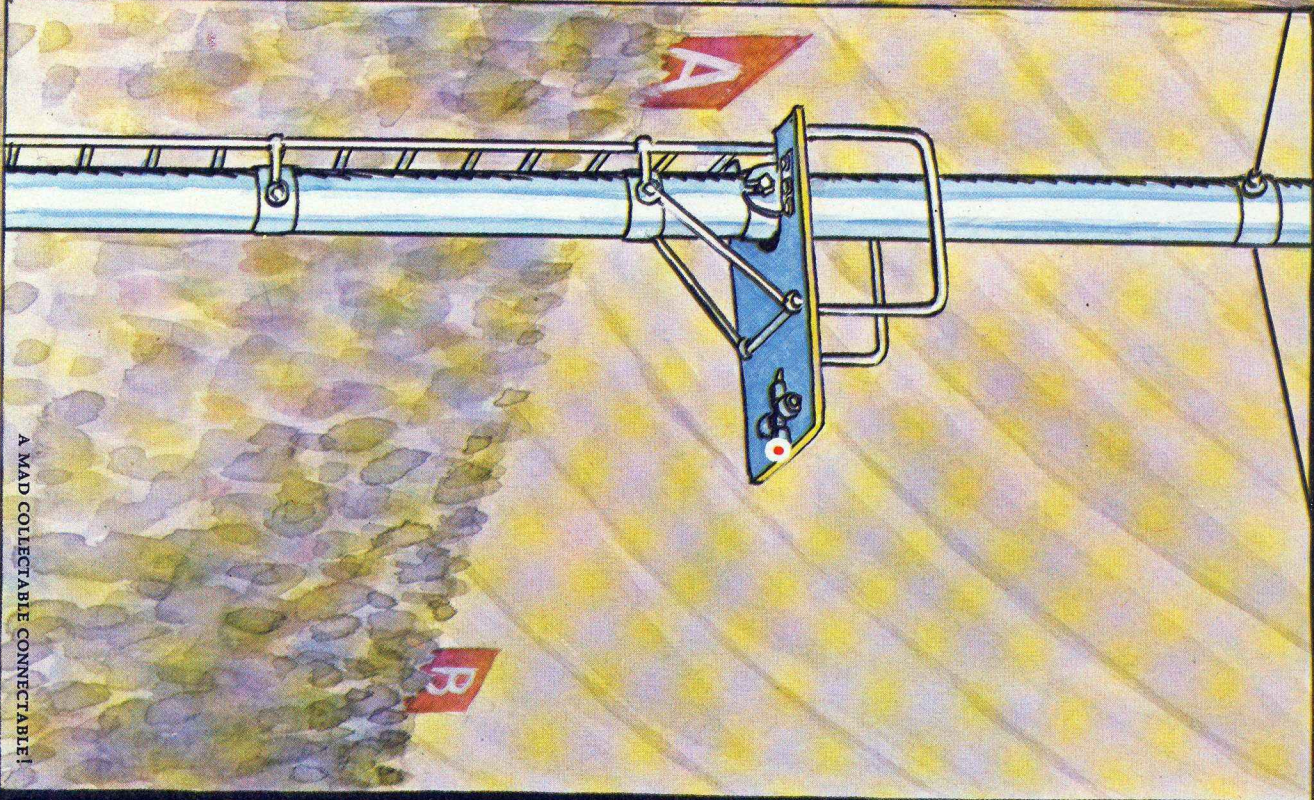
A MAD COLLECTABLE CONNECTABLE!

A MAD COLLECTABLE CONNECTABLE!

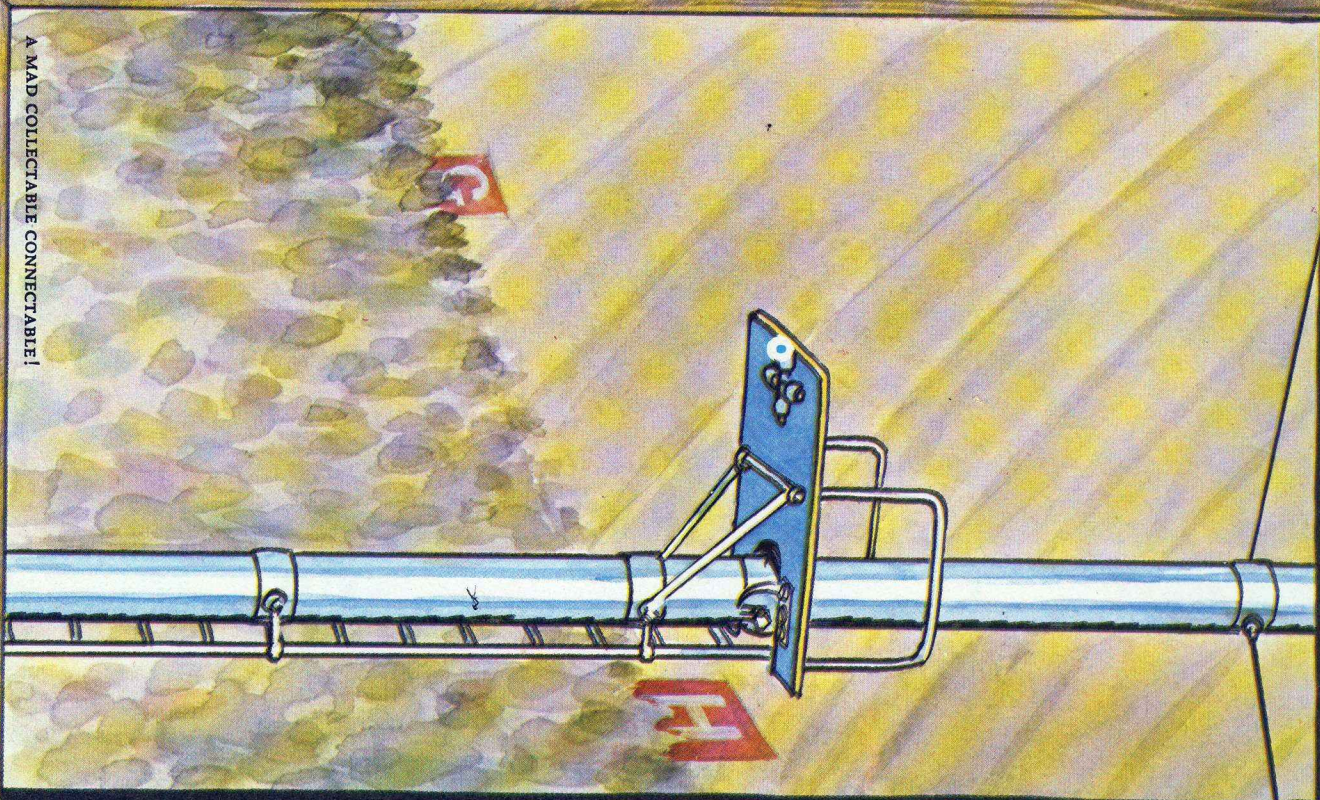


A MAD COLLECTABLE CONNECTABLE!





A MAD COLLECTABLE CONNECTABLE!



A MAD COLLECTABLE CONNECTABLE!

HEY, GANG!

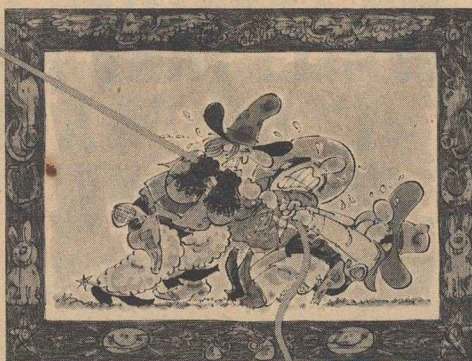
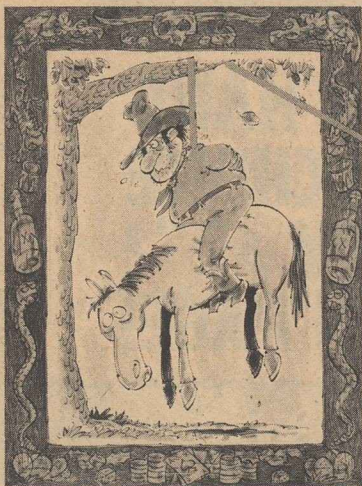
HERE ARE YOUR EIGHT PAIRS OF...

**COLLECTABLE
CONNECTABLES**

**JUST STRING 'EM TOGETHER AND HANG
'EM ON YOUR WALL! TAKE YOUR CHOICE
OF "GALLERY #1" OR "GALLERY #2"!
FOR COMPLETE DIRECTIONS, TURN PAGE!**



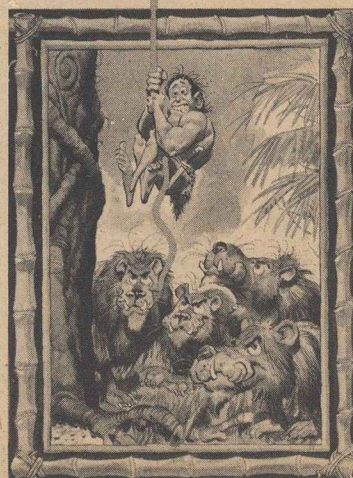
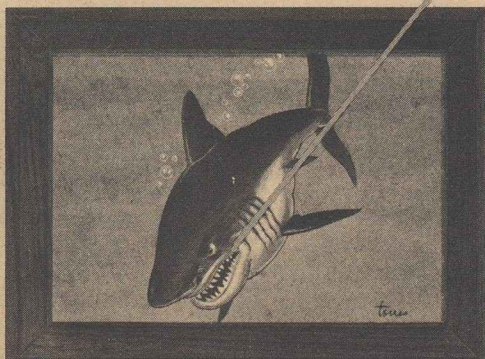
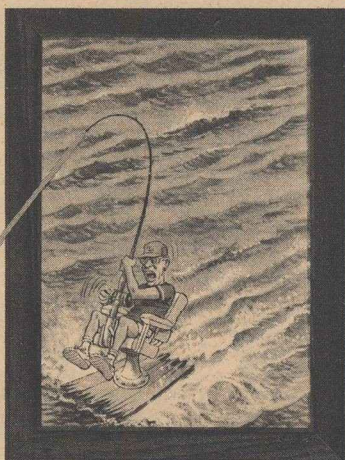
MAD COLLECTABLE CONNECTABLES GALLERY # 1



Hang pictures like this and connect with heavy twine or knitting wool as shown by gray lines.

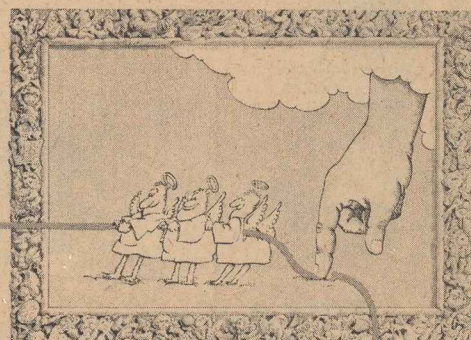
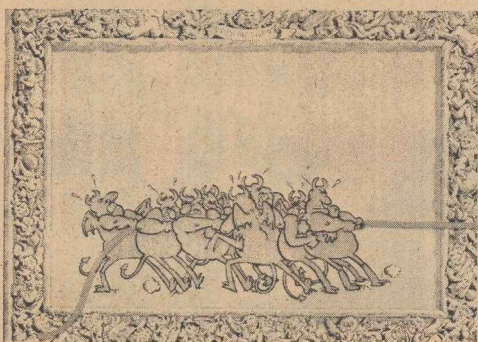
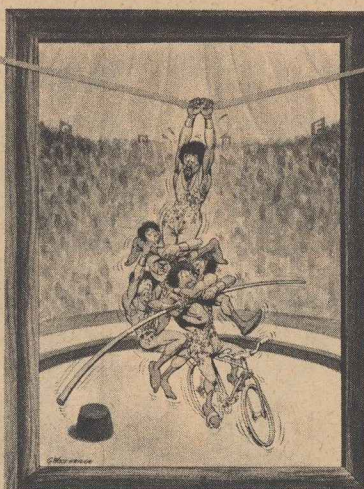
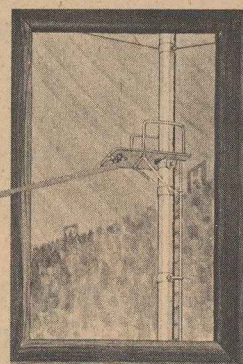
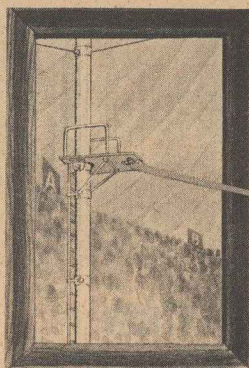


All strings will enter pictures at blue circles and exit pictures at red circles. Scotch tape strings to back of pics before hanging.

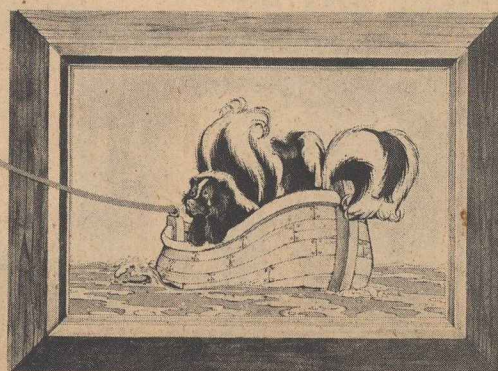
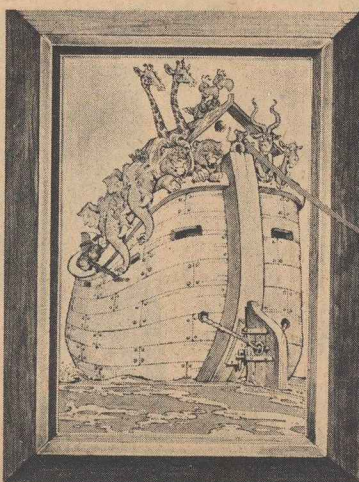


MAD COLLECTABLE CONNECTABLES GALLERY #2

CHOOSE EITHER ONE!

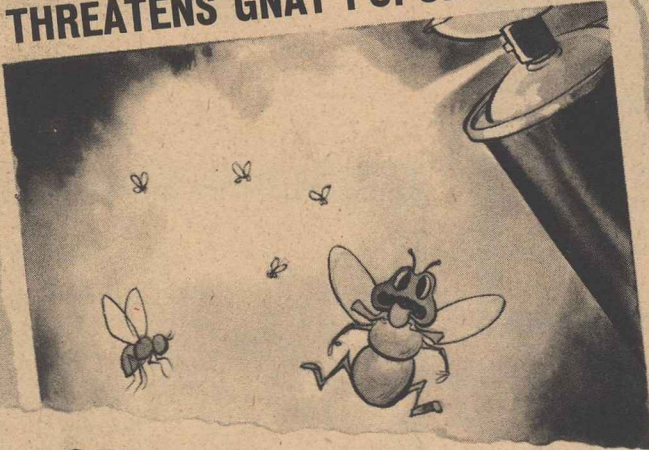


Too bad for you
if you want both
"MAD Galleries"!
Then you gotta
buy two copies!



IF YOU THINK WE HUMANS ARE THE ONLY ONES WHO SU HEADLINES OF TH

**RECURRING DEADLY "SMOG"
THREATENS GNAT POPULATION**



**SURPRISE TERMITE DEMOLITION
ACTIVATES URBAN RENEWAL PROGRAM**



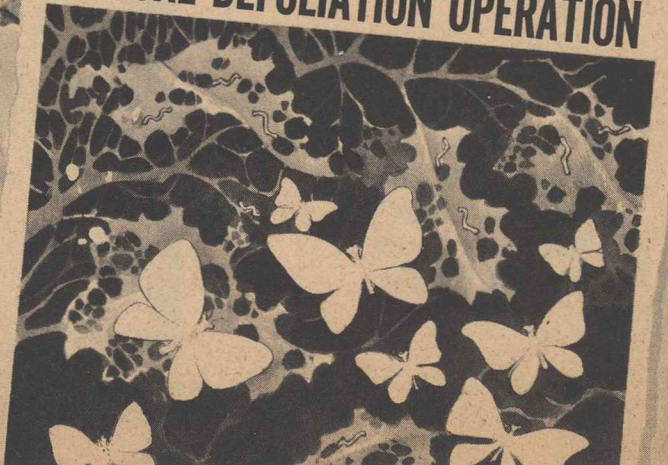
**STAGGERED LUNCH HOURS IMPLEMENTED AT
LEADING INDUSTRIAL BEEHIVE COMPLEXES**



**RED AND BLACK INTEGRATED HIGH-RISE
CO-OP ANT HILL OPENS IN GREENVALE**



**INVADING GYPSY MOTHS COMPLETE
TACTICAL DEFOLIATION OPERATION**



FFER FROM THE PROBLEMS OF TODAY, DIG THESE...

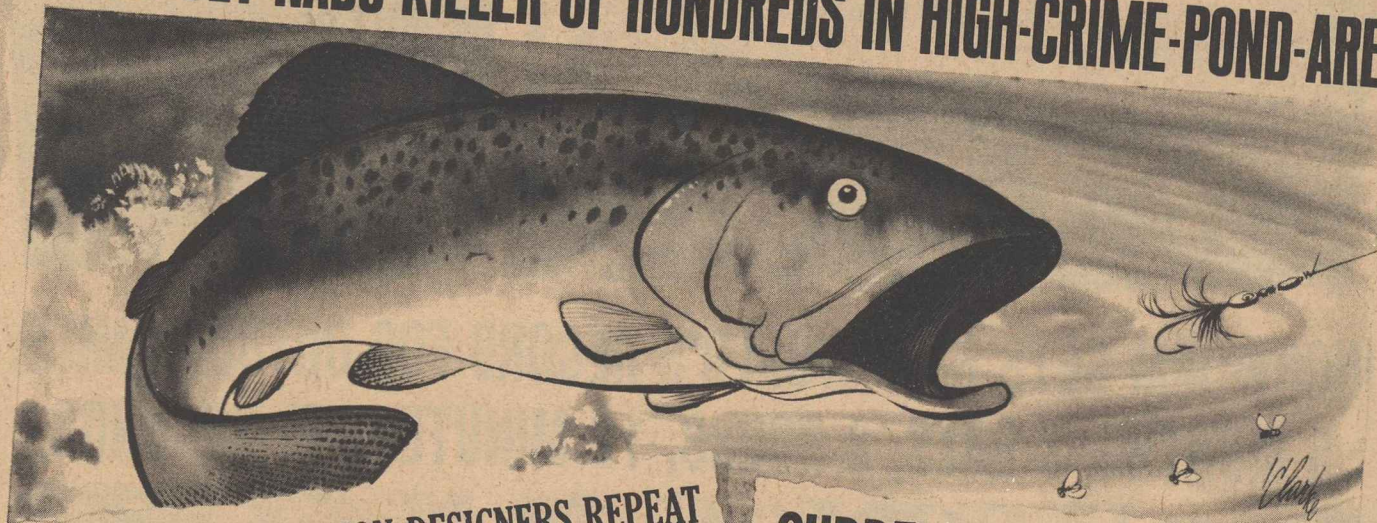


E INSECT WORLD

ARTIST: BOB CLARKE

WRITER: PAUL PETER FORGES

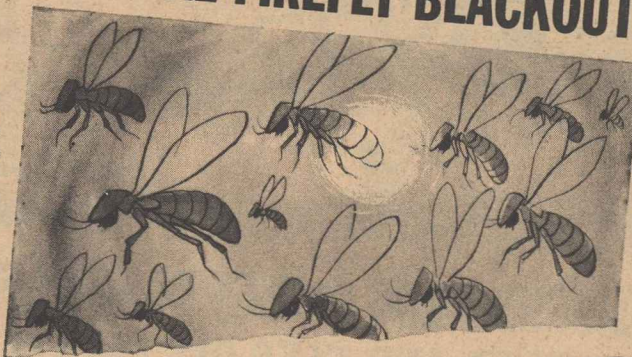
DECOY FLY NABS KILLER OF HUNDREDS IN HIGH-CRIME-POND-AREA



LADYBUG SPRING FASHION DESIGNERS REPEAT "POLKA DOT LOOK" FOR 1,370,210th SEASON



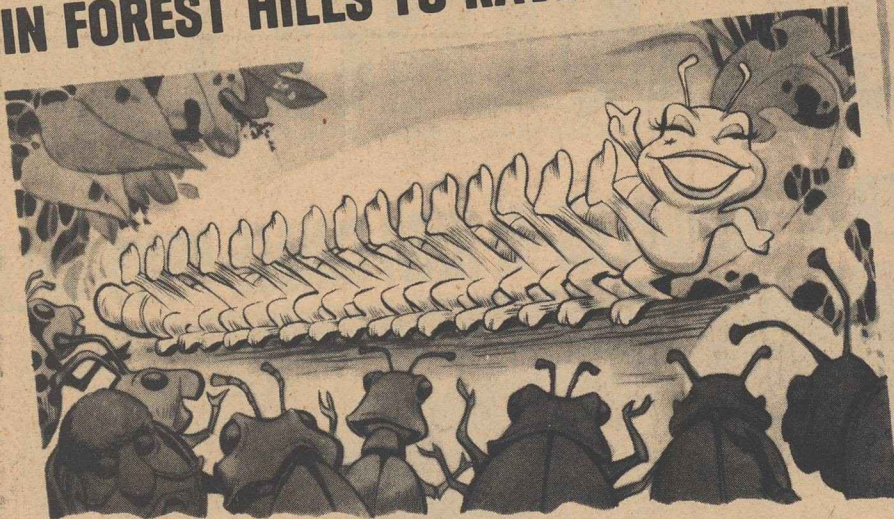
SUDDEN COLD WAVE CAUSES PARTIAL FIREFLY BLACKOUT



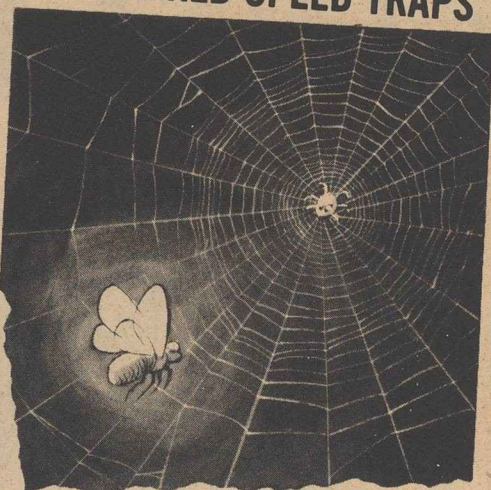
LOCAL CITIZENS OUTRAGED BY OUTDOOR CRICKET ROCK CONCERT



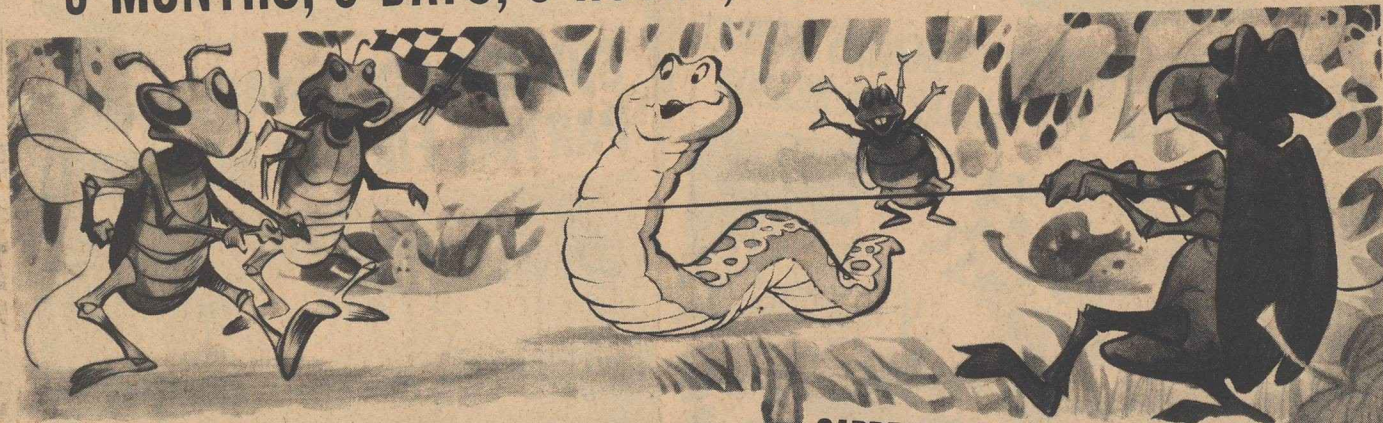
ONE-CENTIPEDE-CHORUS LINE OPENS IN FOREST HILLS TO RAVE REVIEWS



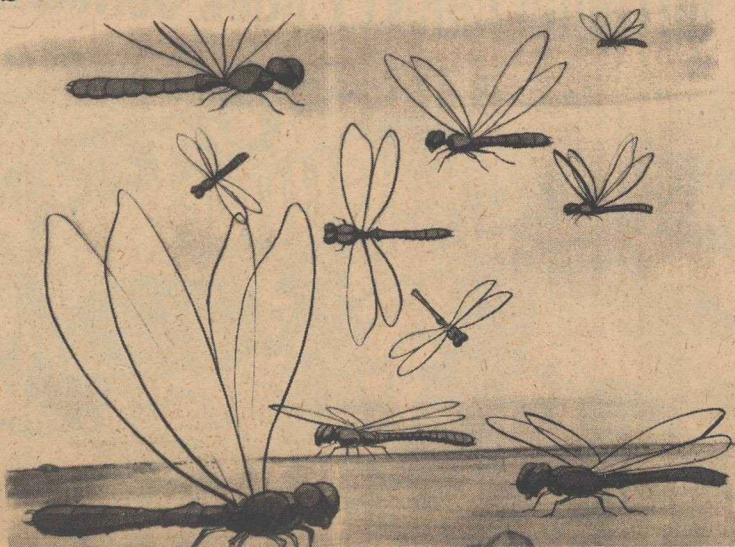
LOCAL BUGS WARNED OF UNMARKED SPEED TRAPS



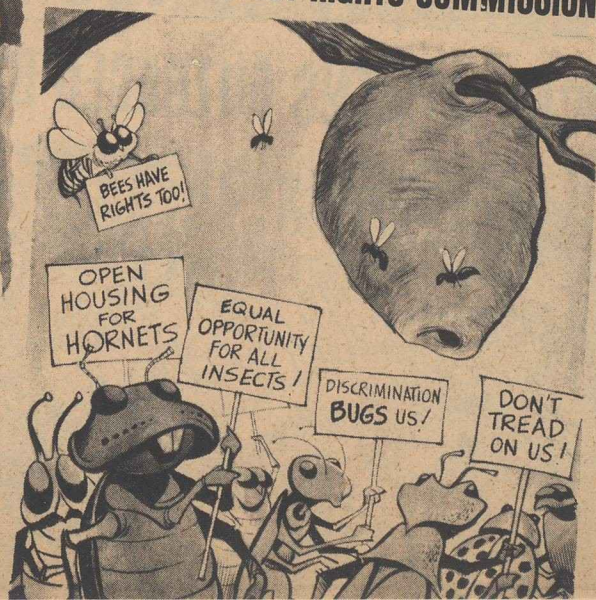
INCHWORM SETS NEW WORLD'S RECORD FOR OUTDOOR MILE: 5 MONTHS, 3 DAYS, 8 HOURS, 12 MINUTES, 45 SECONDS



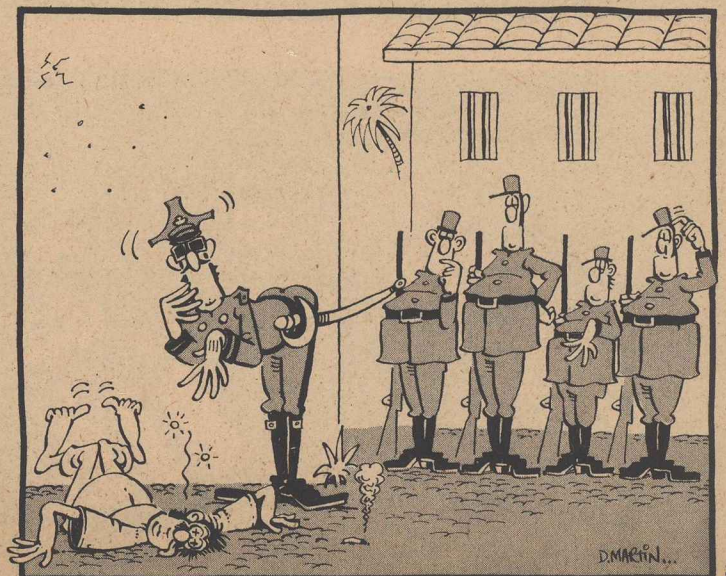
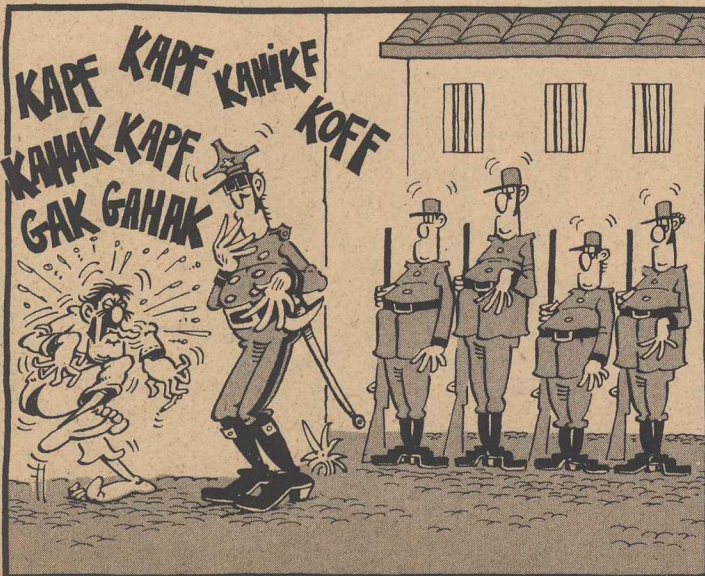
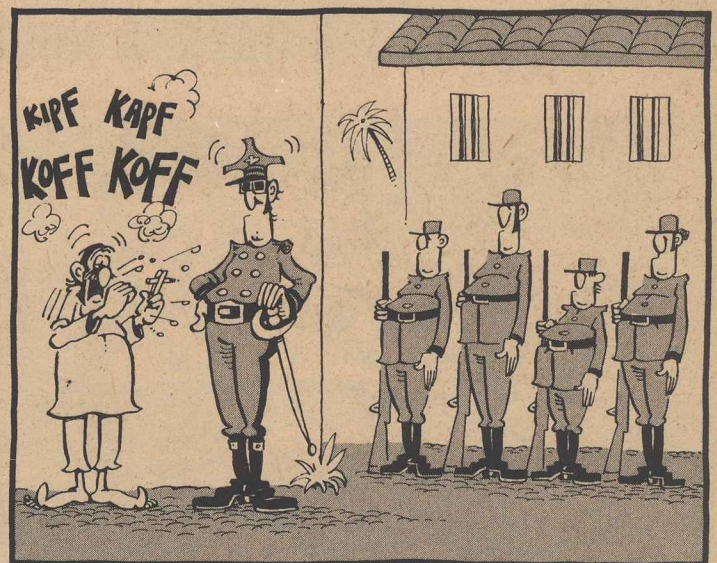
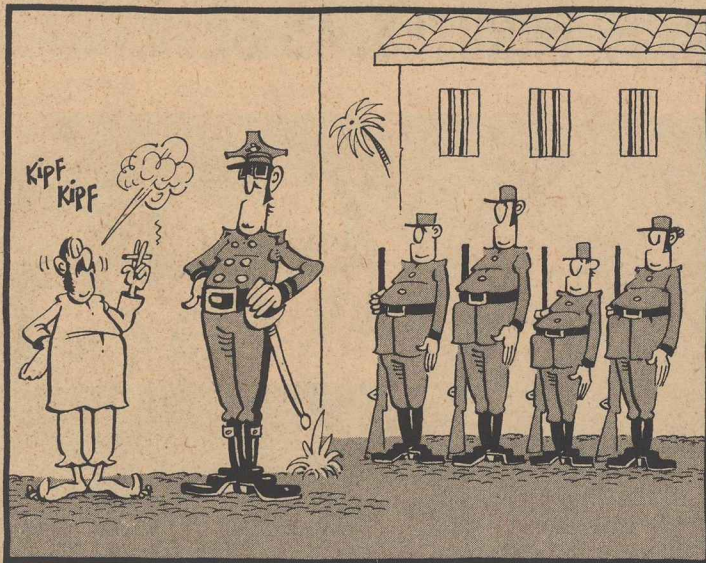
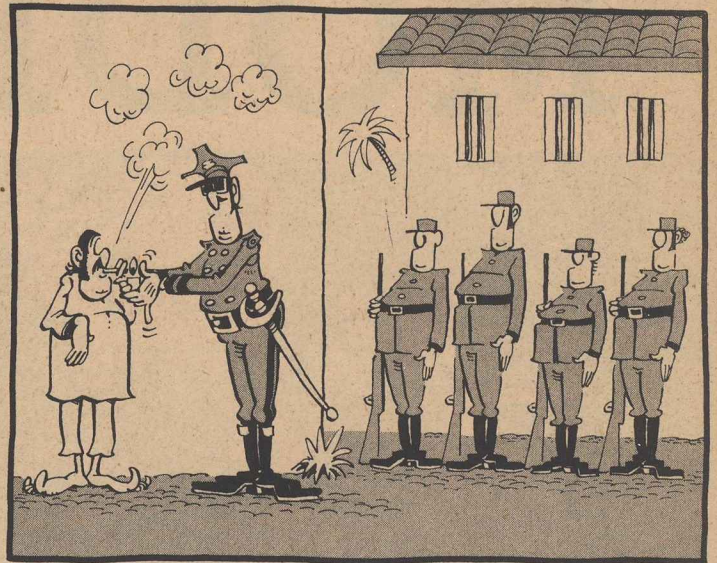
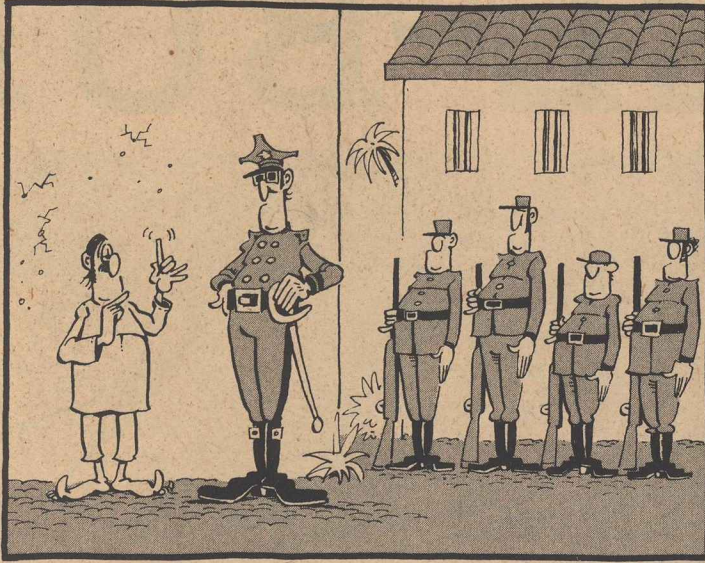
GROUND SMOG CAUSES DRAGON FLY STACK-UP AND TAKE-OFF DELAYS



GARDEN APARTMENT RESTRICTED TO WASPS IS CITED BY INSECT RIGHTS COMMISSION

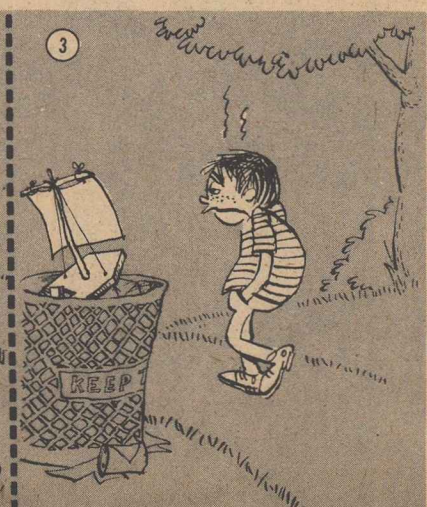
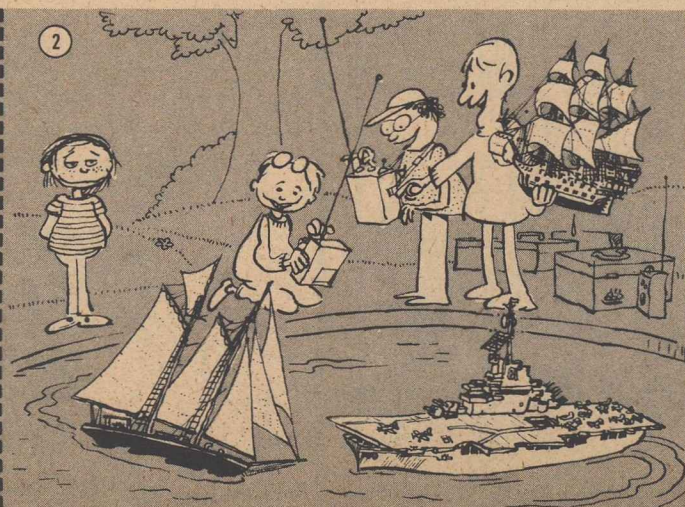
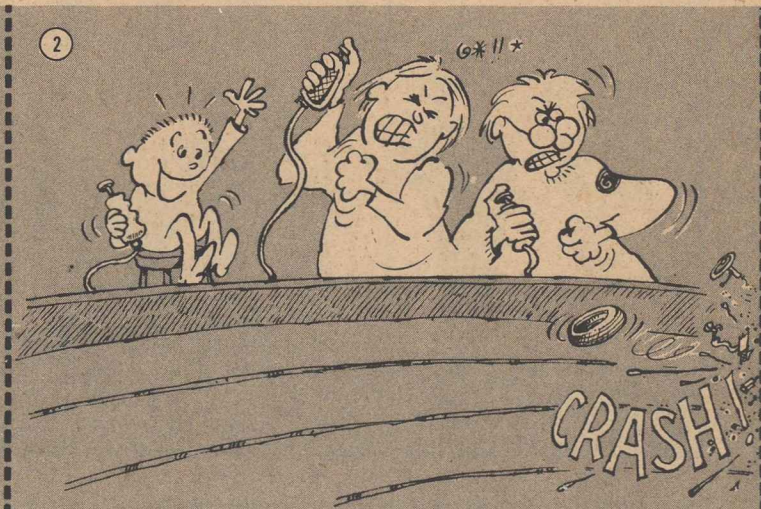
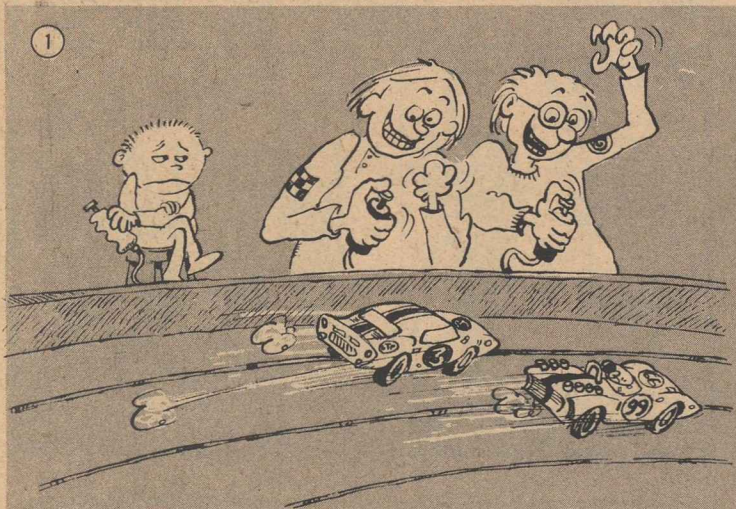
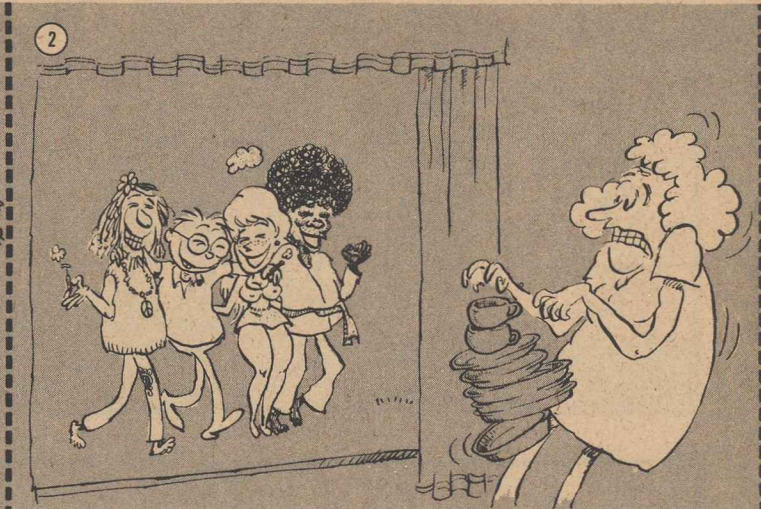
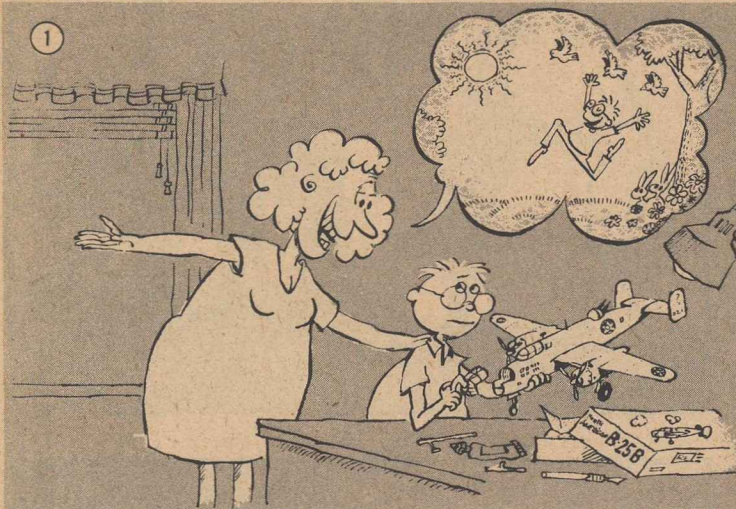


THE PRISONER'S LAST REQUEST

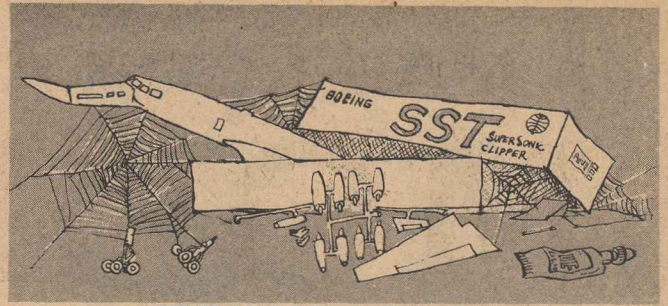


A MAD LOOK AT...

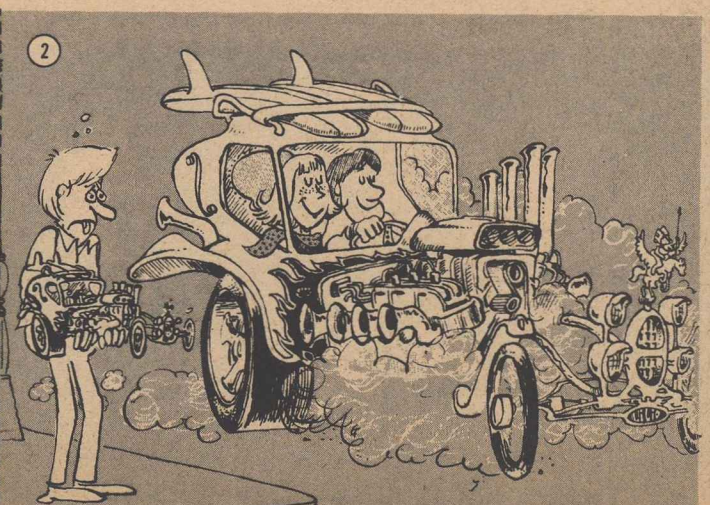
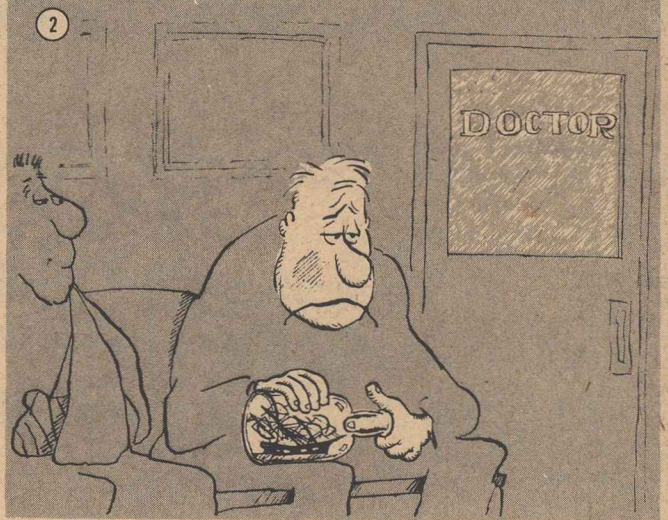
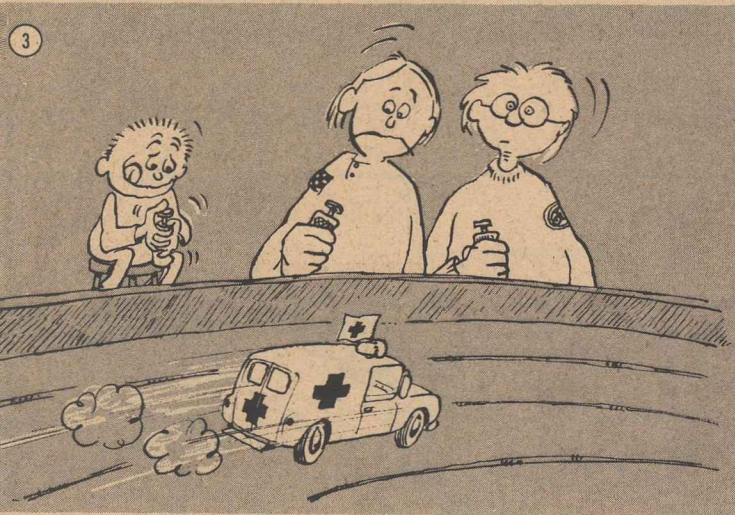
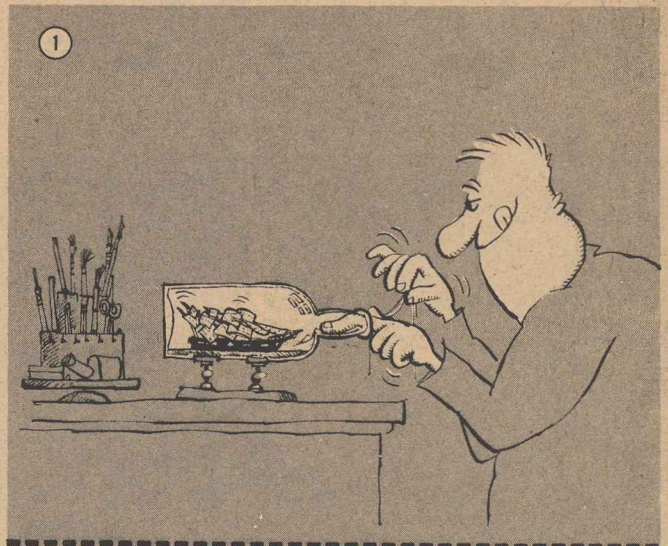
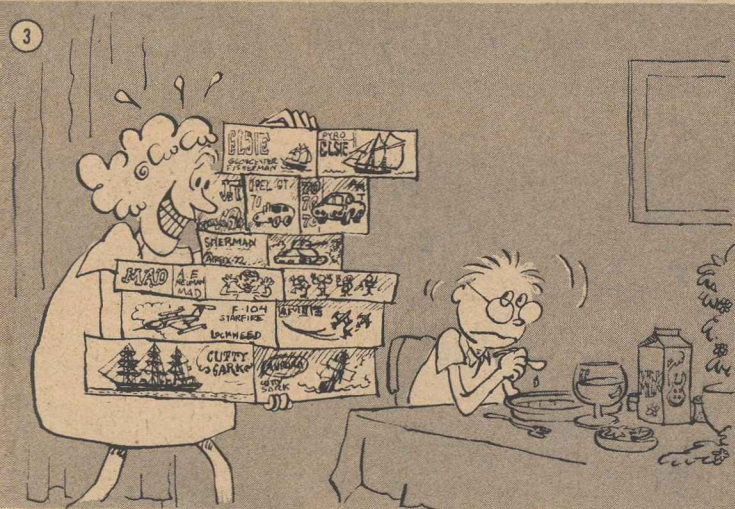
MODEL-BUI

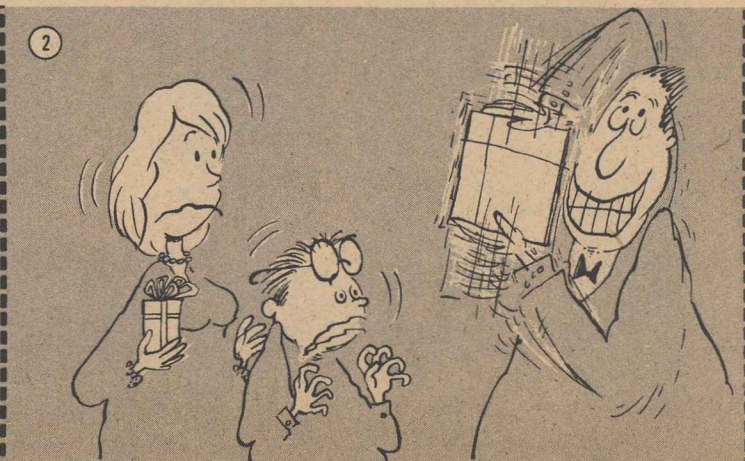
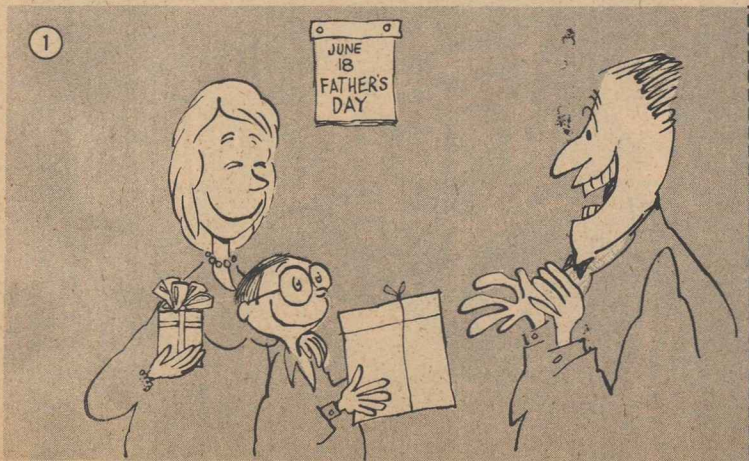
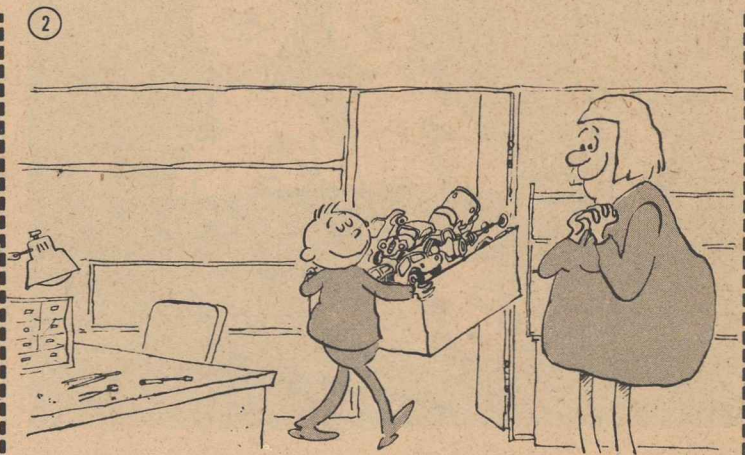
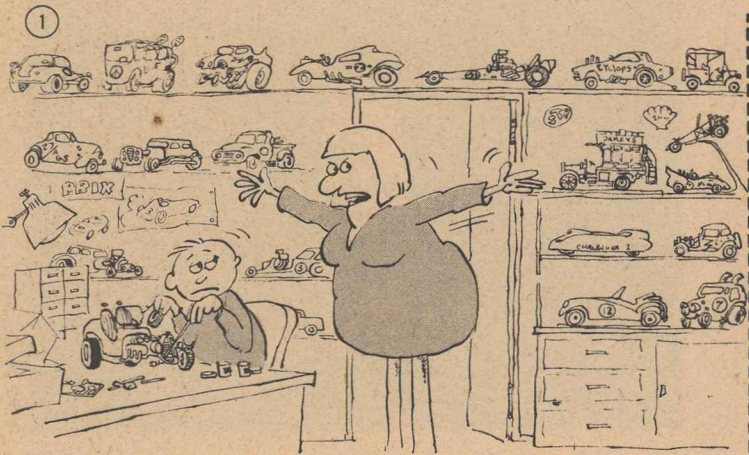
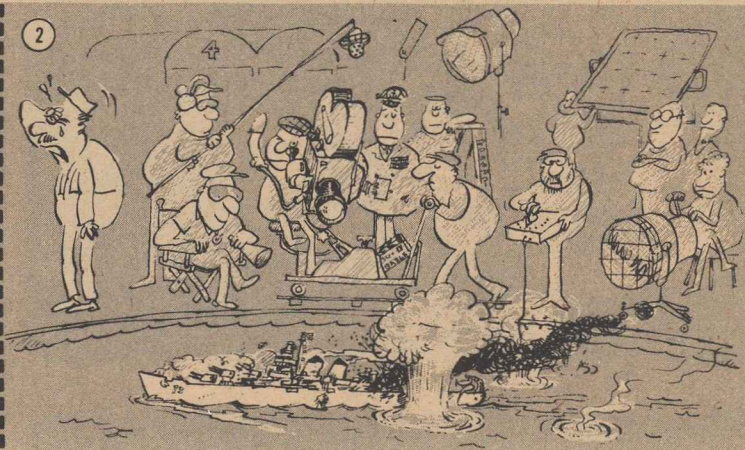
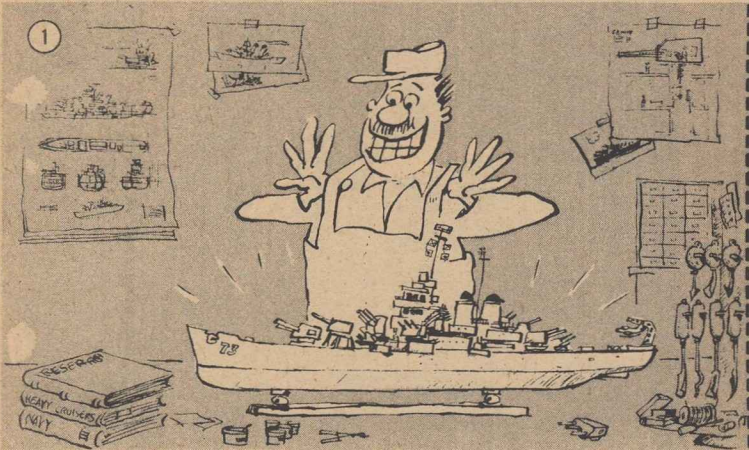
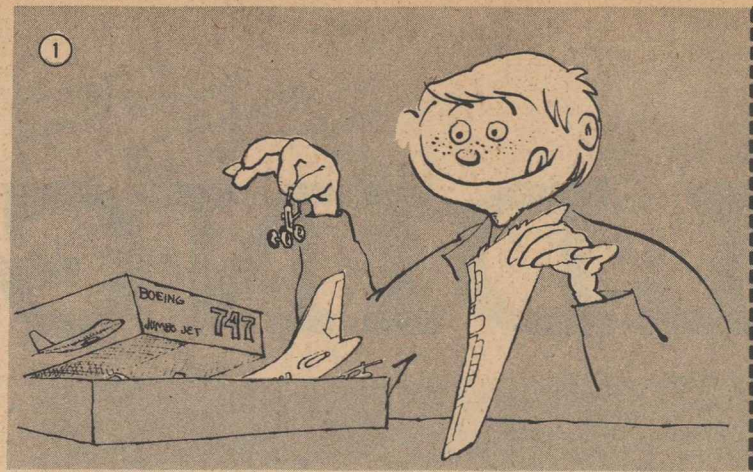
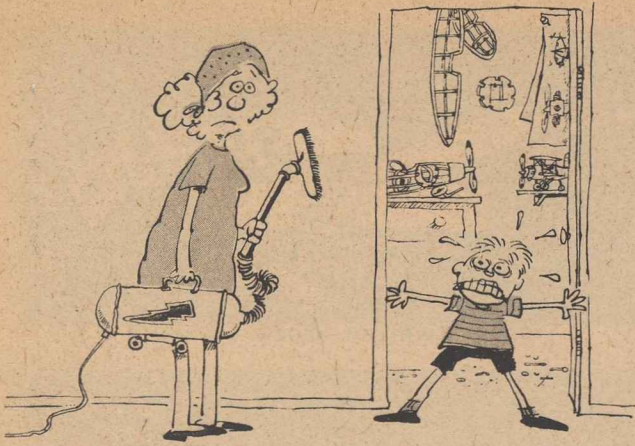


LDING

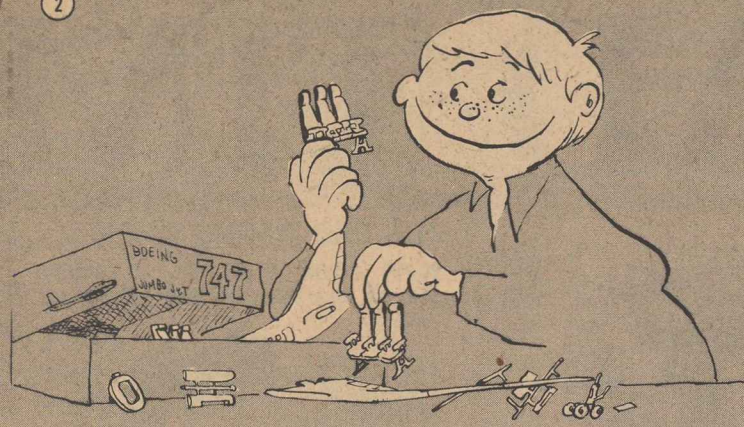


ARTIST & WRITER: SERGIO ARAGONES

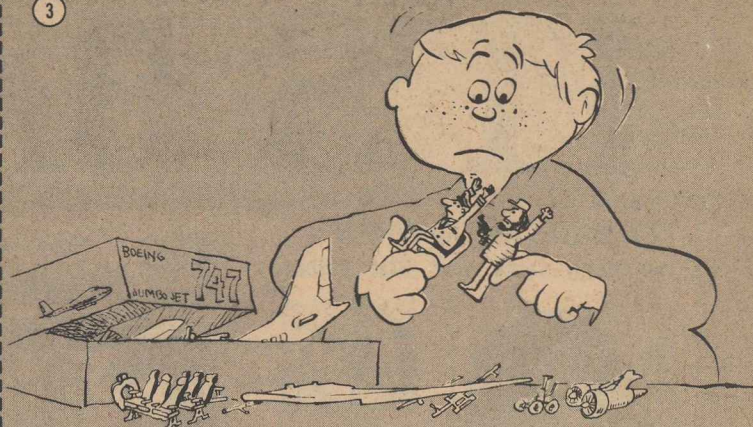




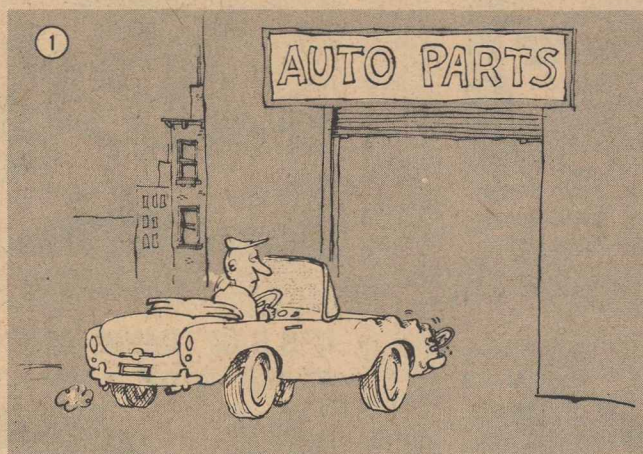
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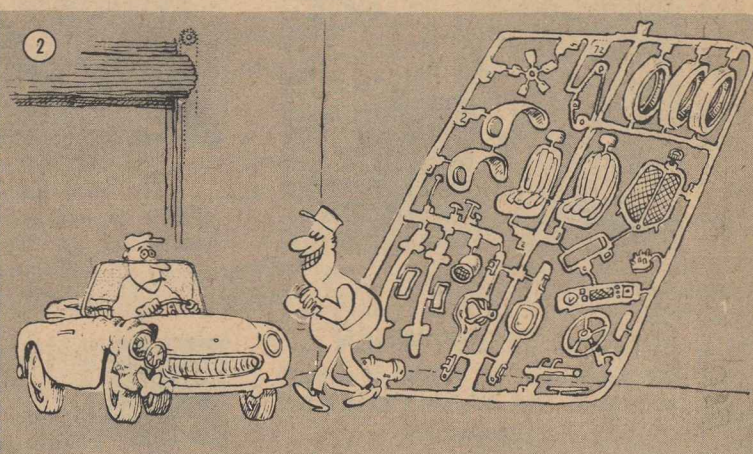
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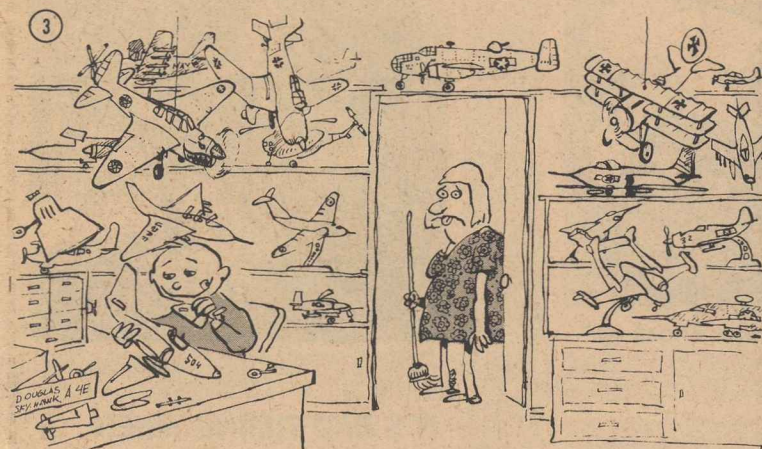
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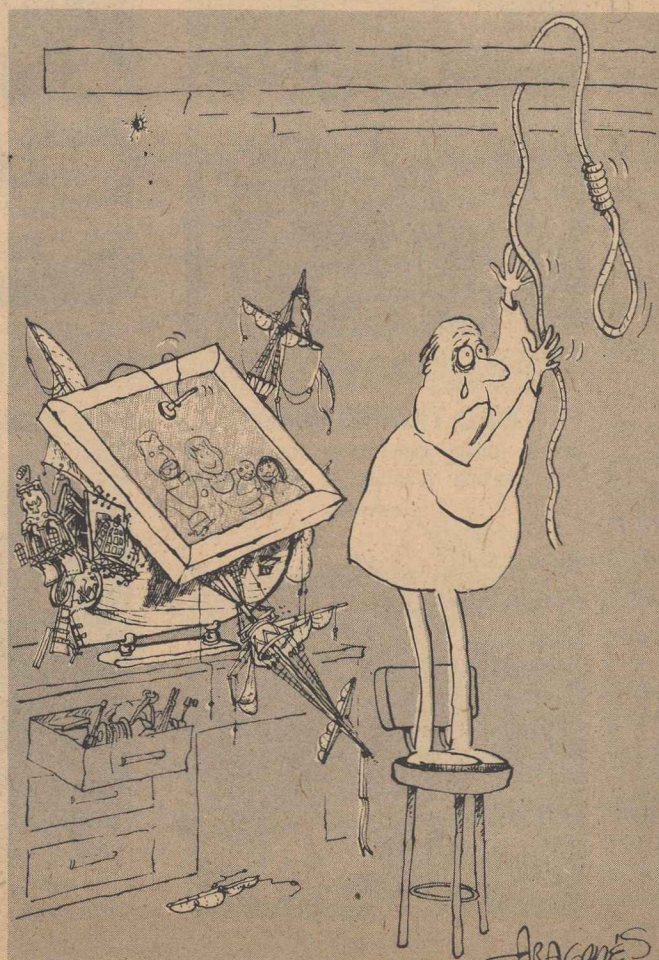
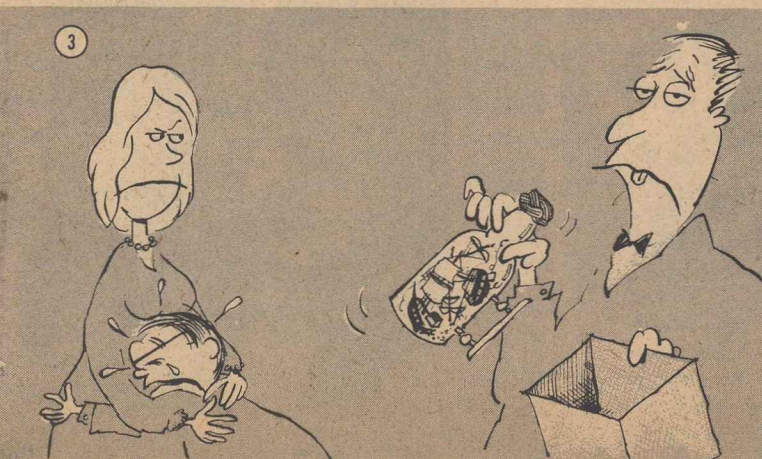
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3



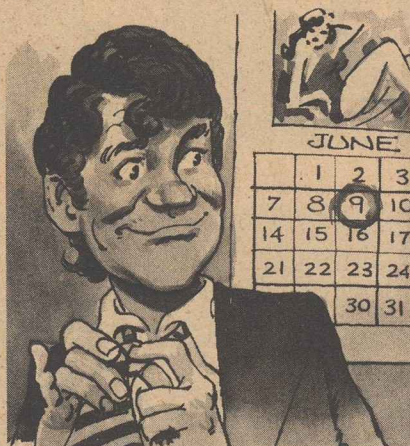
3



ARAGONES

IT'S BAD TIMING

IT'S BAD TIMING WHEN . . .
you finally reach your 21st birthday

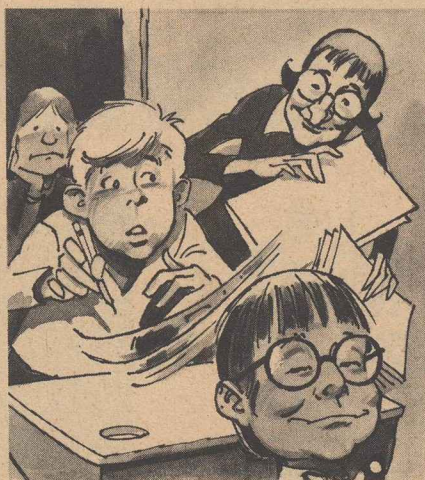


. . . the same day your local theater decides to quit showing porno movies because of the Supreme Court ruling.

IT'S BAD TIMING WHEN . . .
you've played right field all season, and not one ball has been hit to you



IT'S BAD TIMING WHEN . . .
you finally spot the answer to a tough question on your neighbor's Exam Paper

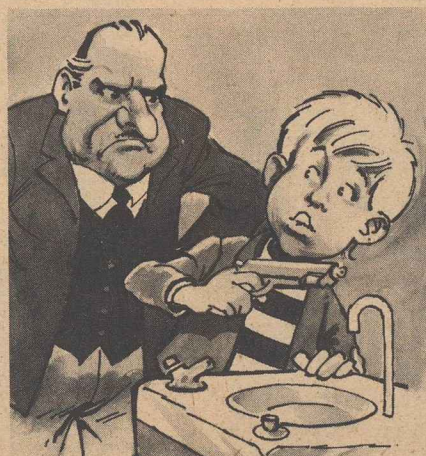


. . . just as they announce "Time's up!"

IT'S BAD TIMING WHEN . . .
you go to the bank to make a deposit



IT'S BAD TIMING WHEN . . .
you're filling your Water Gun at the hall drinking fountain in your school



. . . just when the Principal decides that he's thirsty and wants a drink.

IT'S BAD TIMING WHEN . . .
you finally try your first puff of pot



ING WHEN...

ARTIST: JACK RICKARD

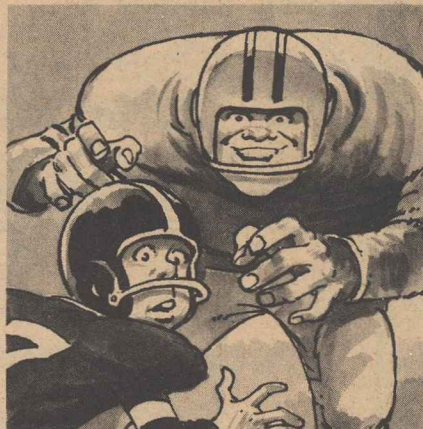
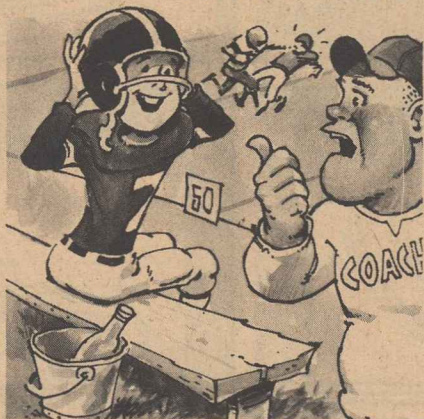
WRITER: LOU SILVERSTONE



... until it's the last inning of the Championship Game, and bases are loaded!

IT'S BAD TIMING WHEN...

after spending the season on the bench, your Coach finally puts you in the game



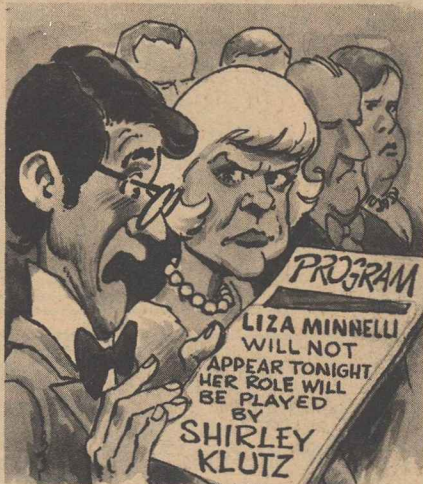
... the very same moment the opposing team sends in a huge 250 lb. monster.



... and they decide to hold it up while you're standing in line with your cash.

IT'S BAD TIMING WHEN...

you finally get tickets to a Hit Show



... and the Star is sick that night!



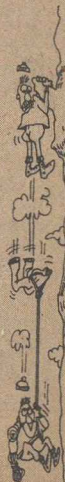
... the night the Cops bust your Dorm.

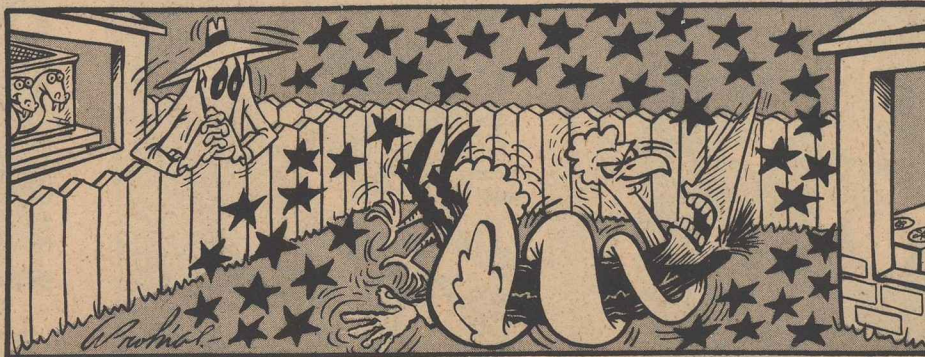
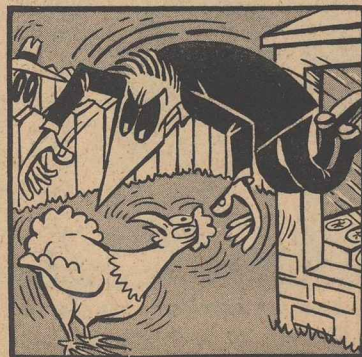
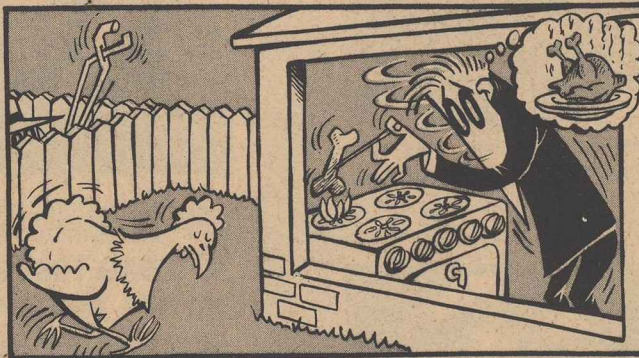
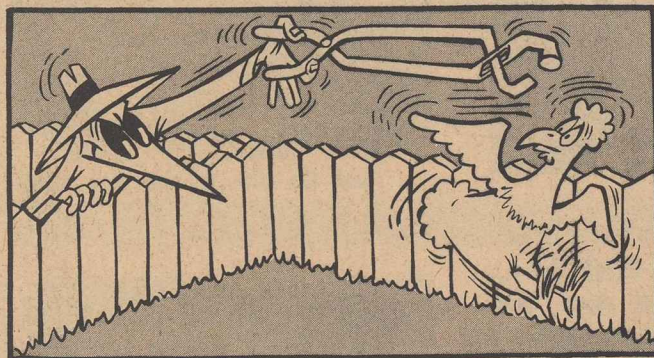
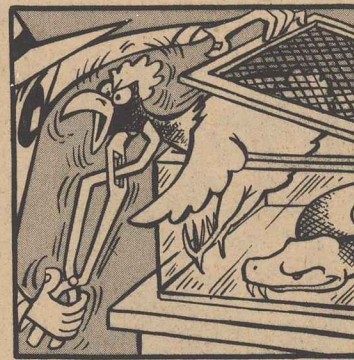
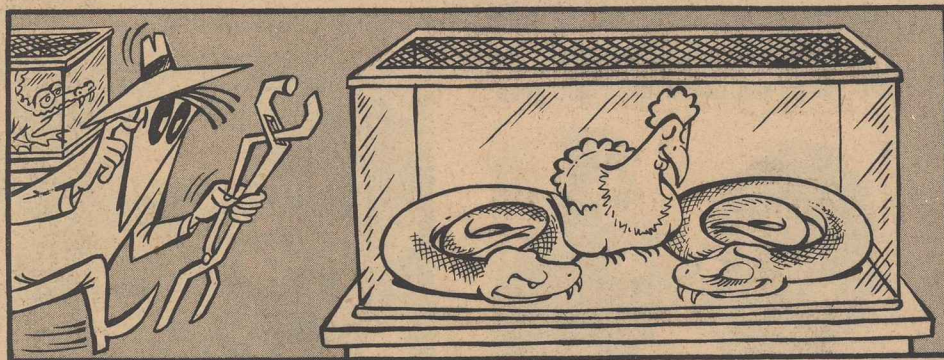
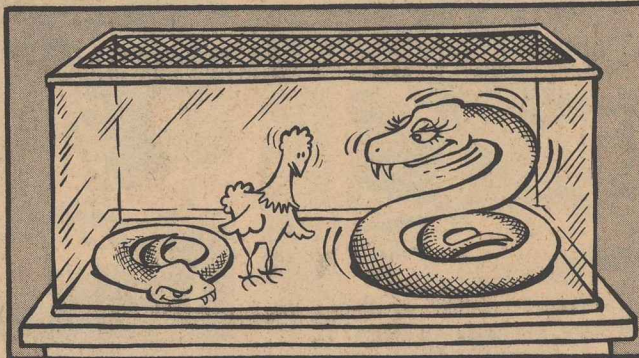
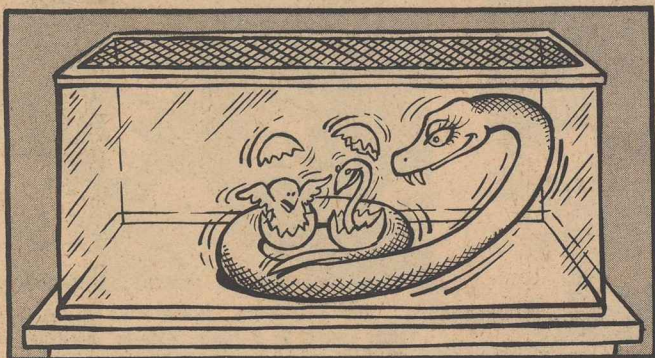
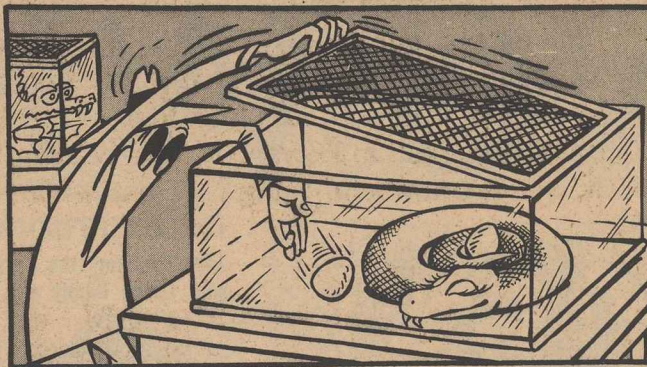
IT'S BAD TIMING WHEN...

you bring home a poor report card



... the same day your father was chewed out by his Boss, his train was late, and your mother announces that her mother is coming for one of her extended visits.

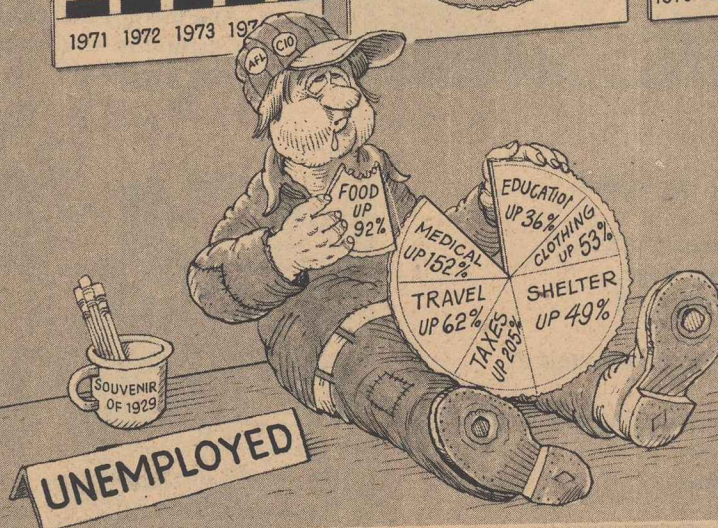
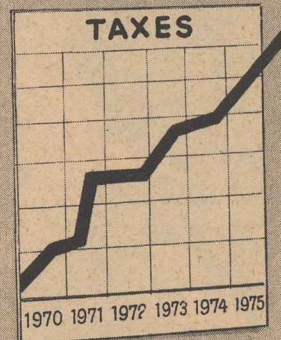
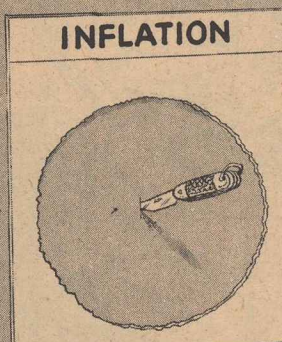
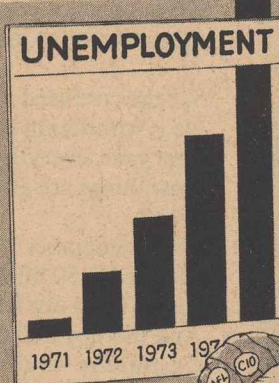




These days, our country is going through a very rough period. And no one seems to understand how . . . or why. But there are many Economists who offer solutions. Since you'll never read your Economics textbooks, we thought we'd give you a "cram course" in Economics. We call it a "cram course," because after you read it, you'll know one thing . . . just where to cram those Economists' solutions!

THE MAD ECONOMICS PRIMER

BUREAU
OF
VITAL
STATISTICS

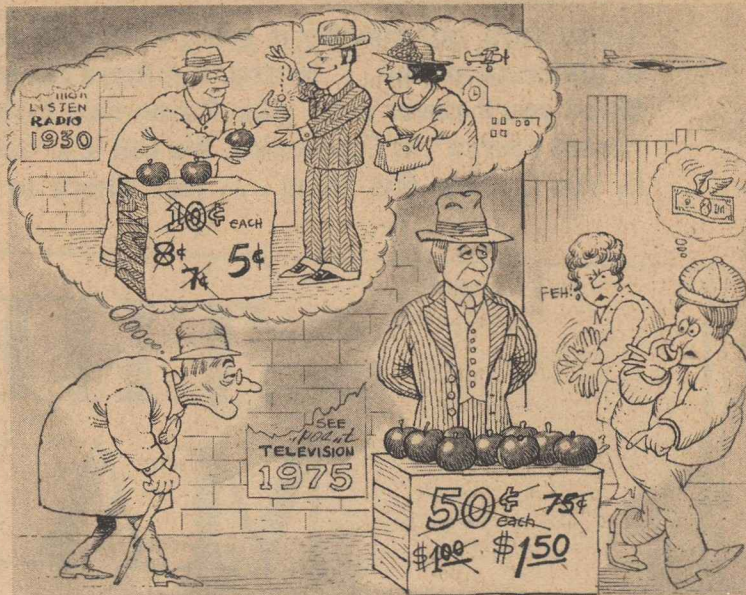


ILLUSTRATED BY AL JAFFEE

WRITTEN BY STAN HART

See the funky people wearing funky clothes.
 See the old movies they're going to.
 America is on a "Nostalgia" kick.
 Everyone wants to turn back the clock
 To the "Good Old Days."
 In the area of ECONOMICS,
 The clock has already been turned back
 To the 1930's.
 And if you believe
 Those old days were good—
 You also believe that whales can tap dance!

But our Economic Situation today
 Isn't exactly like it was back then.
 Back then we had unemployment
 And the price of everything was down.
 Today, we have unemployment
 And the price of everything is up.
 Hey! Maybe those *were* the "Good Old Days"!
 (Do a Soft Shoe, Moby Dick!)

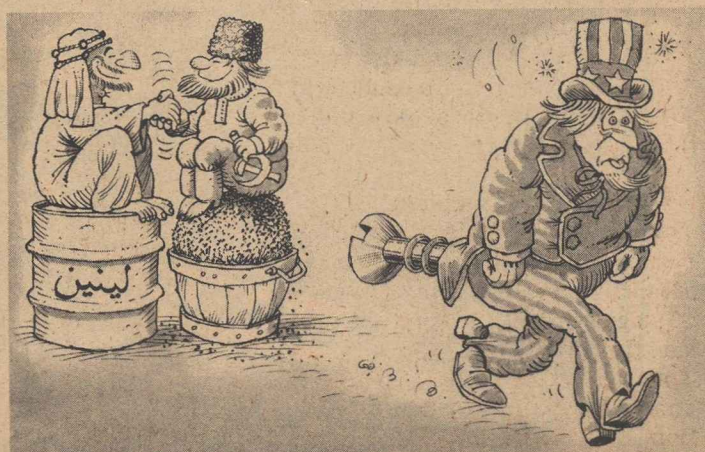


We have always been told
 That America is the Land of Plenty.
 And it's true.
 Today, there's plenty of unemployment
 And plenty of businesses going broke
 And plenty of frightened people.
 What America needs now is
 Strong leadership in Washington
 With plenty of good ideas.
 Oops! America just ran out of plenty.

See the confused man.
 He is wondering how it all happened.
 Last year, everything was "Whoopie!"
 Now things are all "Ick, ptooeey!"
 Why?
 Well, remember Vietnam?
 We spent 250 billion dollars there
 Just to keep our friend, President Thieu in office,
 And thereby make sure that
 Corruption would not vanish from Southeast Asia.
 Ick, Thieu—y!!

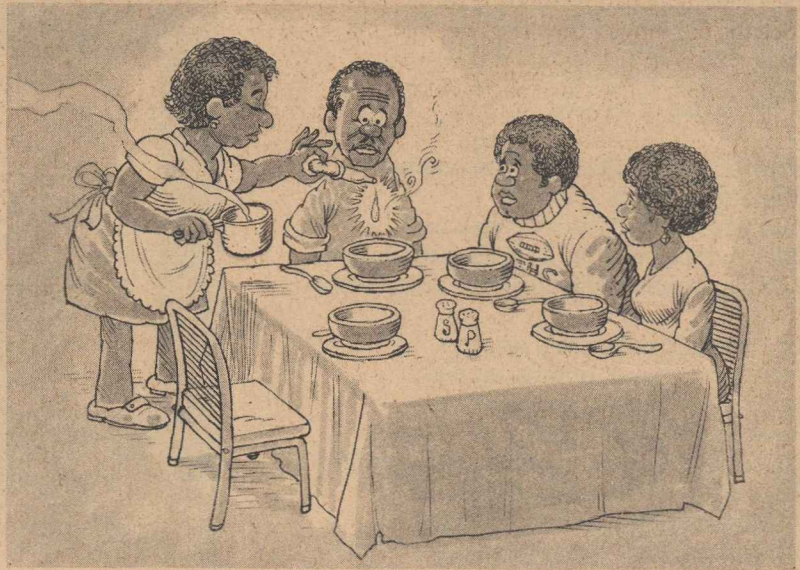
Then we made a deal with our friends,
 The Russians,
 We sold them wheat at bargain prices,
 In the middle of a wheat shortage,
 And domestic food prices took off
 Like a Sputnik.
 Isn't that a funny way to fight Communism?

Then our pals in Saudi Arabia, Iran and Venezuela
 Quadrupled the price of oil
 And millions of Americans
 Were thrown out of work.
 Isn't it nice that our Government
 Works so hard to keep such good friends abroad
 While losing them at home?



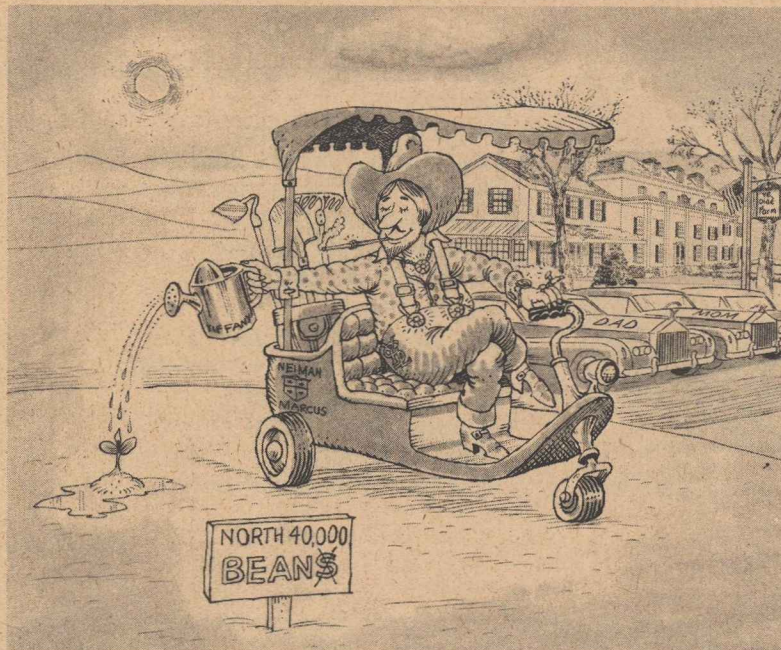
See the lady shopping for food.
 See how she holds on to her shopping cart.
 Why does she hold on to it so tight?
 Is she afraid someone might steal it?
 No, she needs it for support.
 Because when she sees the prices
 She might faint!
 See her run to the "Express Checkout."
 Why is she going there?
 So she can get out of the store fast
 Before the prices change again.

A few years ago, you could feed
 A family of four for \$25 a week.
 You still can!
 If you're a family of Munchkins.
 With the price of food so high,
 You have to be affluent
 To even afford malnutrition.



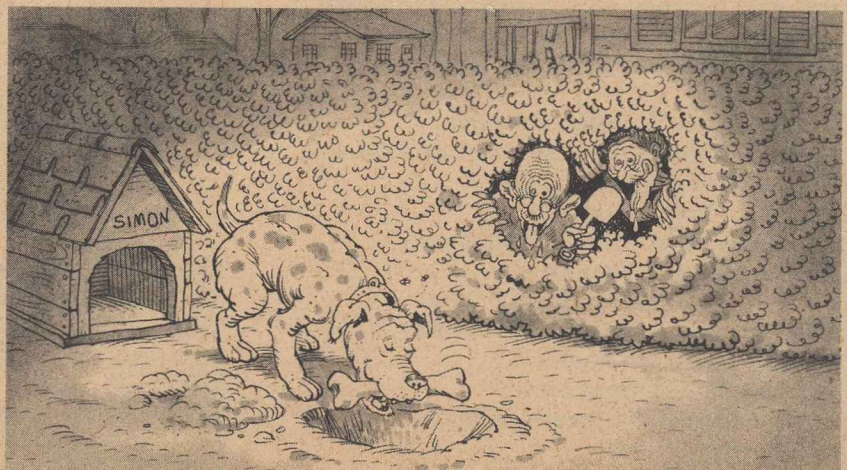
See the farmer deep in thought.
 Is he trying to figure out
 What to plant where?
 No, he is trying to figure out
 What NOT to plant where!
 Because if he plants too much,
 He will lose money.
 There will be an oversupply of food,
 And prices will go down.
 To prevent this, the Government
 Gives him a subsidy.
 A subsidy is money for not planting crops.
 It's like getting an "A" in History
 For not showing up in class.

Who pays these Government subsidies?
 Guess!
 That's right! You do!
 Your taxes go to the farmer as subsidies
 So he will plant less crops
 So you will pay more for food!
 You're a two-time loser!



Does this system sound strange to you?
 How do you think it sounds
 To the starving Asians or Africans?
 They know that America could feed
 All the hungry people of the world.
 If the price was right!

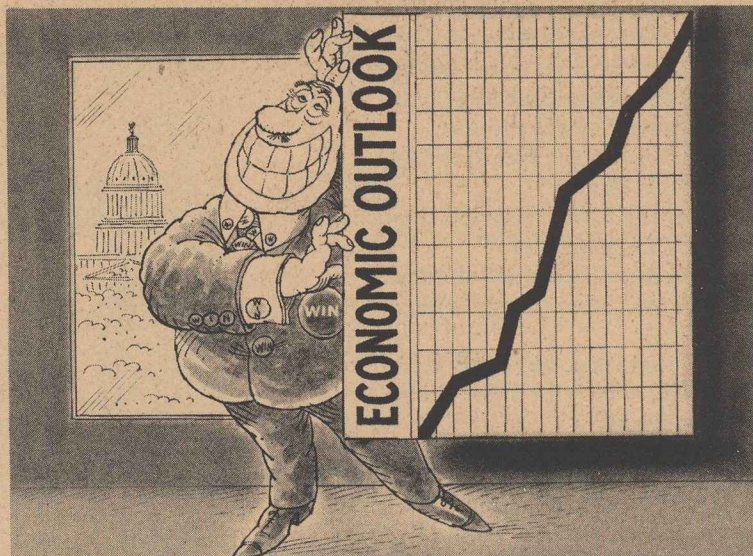
See the old people shopping.
 They are the hardest hit
 Because they live on fixed incomes.
 See them spend their meager funds
 Buying dog food.
 Isn't that sweet?
 Not when you realize
 That more than half of them
 Don't even own dogs.



Economics experts say
That we will have 9% unemployment.
They call it "an acceptable level."
It's not very acceptable
If you're one of the 9%.

Experts now predict that the economy
Will turn later this year.
And now the workers are concerned.
They're afraid that the Experts may be right,
And the economy will turn from bad to worse.

To keep their jobs, many workers
Work fewer hours, or take pay cuts.
In the same spirit, some executives
Have also taken pay cuts.
The head of General Motors cut his pay in half.
From \$700,000 to \$350,000 a year.
Which proves that, in a Democracy,
Hard times affect everyone alike.

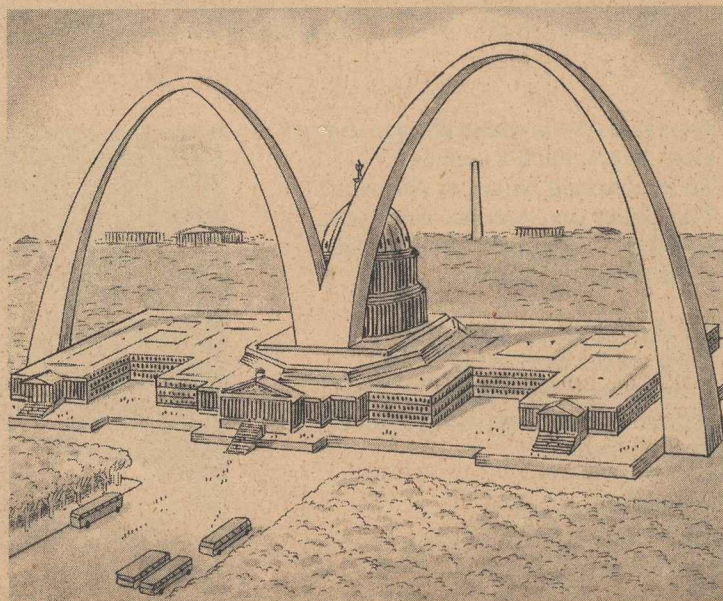


See the President.
He is working to solve our economic problems
Can he do it?
People have their doubts.
They're afraid that this Ford
May turn out to be another Edsel.
When he came into office,
He vowed to fight inflation
With a bold new idea.
What was the idea?
Print millions of buttons.
Remember the "W.I.N." buttons?
They were very popular
With eight year old kids.
Almost as popular
As "Chicken Inspector" buttons.

First, the President wanted to increase taxes.
Next, he wanted to decrease taxes.
First, he said we should save our money.
Next, he said we should spend our money.
But don't feel embarrassed about our President.
After all, you didn't vote for him.
Come to think of it, **NOBODY** did!

Maybe he's not as foolish as we think.
He made Nelson Rockefeller the Vice President.
Maybe that was a shrewd move.
Maybe the President hopes
That Rockefeller will buy the country
And give us all an allowance.

But if Rockefeller **DID** buy the country,
Would he keep Mr. Ford?
Or would he want someone
With greater insight, greater ability,
And greater stature?
Someone like Ronald McDonald!

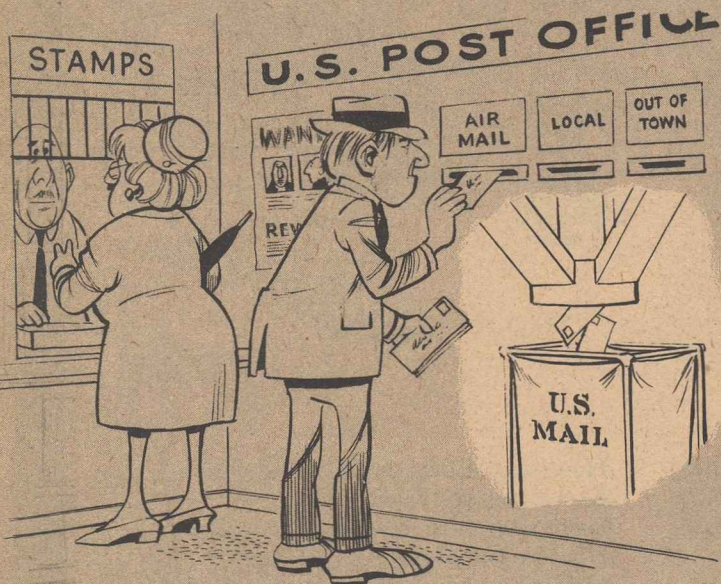


The good news is: The days are getting longer.

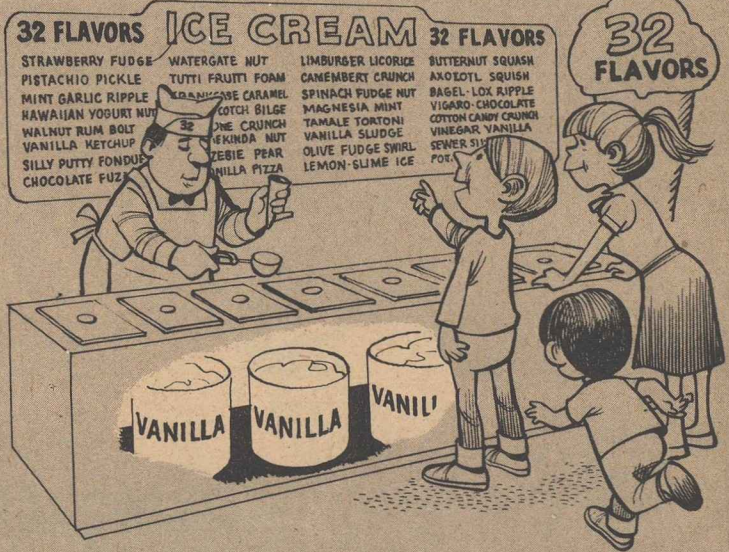
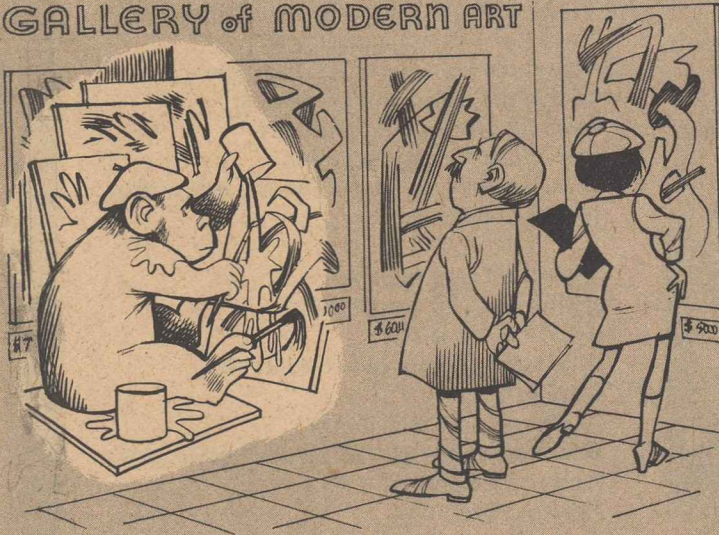


X-POSED DEPT.

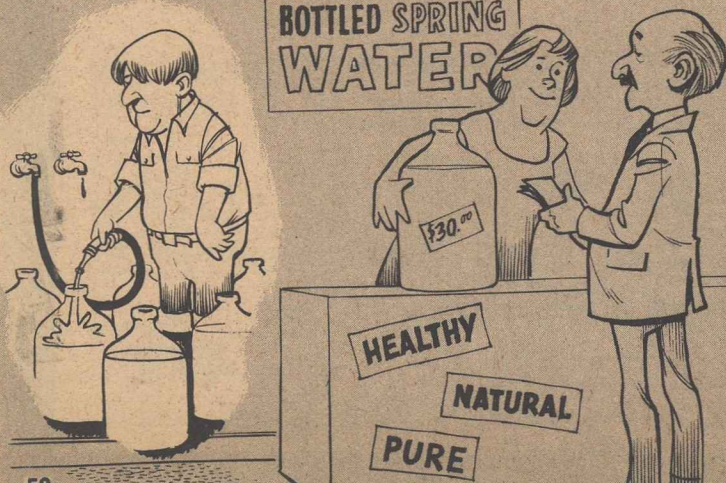
A COLLECTION OF MAD



GALLERY of MODERN ART



BOTTLED SPRING WATER



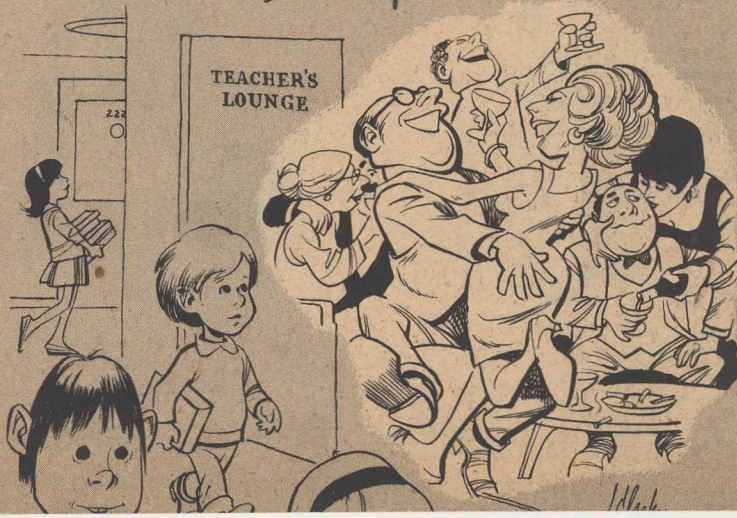
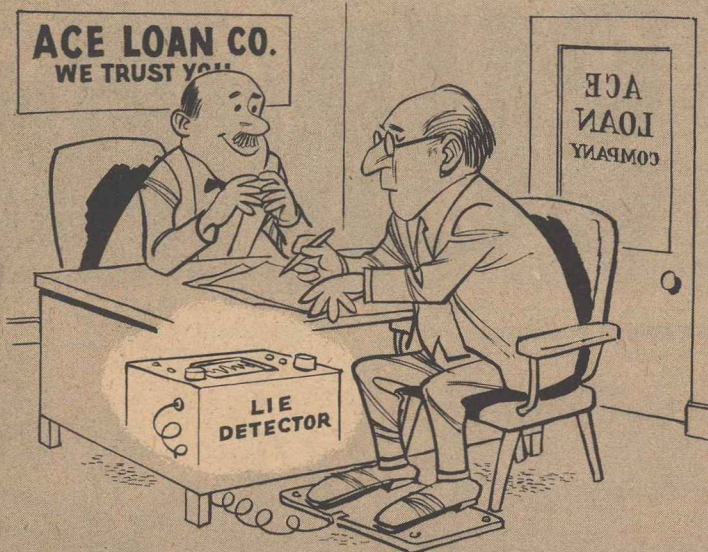
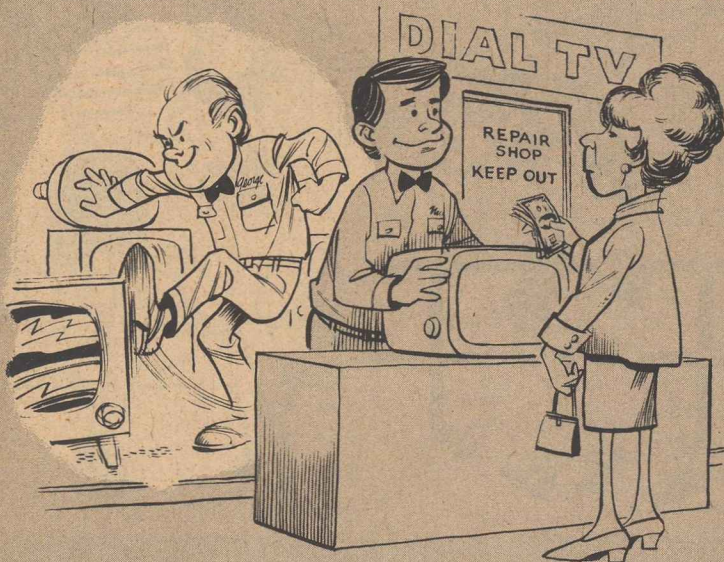
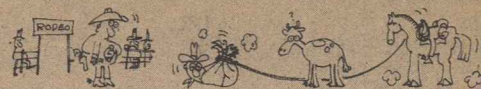
K-9 OBEDIENCE SCHOOL

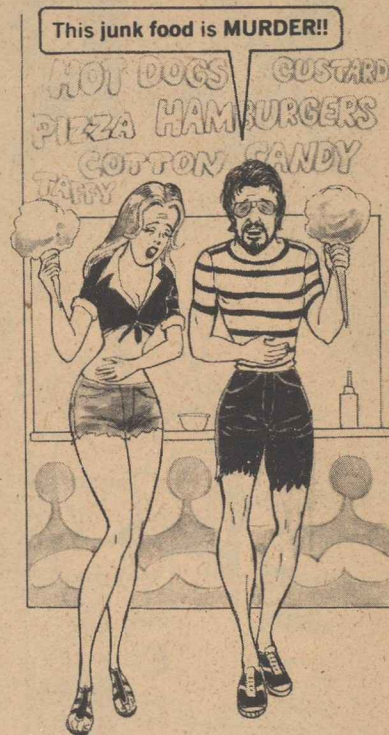
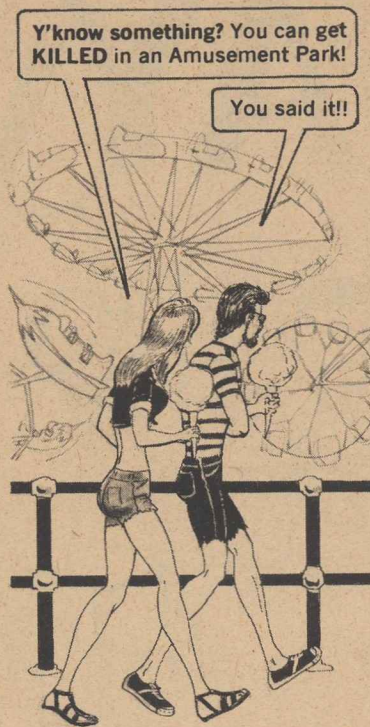
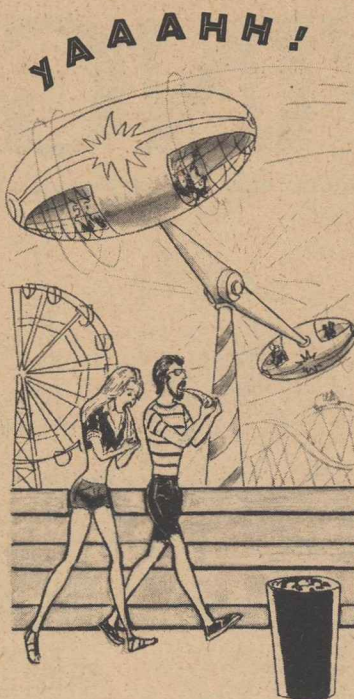


X-RAYVINGS

ARTIST: BOB CLARKE

WRITER: DON EDWING





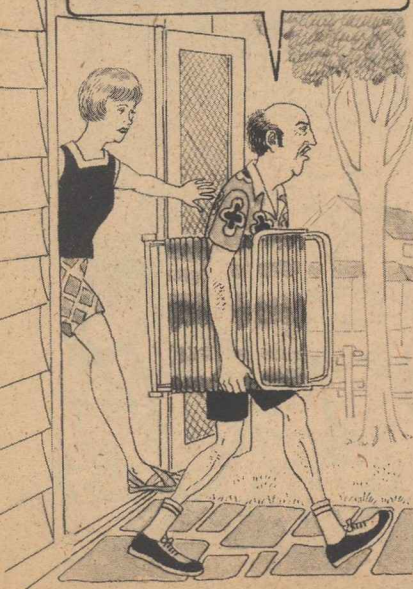
BERG'S-EYE VIEW DEPT. PART II

THE LIGHTER SIDE OF...

SUMMER

ARTIST & WRITER: DAVE BERG

I'm not going out there where I can get caught in a traffic jam, or get caught in a swarm of bees, or get caught in an undertow, or get caught in the middle of a Summer race riot!



No, sir! I'm staying home in my own back yard... where nothing can happen!



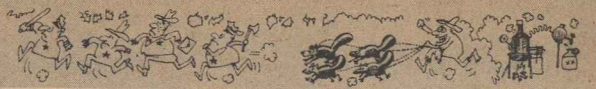
OWWW!!

What happened???



I got caught in the Folding Chair!!





Are you **CRAZY!!?** You can't go out on the beach wearing that skimpy Bikini! It's ... it's downright **DANGEROUS!!**



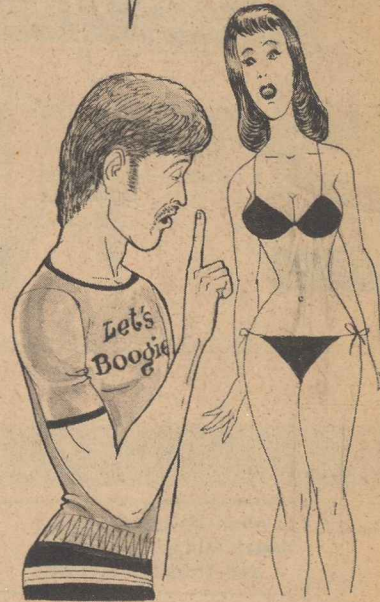
What's the danger? That I'll be exposed to the sun? I'm already tan! That it might fall off? These straps are a lot stronger than you think!



What **COULD** happen is ... you'll attract the attention of a lot of big, handsome, brawny guys who'll get ideas ... like trying to muscle in!



And **THAT's** the danger!!



ER HAZARDS

What happened to you?

I got **Poison Ivory!**

You mean **Poison IVY**—a harmful vine of the **Sumac** family! Each leaf is made up of **three leaflets**, notched at the edges and covered with an oil resembling **carbolic acid** which, when **touched**, can be extremely irritating to the skin!

Boy, as your **Counselor**, I ought to be furious! Didn't you ever listen to my **Nature Study** talks!

Not very much, I guess!

I'LL say! Where did you **GET** this **Poison Ivy**?!?

Right there ... where you're **STANDING!**

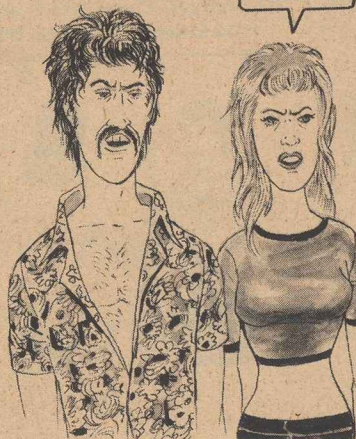
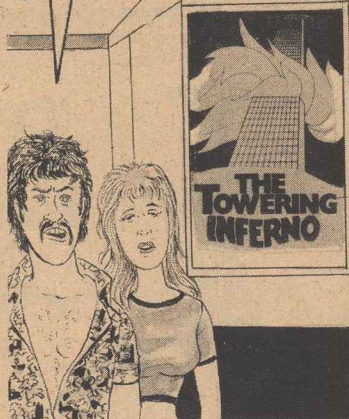
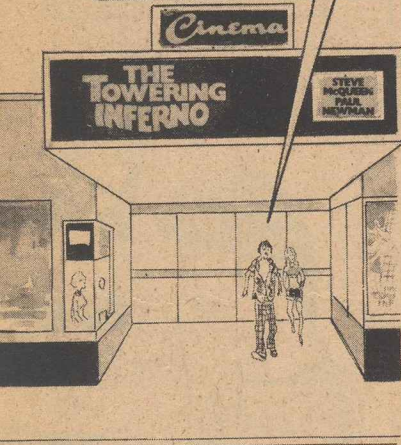


What IS this? Every time we go to a movie theater, it's one disaster after another!

In "The Poseidon Adventure," a ship turns upside down! In the "Airport" series, a couple of jumbo jets get into serious trouble! In "Earthquake," all of California breaks up ...

... and tonight, because it's so unbearably hot, we go to a movie to cool off! So what happens? ANOTHER disaster!!

The Air Conditioner conks out!



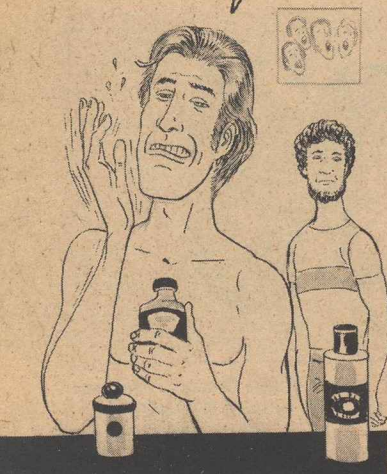
When it's hot like this, I sweat! And when I sweat ... well, frankly, I STINK!

So I'm dousing myself with plenty of after-shave lotion, under-arm deodorant and body powder ... because I got one heavy date with a chick ...

Hi, Babe!

Hi! Uh—say! What's that you've got on?!

It STINKS!!

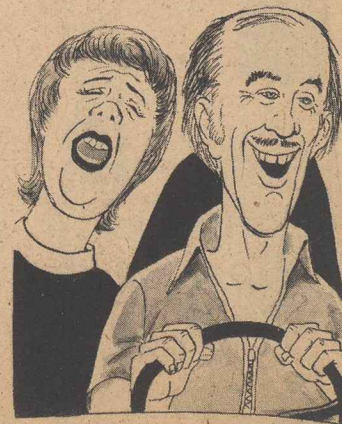
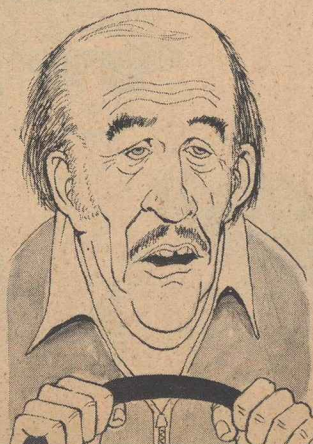
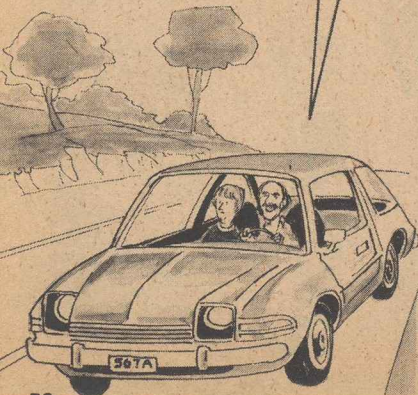


Boy, I can't wait till we get to the hotel! I'm gonna play Handball and Volleyball and jog every morning and swim out to the lighthouse every afternoon and play Tennis every day and—

Oh, no you're not! For eleven months, you've been living a sedentary life behind a desk! You think you're suddenly going to get active on a vacation?!? That's how middle aged men like you have heart attacks! Remember how Irv Ginko dropped dead on a Tennis court on his vacation?!?

Oh, yeah! That's right! Hey, that's scary! I'm glad you reminded me!

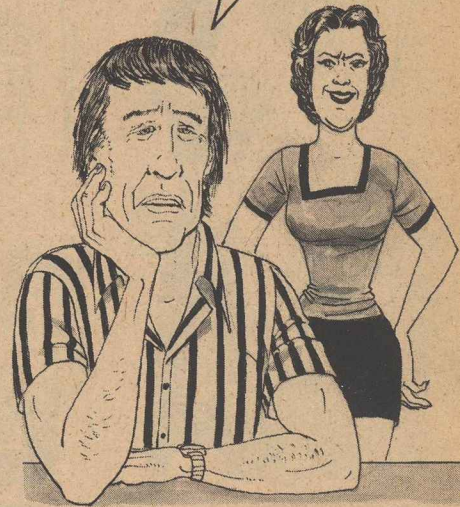
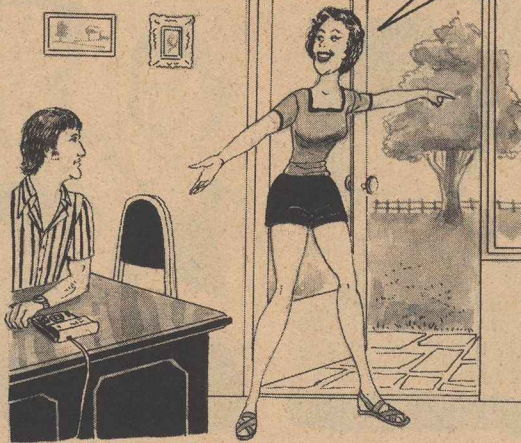
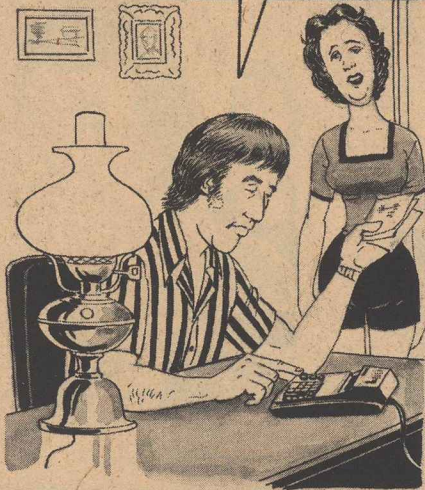
Okay ... I'll cut out the Tennis ...!!



With the economic situation the way it is, we're going to have to economize! This Summer, we'll just have to give up going someplace on our Vacation!

Good idea! We'll save a lot of money that way! And as long as we're not going anywhere, we could still enjoy our Vacation by putting a POOL into our back yard ... and getting some new LAWN FURNITURE with the money we save! What do you think ... ?

I think maybe we'd better go someplace on our Vacation this year—and ECONOMIZE!!



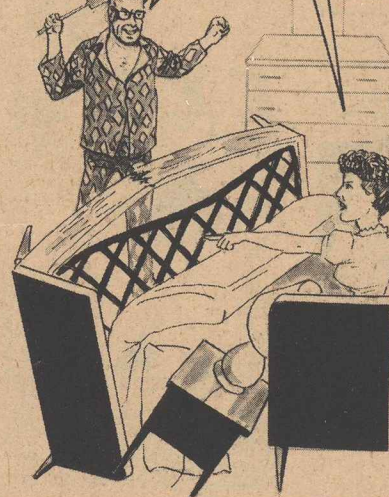
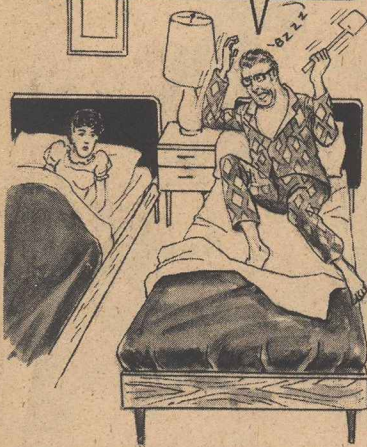
Drat! I haven't been able to get a minute's sleep tonight! There's one pesty fly that's buggin' the Hell out of me! I gotta get that dirty #\$\$%&#!



I GOT him!! I DESTROYED him ... !!

That's great! You ALSO destroyed your bed!!

Yeah, but at least NOW I can get some sleep!!



Darn these insects!! If we could only find a way to get rid of mosquitoes ... !

This is the age of technology ... and the spray insecticide! So, your wish is my command!

SPRAY!!

That's ... choke ... great!! Now, if we can only find a way to get rid of ... gagg ... aerosol cans!!



What's with you...?

Boy, am I in terrible pain!

Oh...? From what?!

If you **MUST** know, I went to the **NUDE BEACH** today!

You **DID**?! Hmph! It serves you right! You probably got sunburned in places you ordinarily wouldn't get sunburned!

It's not that at all! My **NECK** is stiff!

I got it by **LOOKING**... while trying **NOT** to look like I **WAS** looking!!

Keep walking! You were complaining that the boys never notice you!

But I feel like an ass walking around a pool fully dressed!

HEY! LOOK AT PATSY! LET'S PUSH HER IN!!

SPLASH!

NOW look what happened to me! This was some stupid idea!!

Well, you can't say they didn't notice you!!

I almost **didn't** make it down here to the beach! I had trouble getting up enough **bread** to buy the gas! Boy, gas prices are **really** high because of the oil shortage!

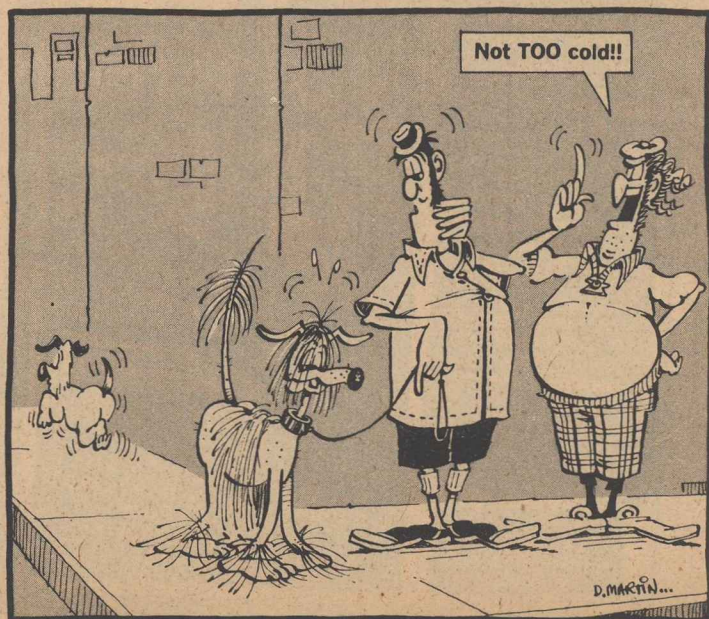
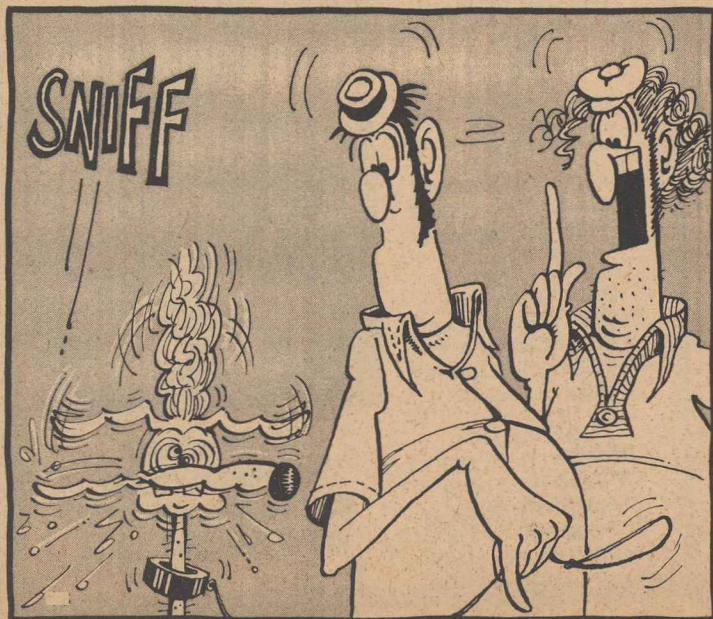
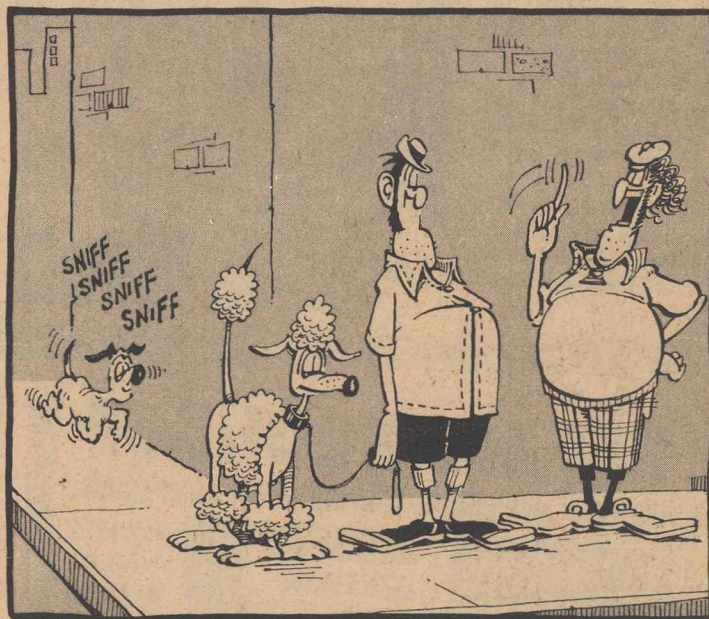
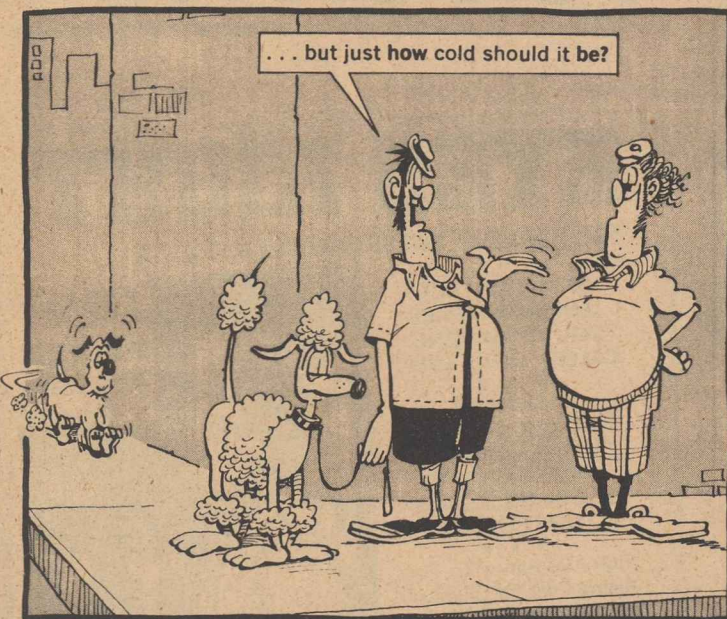
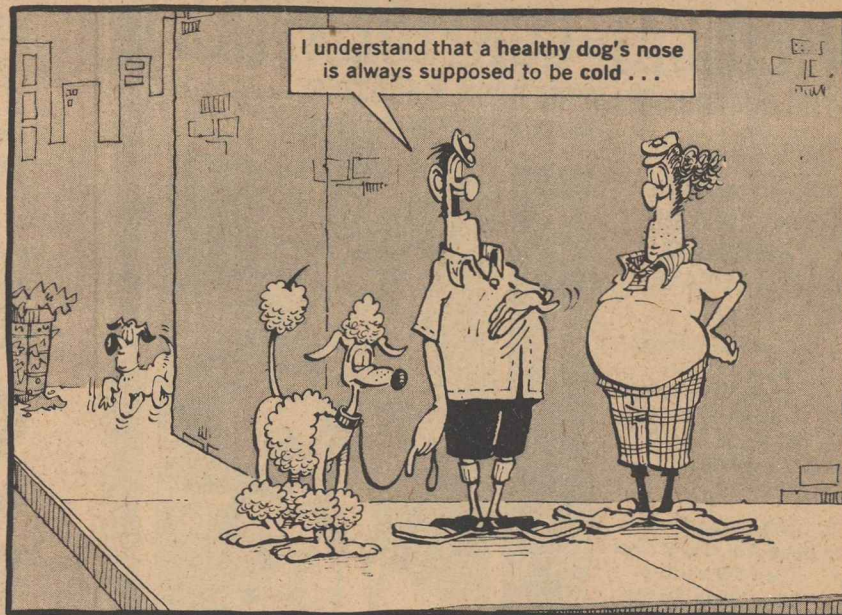
WHAT oil shortage?!

Are you **KIDDING**?! Since the Arabs pulled their **boycott**, the world has gone into a deep **Depression**! And it's all due to a **shortage** of oil!

There is **NO OIL SHORTAGE**!!

There's **PLENTY** of it... right here in the surf!!

ONE TUESDAY AFTERNOON ON WEST MAIN STREET



MEDICAL CONFIDENTIAL

THE DOCTOR'S WAITING ROOM MAGAZINE

Colds and
Flu Season
1975

ARE YOU
EMOTIONALLY
PREPARED FOR
IMMEDIATE
HOSPITALIZATION?

○○○○
A Grateful Patient
Speaks Out:
"IT WAS WELL
WORTH \$185 TO
HAVE MY BOIL
LANCED!"

○○○○
Why Blue Cross
Does Not Cover Our
Fee For Filling
Blue Cross Forms

○○○○
INSTALLMENT 19
OF A 47-PART
SERIES:

"Those Painful
Ailments You Can't
Expect Medical
Science To Cure"

○○○○
If You Have To "GO"
... Don't! The
Nurse May Be Asking
You For A Specimen!



Special Report:
"HOW REMOVING YOUR CLOTHES HELPS
THE DOCTOR DIAGNOSE NASAL DRIP"

SETTING UP FOR THE BILL DEPT.

ANYONE who has ever been trapped in an office waiting room quickly realizes that there are two basic things wrong with the magazines piled there: they are inevitably old, and they are incredibly dull. Strangely, the doctors, businessmen and other people who maintain those waiting rooms never seem to realize that, from their own standpoint, too, the magazines actually have two basic things wrong with them: they don't do a thing to increase business, and they don't even

SPECIALIZED FOR OFFICE W

ARTIST: JACK RICKARD

EYES RIGHT

THE MAGAZINE FOR OPTOMETRY PATIENTS

HOW CONTACT
LENSES CAN SPARE
YOU FROM BEING
CALLED "FOUR EYES"

A Dramatic
First Person Account:
"UNBREAKABLE \$75
LENSES SAVED MY
LIFE IN THE ALASKA
EARTHQUAKE!"

Your Alternative To The
Rising Cost Of Glasses:
A \$2,000.00 GUIDE DOG

THE OLD RELIABLE

**E
CB
DLN
PTER**

CHART HAS BEEN
CHANGED SO DON'T
TRY TO GUESS!

Another Miraculous
20-20 Vision Story:
"NOW I CAN READ ALL
SIX PAGES OF MY
ITEMIZED OPTOMETRY
BILL CLEARLY!"

A DELIGHTED
WIDOW TELLS HER
OPTOMETRY STORY:
"I Found Independence
By Being Able To Look
Up My Own Phone Numbers!"



OCCASIONAL
BLURRED VISION
MAY MEAN YOU NEED
EXPENSIVE BIFOCALS

REPAIR ROUNDUP

THE AUTO MECHANIC'S WAITING ROOM COMPANION

WHY COSTS HAVE RISEN
SHARPLY SINCE YOU GOT
THAT REPAIR ESTIMATE
YESTERDAY MORNING

Why 4-Cylinder Cars
Often Require
8 New Spark Plugs

NEVER ARGUE WITH
YOUR MECHANIC!
Anybody Who Can Lift
An Engine Block Can
Fracture Your Pelvis!

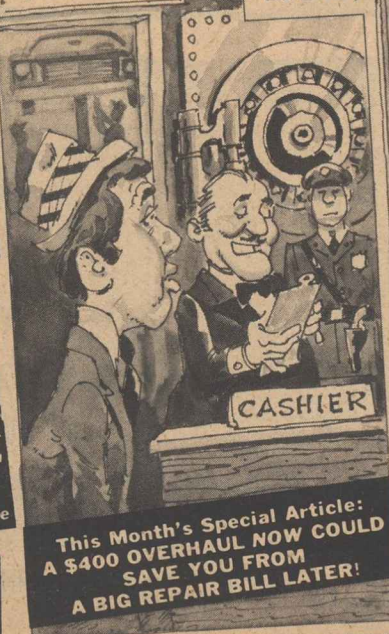
The Victim Of A
Major Mechanical
Breakdown Tells All:
"I NEGLECTED TO
HAVE MY GRIMMISH
REPLACED EVERY
10,000 MILES!"

Why An Overhauled Car
You Pick Up Today Can
Develop Serious New
Trouble On The Way
Home From The Garage

IGNORING THAT
STRANGE RATTLE
MIGHT COST YOU
YOUR LIFE!

AL'S AUTO
REPAIR

MAY 1975
(July At
The Latest!)



This Month's Special Article:
A \$400 OVERHAUL NOW COULD
SAVE YOU FROM
A BIG REPAIR BILL LATER!



prepare the waiting room inmates psychologically for their coming appointments. In short, there's nothing in an old copy of "Good Housekeeping" or "Sports Illustrated" that enables a professional person to go "one up" on his patient or customer before the two ever meet. Yes, MAD thinks that a golden opportunity is being missed. The captive audience is there, ready to be frightened or even fleeced, and what the situation clearly calls for is a whole brand new, cleverly angled line of . . .

MAGAZINES WAITING ROOMS

WRITER: TOM KOCH

Body English

Cold
Grey
Winter
1975

The Funeral Home Browser

FUN THINGS TO READ WHILE WAITING FOR YOUR GRIEF COUNSELOR

**SUPPOSE YOU DO
RECRUIT AMATEUR
PALL BEARERS—
AND THEY DROP
THE BOX?**

**Insisting On Your Own
Minister Could Result
In A
Bush League Eulogy**

**WHO SAYS THE DEAR
DEPARTED CAN'T
ENJOY \$50 WORTH OF
ORGAN MUSIC?**

**A Young Couple's Tale
Of Devotion:
"WE SOLD OUR HOME
AND BOUGHT A
MAUSOLEUM SO THAT
GRANDPA COULD HAVE
HIS OWN ROOM!"**

**Why Risk Letting
Mourning Relatives
Drive With Tears In
Their Eyes When They
Can Drive Safely In
Chauffeured Limousines?**

**AN IOWA WIDOW
SHARES HER
COMFORTING
MEMORIES:
"Claude's Funeral Was
The Nicest Thing That
Ever Happened To Him!"**



**THE MONTH'S BEST
IN MORTUARY HUMOR**
Turn To Page 84

Making Waves

Kinky Reading For The Beauty Shop Patron

Dry, Bleached
Summer Issue
1975

**BLONDES PROBABLY
HAVE MORE FUN,
AND IT'S CERTAINLY
WORTH \$25 TO FIND OUT**

* * *

**A PATRON WHO ORDERED THE
CHEAPEST DYE JOB REPORTS:**
"Now Everybody Mistakes
Me For A Movie Star . . .
Yul Brynner!"

* * *

**SHOULD YOU GET EXPENSIVE
PEDICURES IN WINTER WHEN
YOU ONLY WEAR HIGH BOOTS?**
The Story Of One Woman's
Embarrassment When She
Slipped On The Ice, Turned
Her Ankle, And They Removed
Her Golasches In Public

* * *

**THE PERFECT CHRISTMAS GIFT
FOR YOUR MALE HAIRDRESSER:**
Gold Lame Socks

* * *

"Making Waves" Survey Report:
**"PROFESSIONAL MANICURES;
WHY THEY TURN MEN ON!"**

* * *

**How Trading Mean Gossip
With Your Beautician
Releases Tension And
Makes You Look Lovelier**



This Month's Exciting Cosmetic Tip:
**HOW YOUR BEAUTY SHOP'S SPECIAL
CONDITIONING TREATMENT SHRINKS
YOUR SKIN TO FIT YOUR FACE**

IMPACTED WISDOM FACTUAL FEATURES OF VITAL INTEREST TO DENTAL PATIENTS

**HOW BAD BREATH
CAN ANGER THE
DENTIST INTO
DRILLING
UNMERCIFULLY!**

**How Gumming
Mushy Foods For The
Rest Of Your Life
Can Be Fun**

**WISE ADVICE
FROM AN
ORTHODONTIST:
"Put Your Money Where
Your Kid's Mouth Is!"**

**YOUR BEST HEDGE
AGAINST RUNAWAY
INFLATION:
A Mouthful Of Gold
Inlays**

**Why A Tropical Cruise
Helps To Keep Your
Dentist's Hands From
Shaking**

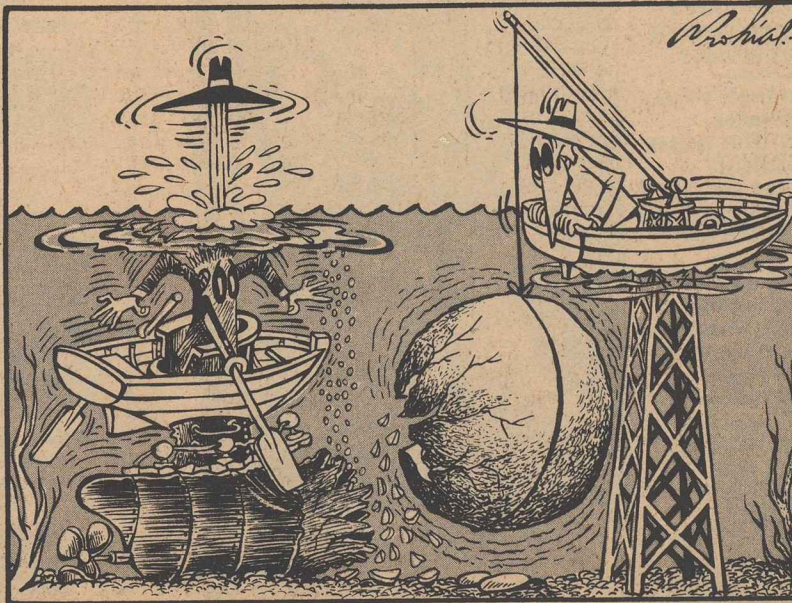
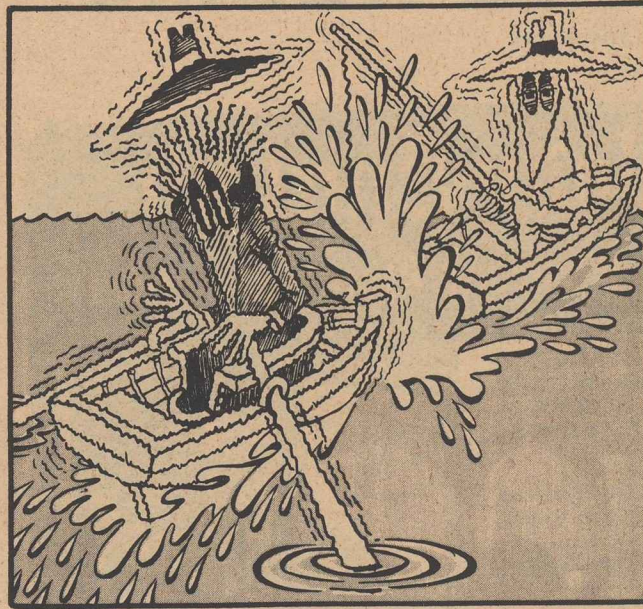
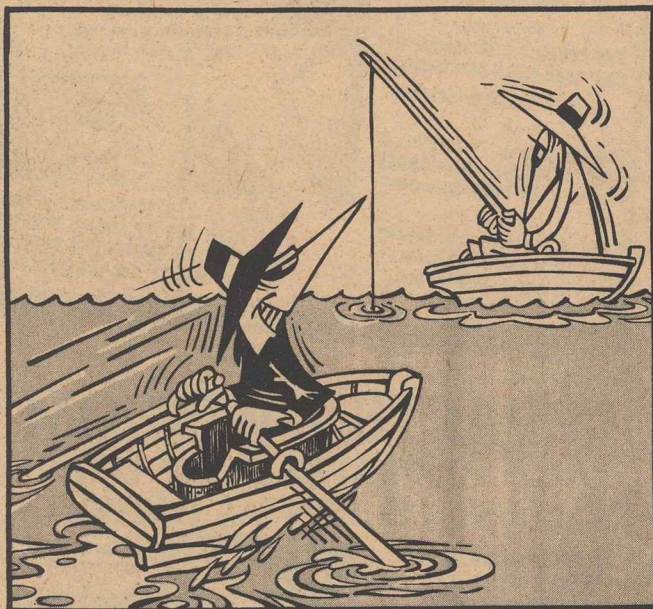
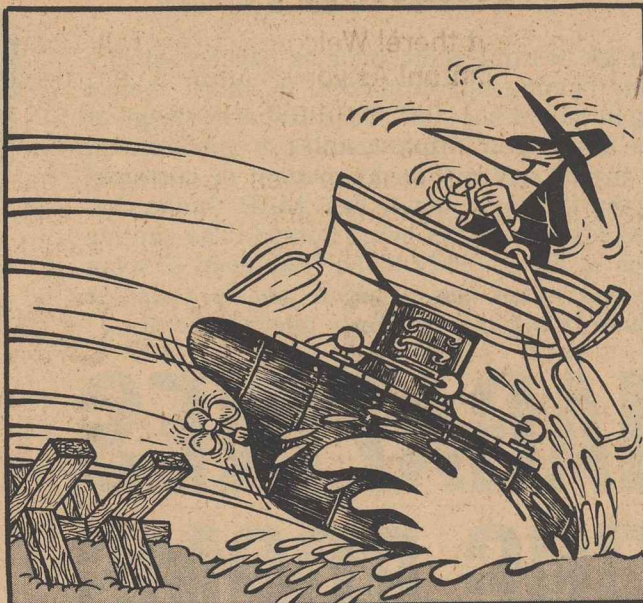
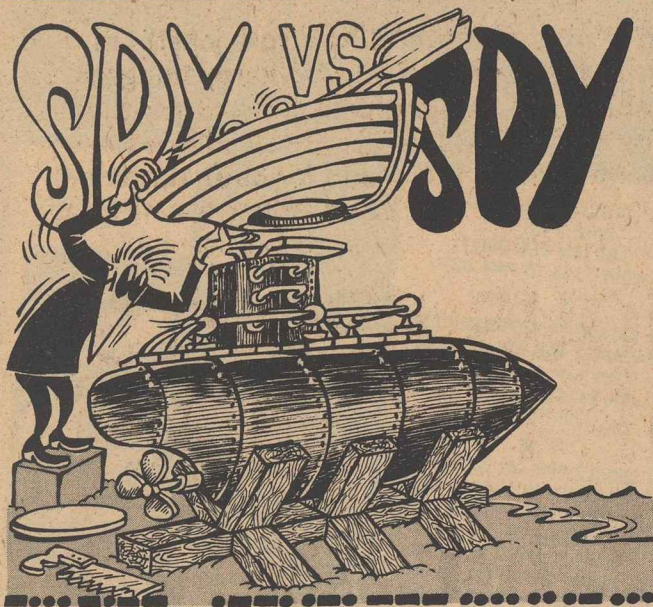
**SWALLOWING
LITTLE BITS OF
SILVER FILLINGS
CAN'T KILL YOU!**



**Six-Month
Check-Up Time
1975**

SPECIAL REPORT

**"There's No Truth To The
Rumor That They Turn Up
The Muzak To Drown Out
The Sound Of Screaming!"**



T'ROW DE BUM OUT! DEPT.

Hello, out there! Welcome to **Dry Talk Country!** (That's a little local New York joke!) I'm **George Slimton!** As you all know, I've done some **really dangerous** and **foolhardy** things in my time . . . like **scrimmaging** against a **pro football team**, and **stepping** into a ring with a **boxing champion**, and **photographing** a **charging elephant!** But they were all **child's play** compared to **this** assignment: Conducting one of those **idiotic interviews** for **MAD Magazine!** Not that it's **more dangerous** . . . just **more embarrassing** than those **other embarrassing** things I've done! Anyway, today we're going to meet **Lester Loudmouth**, who has been selected as . . .

MAD'S OBNOXIOUS SPORTS SPECTATOR OF THE YEAR

Tell me, Lester . . . which do you prefer: Attending a sporting event in person . . . or watching it on TV?

I dig being there in person!

Oh? You enjoy the excitement . . . the color . . . and the feeling of being part of the action?

Nahh! If I watch a game on TV, I only disturb **ONE** person—my wife! But if I go to the game, I can bug **THOUSANDS** of people!!

How do you manage to do that?

Well, like the time I ran out and shook hands with **Henry Aaron**, and **thirty thousand** fans, plus all the creeps watching on TV had to wait **ten minutes** till the **Fuzz** dragged me off the field!



ARTIST: JACK DAVIS

WRITER: LOU SILVERSTONE

Er—is bothering people the **ONLY** reason you enjoy attending sporting events, Lester?

Then you **DO** enjoy the thrill of competition!?

Not exactly! I like to see guys get hurt!

Course not!



What was your biggest thrill in sports?

I've had lots of thrills! Like last year, when Jerry West made a basket just as the buzzer went off . . . !

Did it win the game?

Nahh! They lost by 9 points! But the basket beat the point spread, and I won a few bucks!

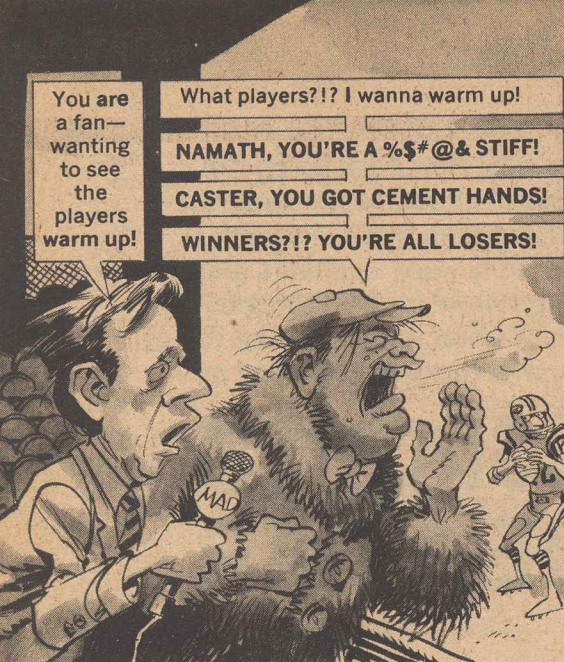


C'mon! We'll be late!

But the game doesn't start for an hour!

I wanna get there for the warmup!





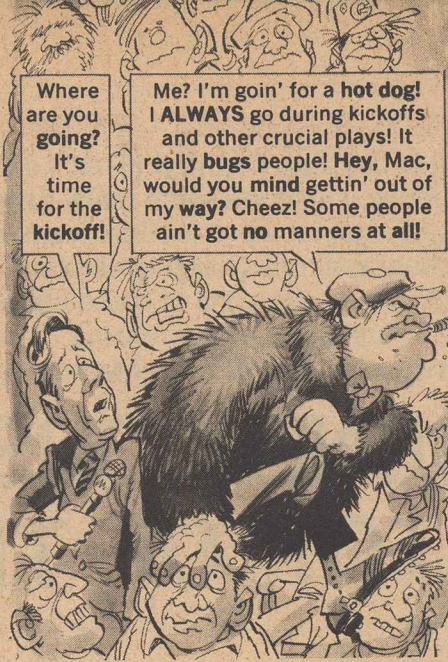
You are a fan—wanting to see the players warm up!

What players?!? I wanna warm up!

NAMATH, YOU'RE A %\$#@& STIFF!

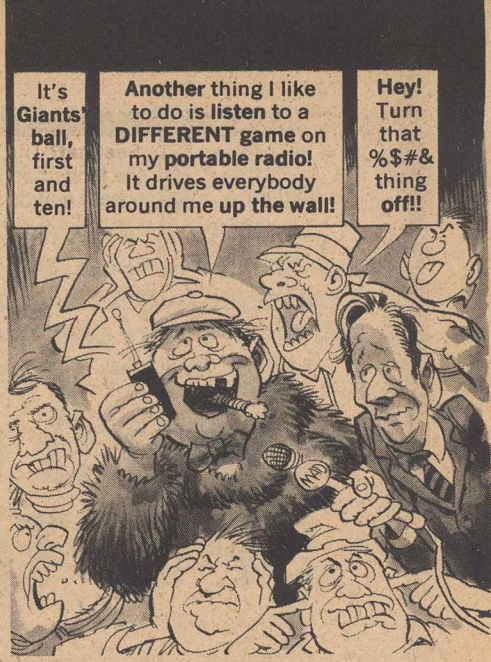
CASTER, YOU GOT CEMENT HANDS!

WINNERS?!? YOU'RE ALL LOSERS!



Where are you going? It's time for the kickoff!

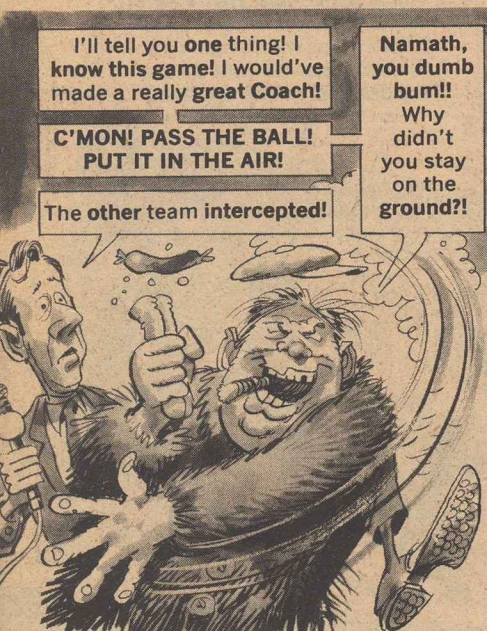
Me? I'm goin' for a hot dog! I ALWAYS go during kickoffs and other crucial plays! It really bugs people! Hey, Mac, would you mind gettin' out of my way? Cheez! Some people ain't got no manners at all!



It's Giants' ball, first and ten!

Another thing I like to do is listen to a DIFFERENT game on my portable radio! It drives everybody around me up the wall!

Hey! Turn that %\$#@& thing off!!

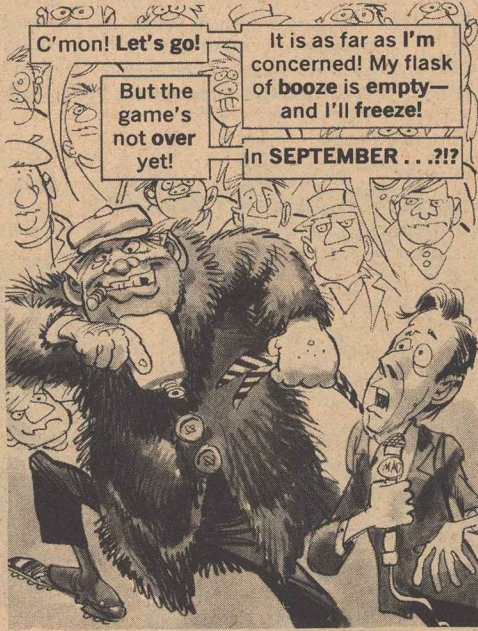


I'll tell you one thing! I know this game! I would've made a really great Coach!

Namath, you dumb bum!! Why didn't you stay on the ground?!

C'MON! PASS THE BALL! PUT IT IN THE AIR!

The other team intercepted!

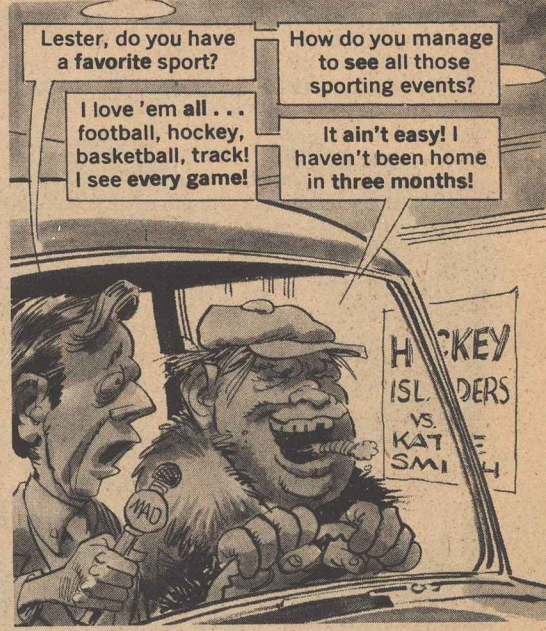


C'mon! Let's go!

But the game's not over yet!

It is as far as I'm concerned! My flask of booze is empty—and I'll freeze!

In SEPTEMBER...?!

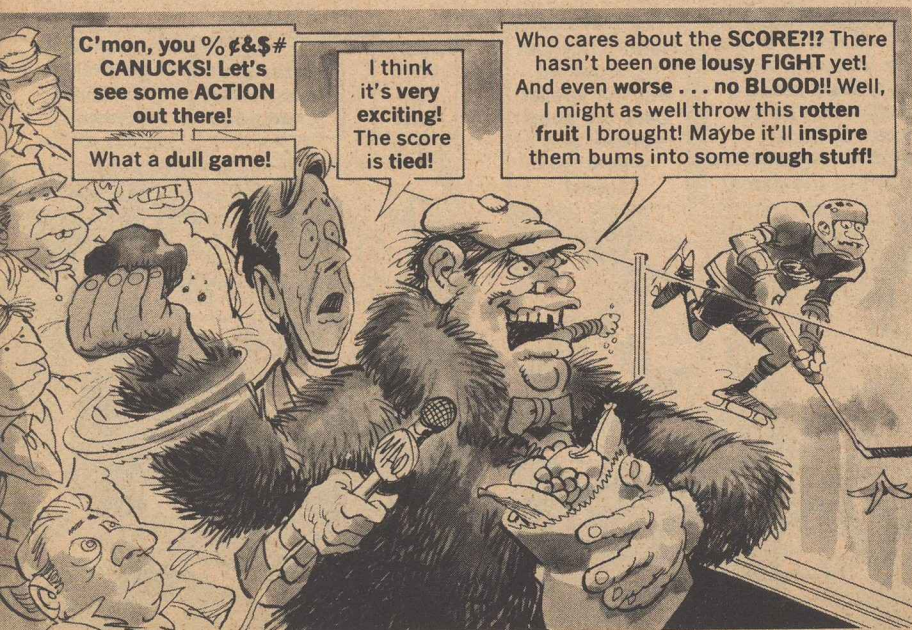


Lester, do you have a favorite sport?

How do you manage to see all those sporting events?

I love 'em all... football, hockey, basketball, track! I see every game!

It ain't easy! I haven't been home in three months!

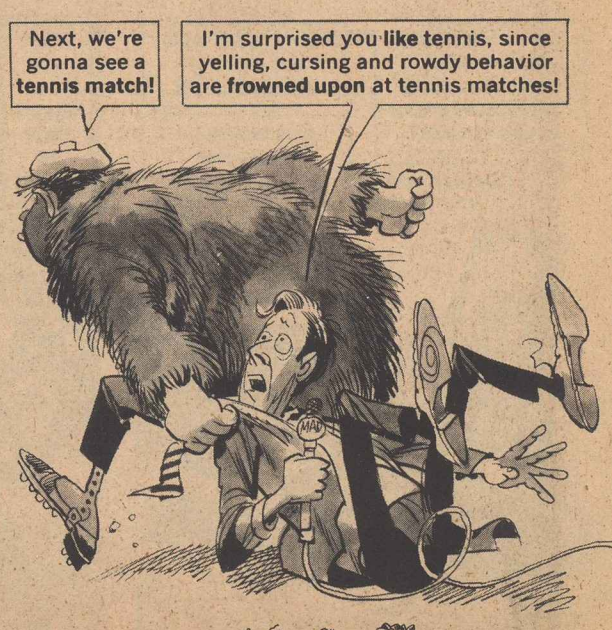


C'mon, you %\$#@& CANUCKS! Let's see some ACTION out there!

What a dull game!

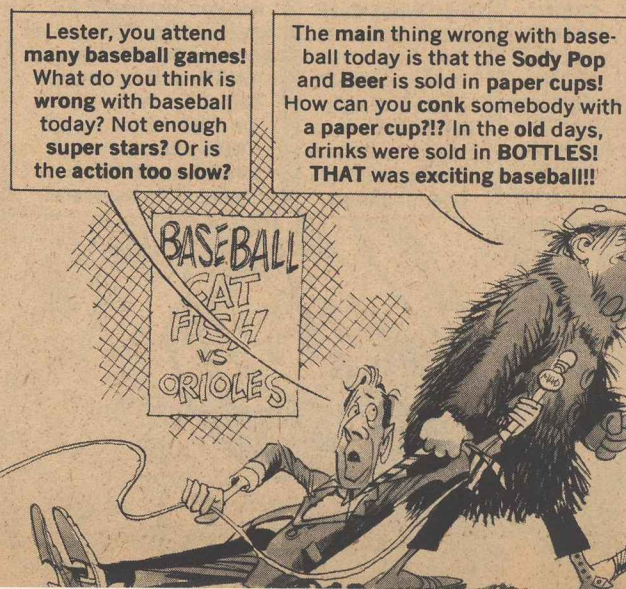
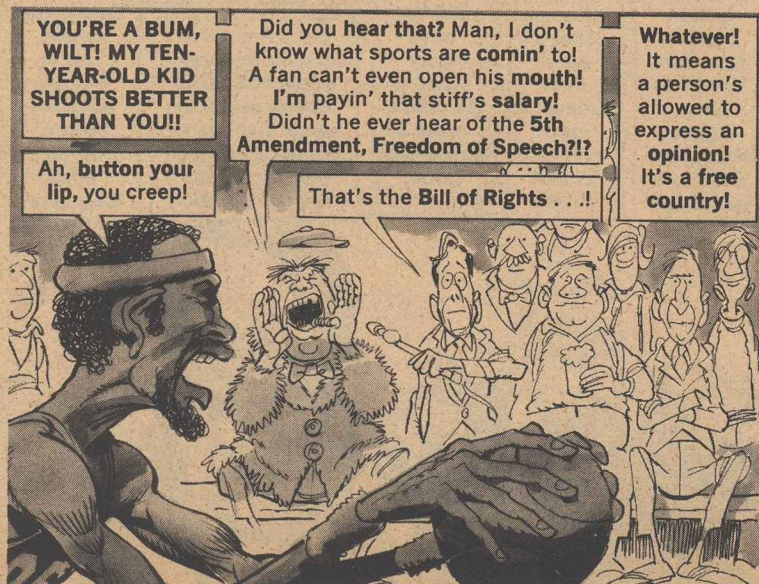
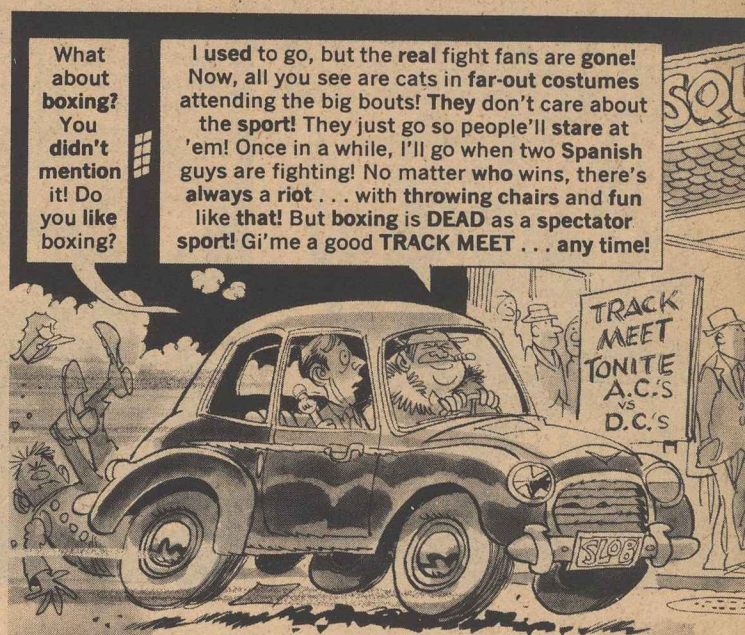
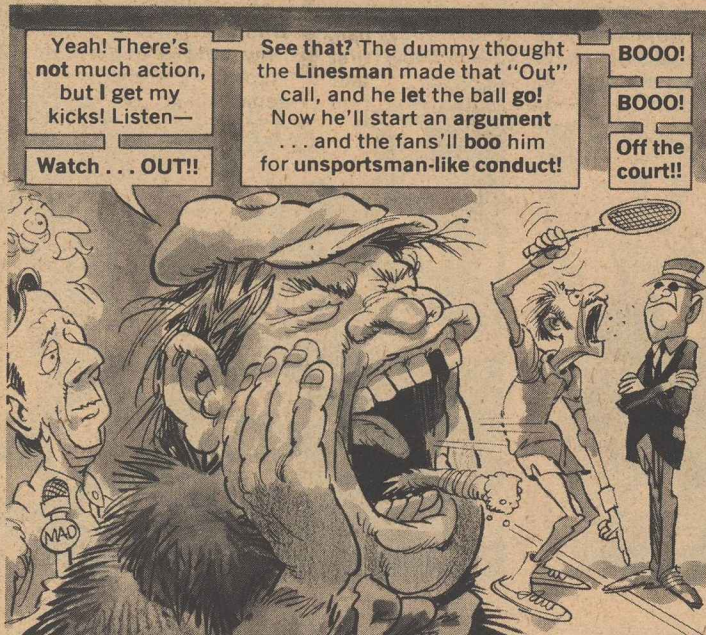
I think it's very exciting! The score is tied!

Who cares about the SCORE?!? There hasn't been one lousy FIGHT yet! And even worse... no BLOOD!! Well, I might as well throw this rotten fruit I brought! Maybe it'll inspire them bums into some rough stuff!



Next, we're gonna see a tennis match!

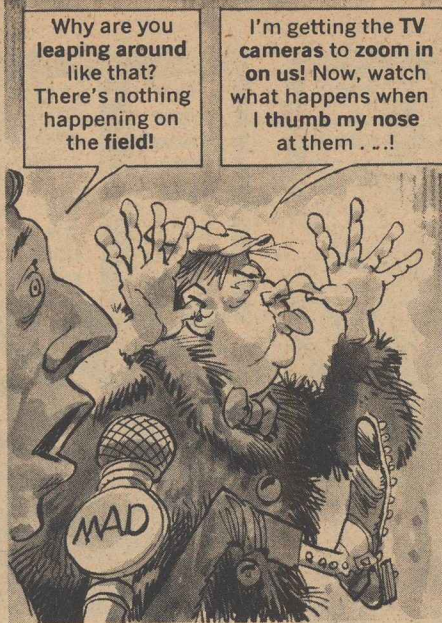
I'm surprised you like tennis, since yelling, cursing and rowdy behavior are frowned upon at tennis matches!





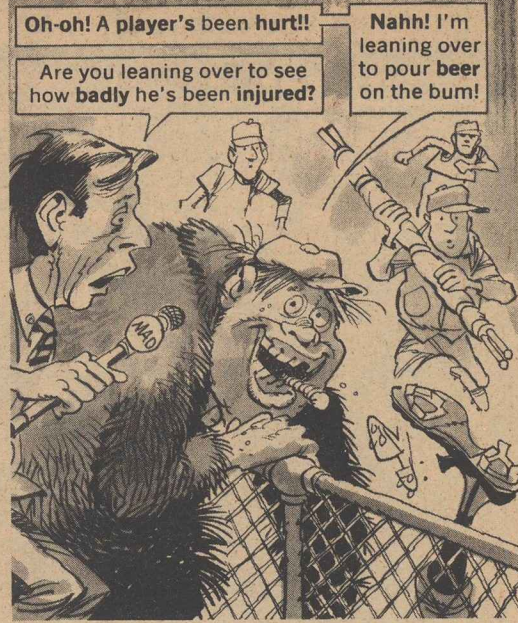
Why are we sitting way out here?

So's I can chuck these firecrackers into the bull pen!



Why are you leaping around like that? There's nothing happening on the field!

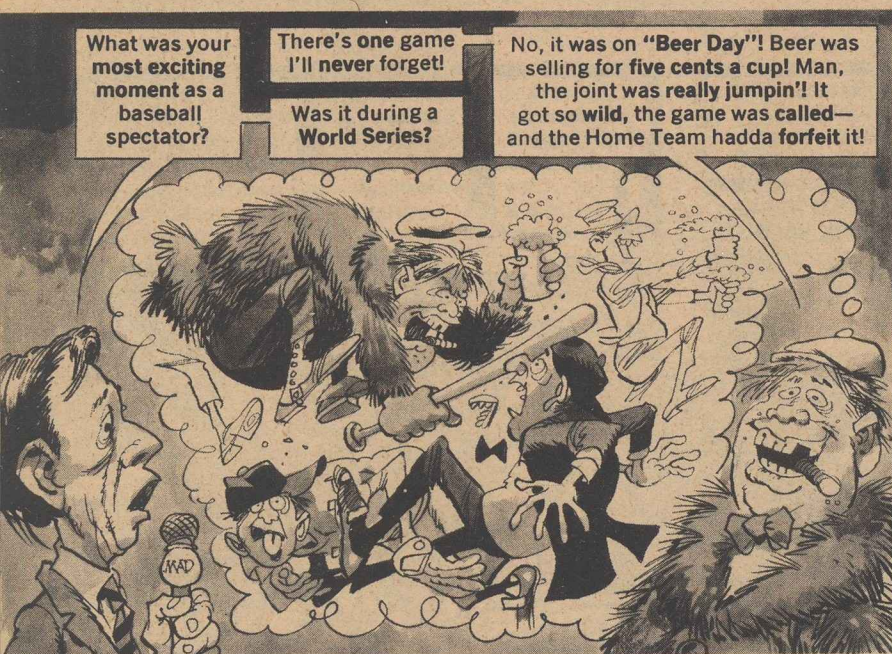
I'm getting the TV cameras to zoom in on us! Now, watch what happens when I thumb my nose at them . . .!



Oh-oh! A player's been hurt!!

Are you leaning over to see how badly he's been injured?

Nahh! I'm leaning over to pour beer on the bum!

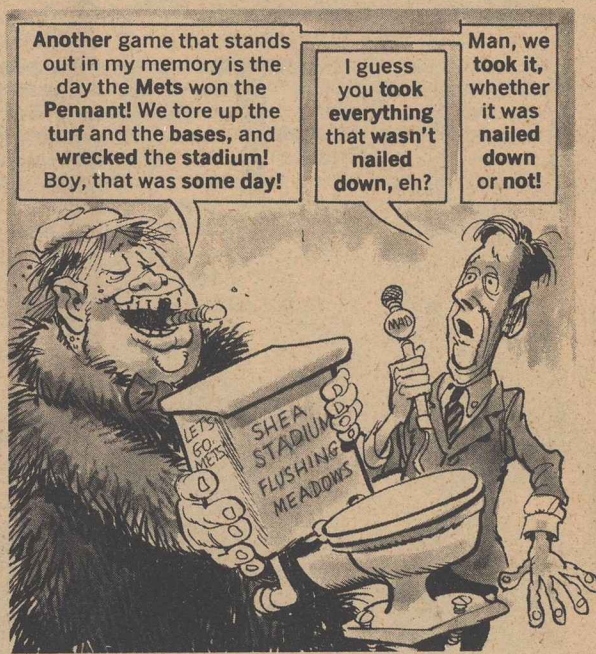


What was your most exciting moment as a baseball spectator?

There's one game I'll never forget!

Was it during a World Series?

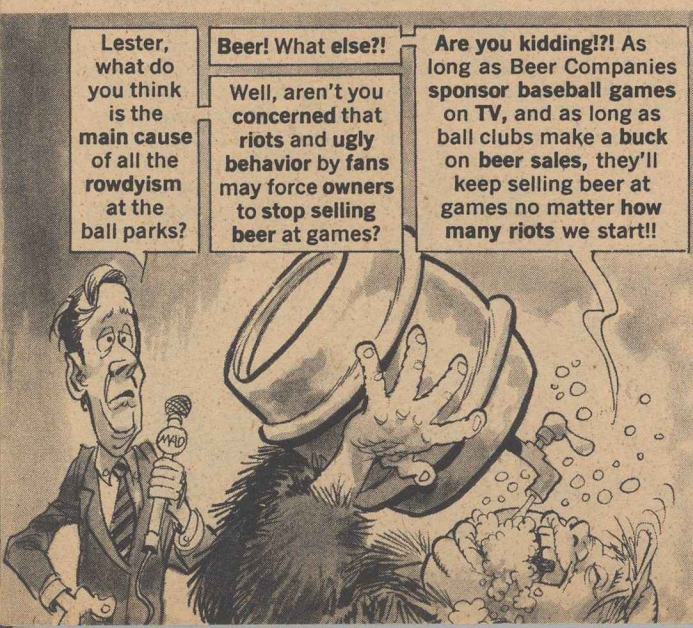
No, it was on "Beer Day"! Beer was selling for five cents a cup! Man, the joint was really jumpin'! It got so wild, the game was called—and the Home Team hadda forfeit it!



Another game that stands out in my memory is the day the Mets won the Pennant! We tore up the turf and the bases, and wrecked the stadium! Boy, that was some day!

I guess you took everything that wasn't nailed down, eh?

Man, we took it, whether it was nailed down or not!

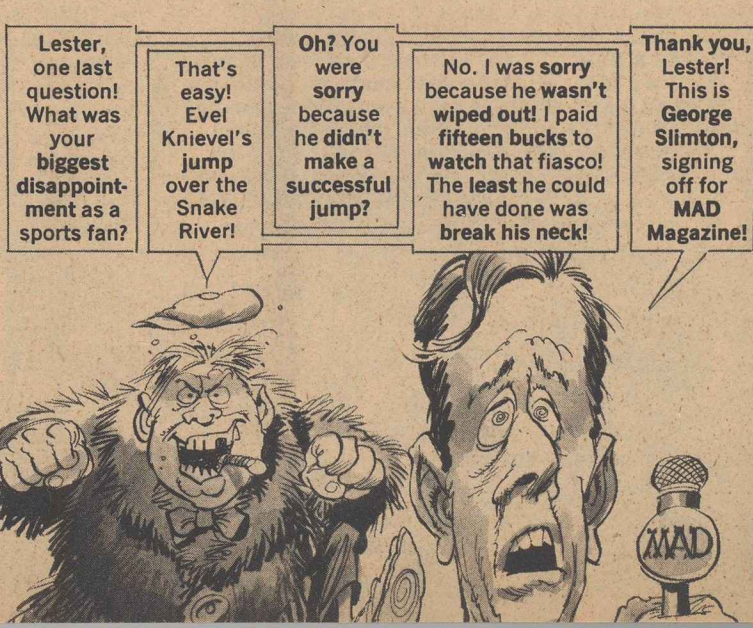


Lester, what do you think is the main cause of all the rowdiness at the ball parks?

Beer! What else?!

Well, aren't you concerned that riots and ugly behavior by fans may force owners to stop selling beer at games?

Are you kidding?! As long as Beer Companies sponsor baseball games on TV, and as long as ball clubs make a buck on beer sales, they'll keep selling beer at games no matter how many riots we start!!



Lester, one last question! What was your biggest disappointment as a sports fan?

That's easy! Evel Knievel's jump over the Snake River!

Oh? You were sorry because he didn't make a successful jump?

No. I was sorry because he wasn't wiped out! I paid fifteen bucks to watch that fiasco! The least he could have done was break his neck!

Thank you, Lester! This is George Slimton, signing off for MAD Magazine!

With today's ridiculously high cost of food and lodging, travel has become an almost impossibly expensive proposition. However, there is a sure-fire method of cutting costs while still seeing the country. It's called "*House-Guesting*" ... which means you stay with friends or relatives and *sponge* off them! And so, to teach you the elementary aspects of this fine art, we now present . . .

HOW TO "JUST DROP IN"... AND STAY FOR SEVEN WEEKS

* * *

Making your Host Into Your Personal Slave

* * *

HOW TO APPEAR LIKE YOU'RE BEING HELPFUL...WITHOUT LIFTING A FINGER

* * *

A Skilled House-Guest Can Wheedle Breakfast In Bed

* * *

IF HIS (OR HER) WARDROBE
FITS YOU... THEN WEAR IT!

* * *

Insuring Your Privacy At The Risk Of Being Rude

* * *

HOW TO GAIN AN ADVANTAGE AND/OR PROFIT FROM THEIR DOMESTIC SQUABBLES

* * *

Getting Sick On Their Health And Accident Plan

* * *

CONTROLLING BRATTY KIDS THROUGH GENTLE TERROR

* * *

How To Use Their Car Without Buying Any Gas

* * *

CHANGING THEIR MEALTIMES TO SUIT YOUR OWN SCHEDULE

* * *

"House-Guest Fatigue"... And How To Combat It



A SELECTION OF "INVITATION-GETTING" LETTERS

Dear Sue and Andy,

It's hard to believe that five years have passed since you two got married and moved away. I'll be going South this Fall and, as I promised myself, would like to take the opportunity to personally hand you your Wedding Present which finally came from the month.

Dear Uncle Harold,

Somehow, I have never forgotten that straight-from-the-shoulder talk we had in my Freshman year when you convinced me to change my Major from Modern Dance to Forestry. Well, once again I am in dire need of a strong, clear, no-nonsense talking to... and since I will be passing through your area next month I thought

Dear Mr. Wambaugh,

Having followed your law suit against Breakwind Airlines with great interest in the newspapers, I thought you might like to know that I worked as a freight handler for them. During that time, I came into possession of some revealing papers concerning the sloppy way they handle live Cobras. And since I am quite willing to appear as a witness for you in your upcoming trial, I thought you might want to have me visit you in order to plan our attack and prepare

Dear Mr. Tremaine,

Before she died, my Aunt Lola entrusted me with a packet of letters that you wrote to her while you were an art student at the school where she modeled. These letters are so full of youthful exuberance and passionate longings that I am sure you would enjoy re-reading them. Since I will be passing your estate on my forthcoming trip, I decided

Dear Mr. Trevor-Clydesdale III,

In my research concerning early ship-ping along the Eastern Seaboard, I have come into possession of a map indicating that Pirate Treasure is buried on your waterfront property at Sea Island, Ga. It would take me only about two weeks to uncover the references and decipher the symbols on this ancient map, and I could stay at your elegant home during that period, where we could also discuss a fair split if and when the treasure is found and we are able to make a proper

Dear Cousin Mildred,

I was sorry to hear that you are having such expensive problems with your septic tank. As it happens, I have just graduated from a six month Correspondence Course in Leaching Fields, and I would be happy to make a slight detour in my forthcoming trip West to visit you and give you the benefit of my knowledge of the problems involved.

Dear Mr. Finklestein,

I could not help but notice that we share the same surname, and so I have taken the liberty to write. Recently, I undertook an intensive search into our ancestry and discovered that our name dates back to the sixth century.

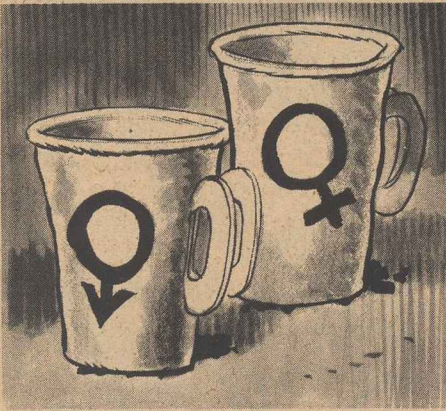
As I will be passing through your town next month, I thought that you might be fascinated to see my study and have me explain it to you. Did you know that we had two Transylvanian Counts and one French Marquis in our heritage?

Please let me know what date will be

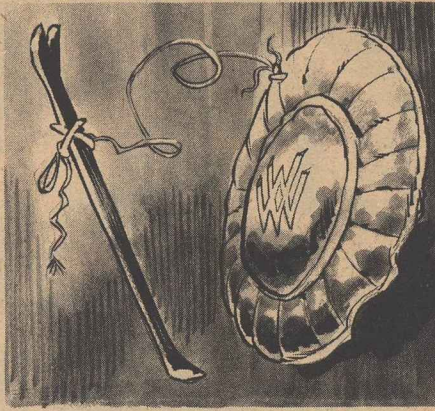


SOME INEXPENSIVE HOUSE GIFTS YOU CAN BRING

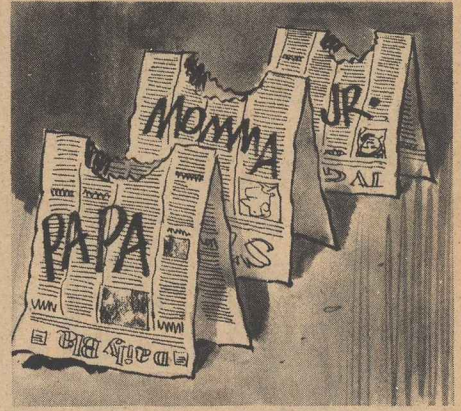
MATCHING "HIS & HERS" DIXIE CUPS



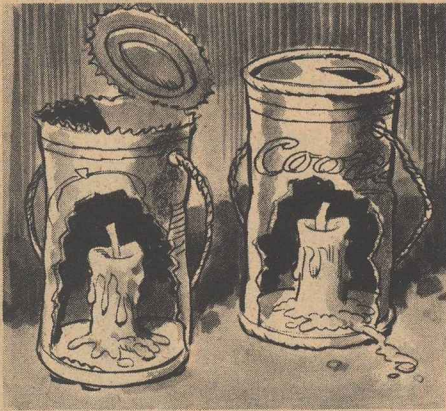
ATTRACTIVE ALL-CHROME DINNER GONG



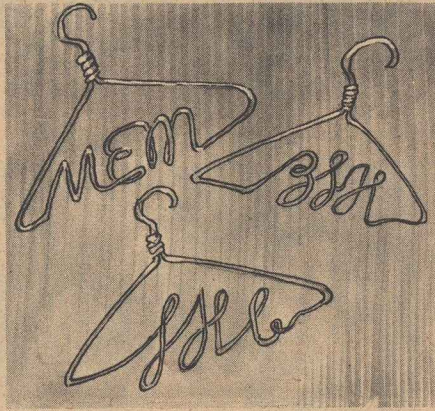
SET OF PERSONALIZED LOBSTER BIBS



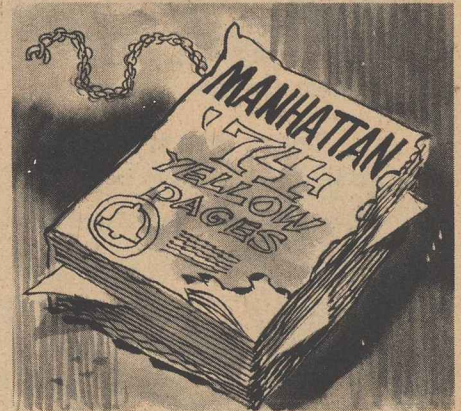
MATCHING PAIR OF HURRICANE LAMPS



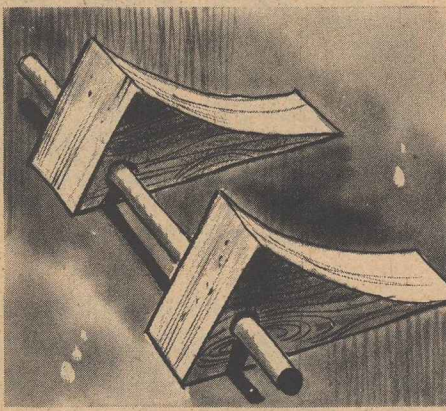
3 MONOGRAMMED WIRE COAT HANGERS



"WHO'S WHO IN N.Y." IN SOFT COVER



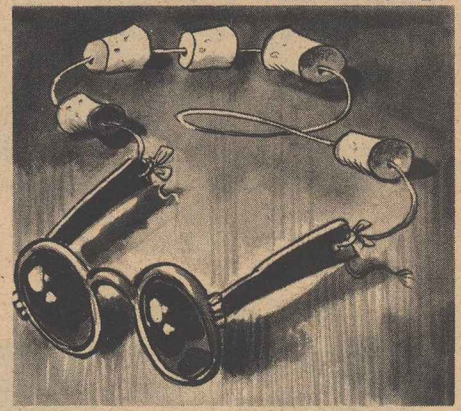
ADJUSTABLE ROCKING CHAIR STOPPER



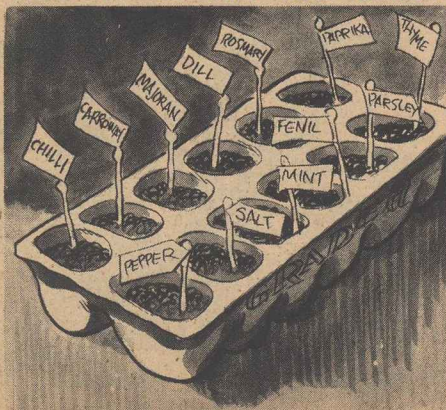
MATCHBOOK COLLECTOR'S STARTER SET



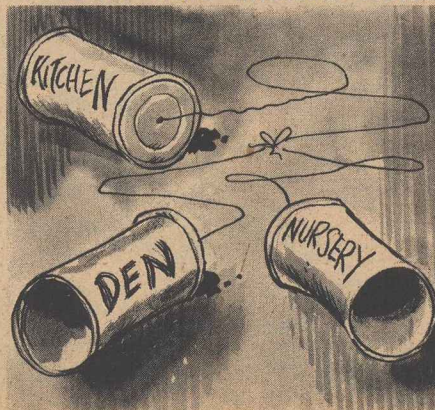
FLOATING EYEGLOSS/SUNGLASS HOLDER



READY-FOR-SEED MINI HERB GARDEN



THREE-WAY HOME INTERCOM SYSTEM



SET OF HUMOROUS GOLF CLUB COVERS



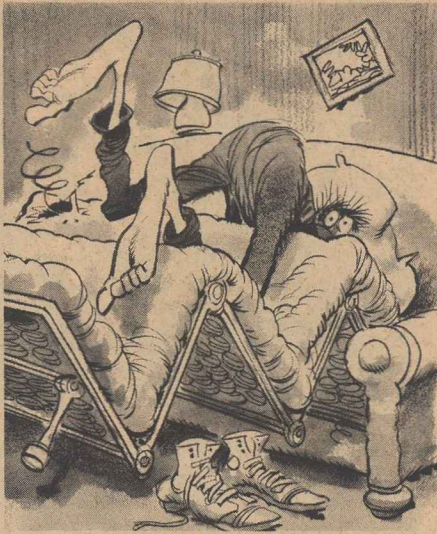
MAKE YOUR STAY A HAPPY ONE BY AVOIDING...

... HOMES WITH ONE BATHROOM



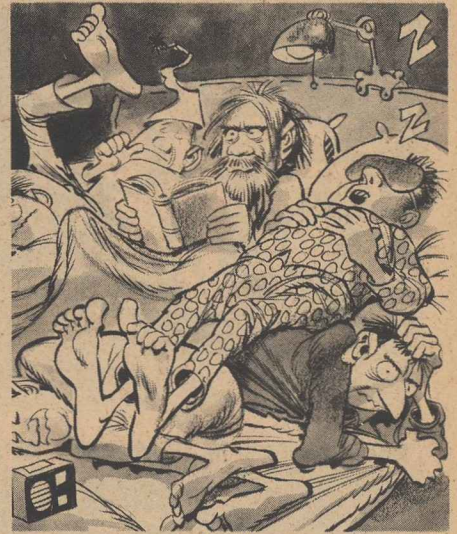
... unless you enjoy standing in line.

... HOMES WITH FOLD-OUT BEDS



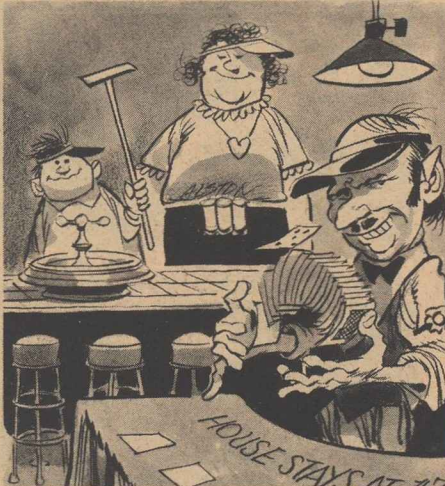
... unless your Uncle's a Chiropractor.

... HOMES OF POPULAR PEOPLE



... unless you like sleeping in a dorm.

... HOMES WITH PLAYROOMS



... unless you really enjoy going into debt for twenty years at 12% interest.

... HOMES OF FOOD FADISTS



... unless you like organic bran and alfalfa for breakfast, lunch & dinner.

... HOMES WITH THIN WALLS



... unless you actually like hearing what people really think about you.

... HOMES WITH LARGE FAMILIES



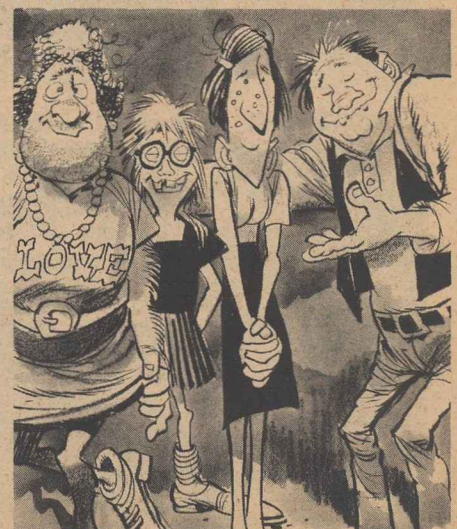
... unless you really dig babysitting.

... HOMES WITH NO DRIVEWAYS LOCATED ON TOP OF HIGH HILLS



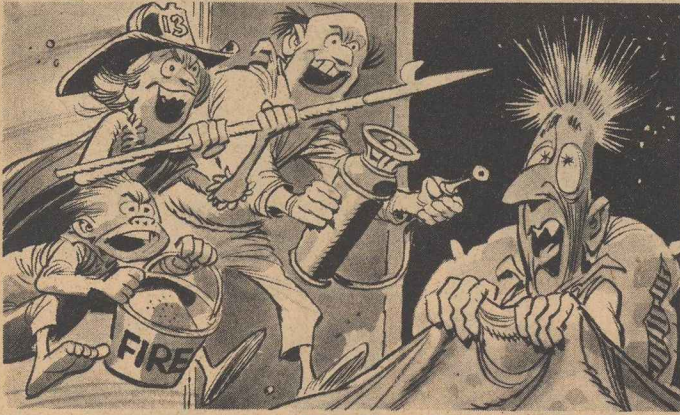
... unless you like hauling groceries.

... HOMES WITH UGLY DAUGHTERS

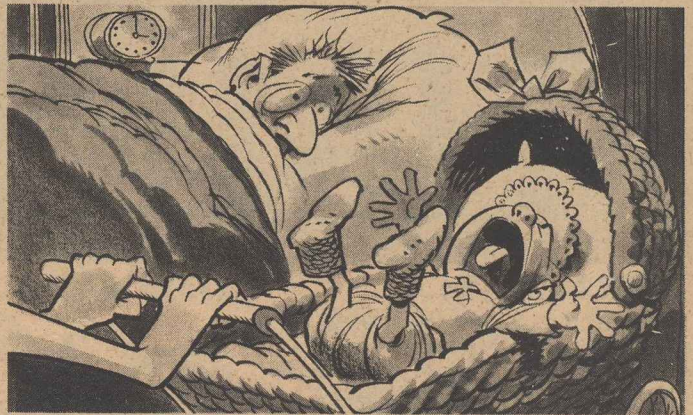


... unless you like shotgun marriages.

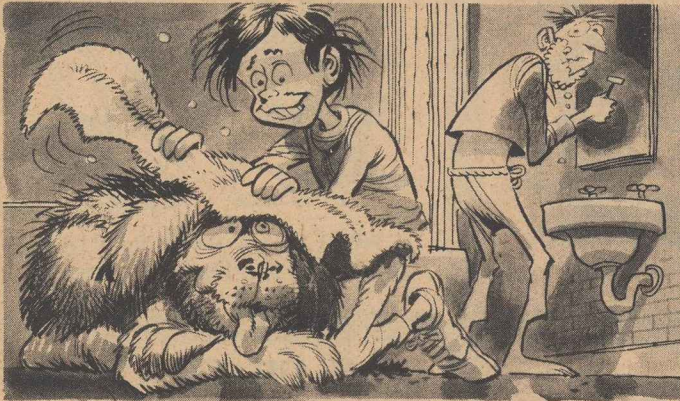
YOU KNOW YOU'VE OVERSTAYED YOUR WELCOME...



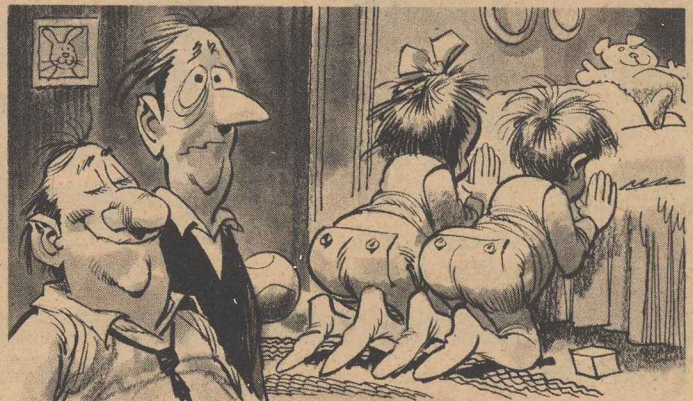
... when they wake you at 3 AM for fire drills.



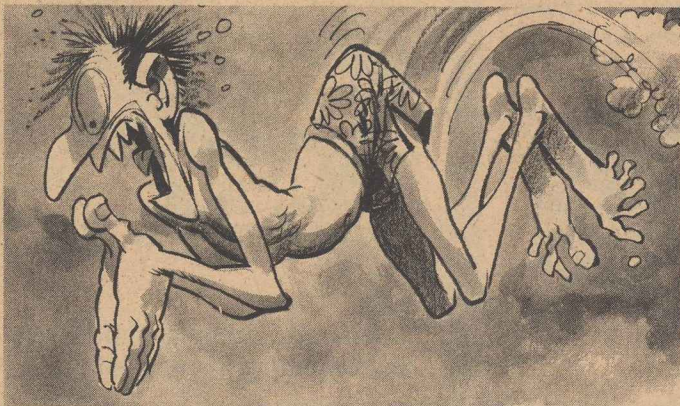
... when they move the baby back into your room.



... when you share your towel with "Old Rover."



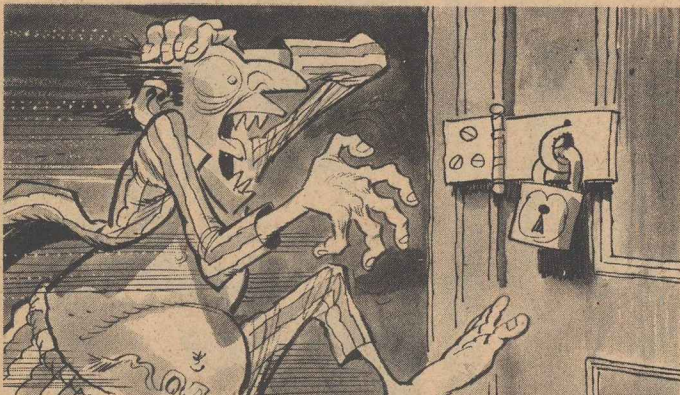
... when the kids exclude you from their prayers.



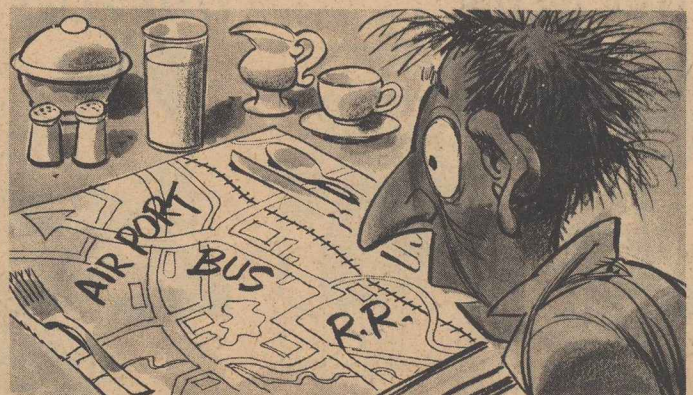
... when they empty the pool without telling you.



... when they turn off the radiator in your room.



... when they serve baked beans and stewed prunes for supper, and then put a lock on your bathroom.



... when your place mat at the table is a roadmap with all exit routes clearly marked in black ink.

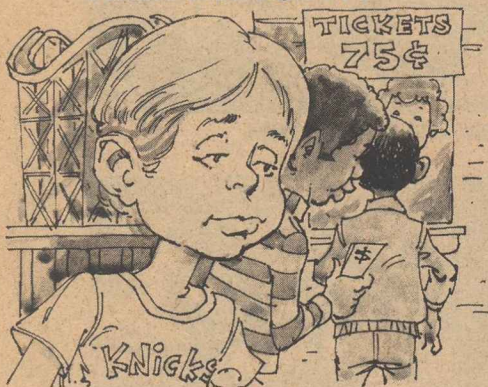


WEARY OF RELATIVITY DEPT.

As Albert Einstein explained, Time is relative. Which means that, sometimes, Time passes faster or slower than other times. You find that hard to believe?

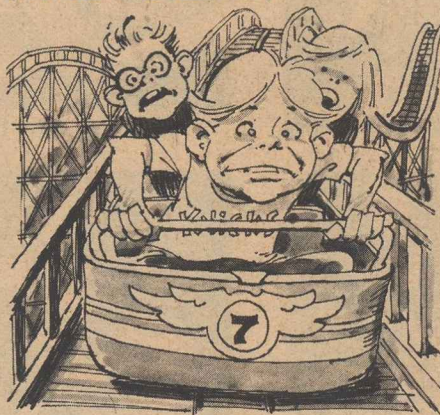
TIME DRAGS...

TIME DRAGS...



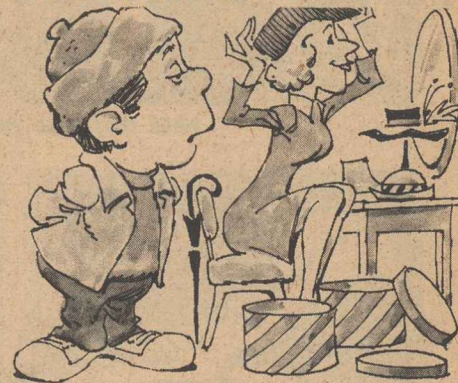
...when you're waiting your turn on the roller coaster.

TIME FLIES...



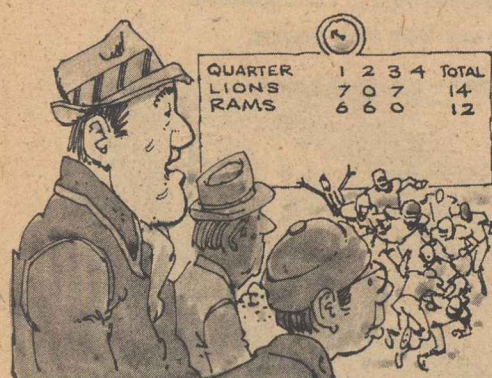
...when you're on the ride.

TIME DRAGS...



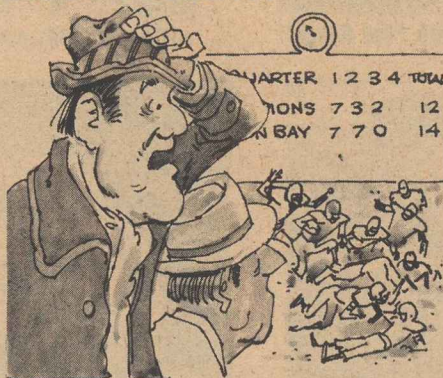
...when you're waiting for your Mother in the Hat Department.

TIME DRAGS...



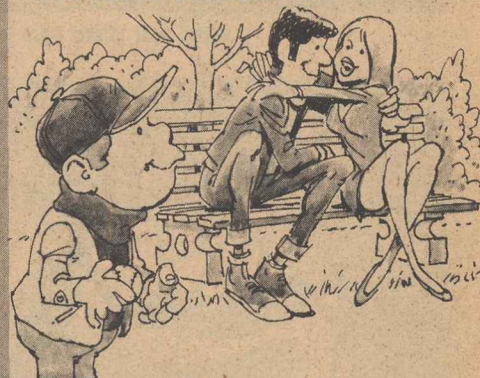
...when your football team is winning by only 2 points.

TIME FLIES...



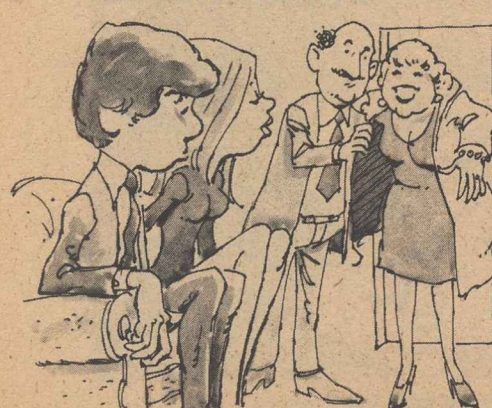
...when your football team is losing by only 2 points.

TIME DRAGS...



...between being a child... and becoming a young adult.

TIME DRAGS...



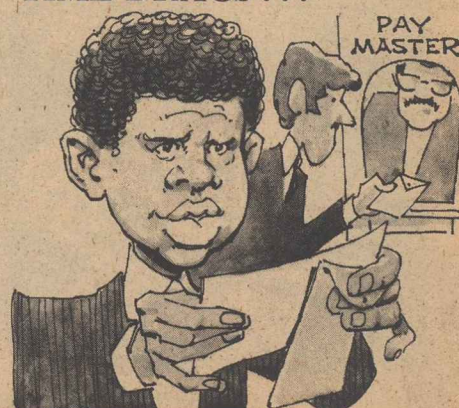
...till her parents go out.

TIME FLIES...



...before they come back.

TIME DRAGS...



...between paychecks.



Well, notice how fast Time goes when you're enjoying yourself, as compared to how slow it passes when you're reading a dull article like this one, called . . .

TIME FLIES...

ARTIST:
JACK RICKARD

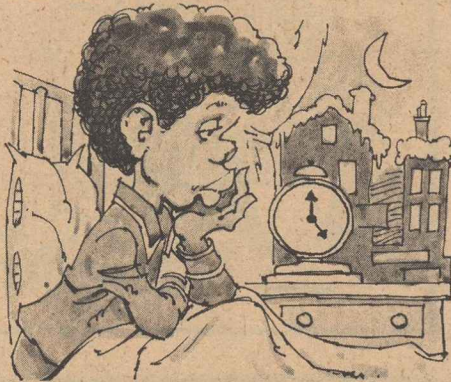
WRITER:
STAN HART

TIME FLIES...



...when your Mother is waiting for you in the Toy Department.

TIME DRAGS...



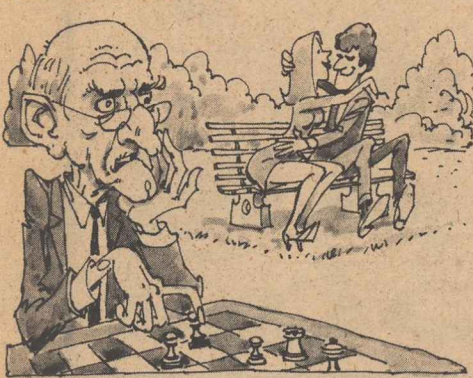
...waiting for Xmas morning, so you can open your presents.

TIME FLIES...



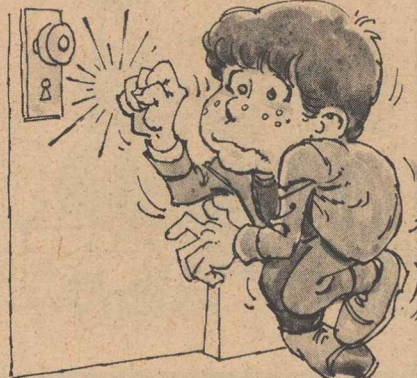
...before they're all broken.

TIME FLIES...



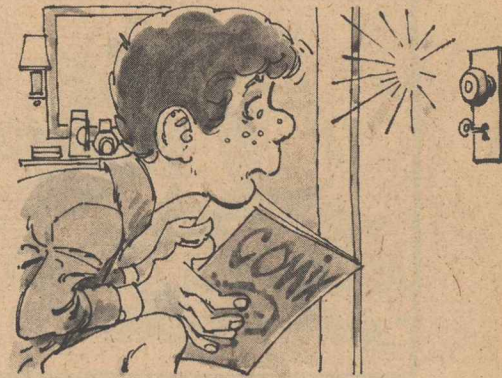
...between being a young adult ...and becoming an old adult.

TIME DRAGS...



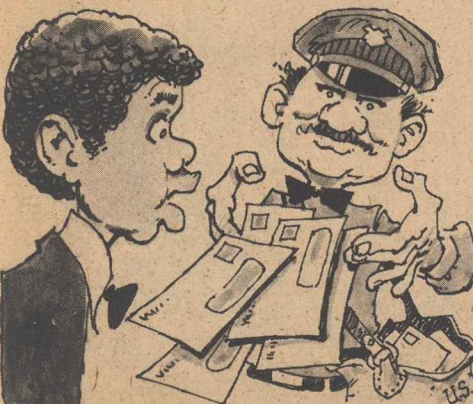
...waiting for someone to get out of the bathroom.

TIME FLIES...



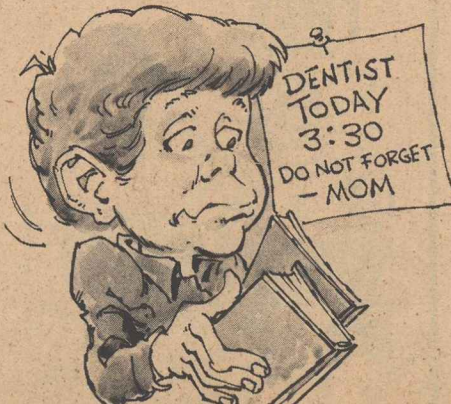
...before someone wants you to get out of the bathroom.

TIME FLIES...



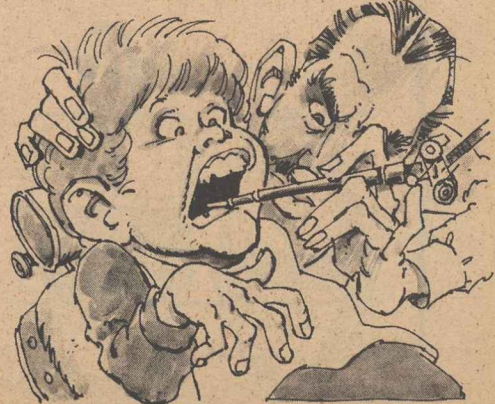
...between bills.

TIME FLIES...



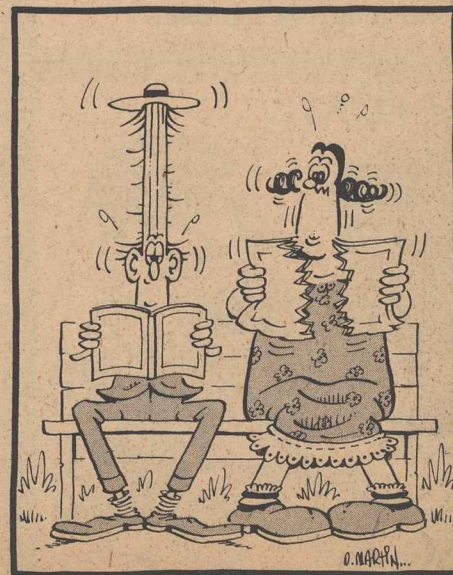
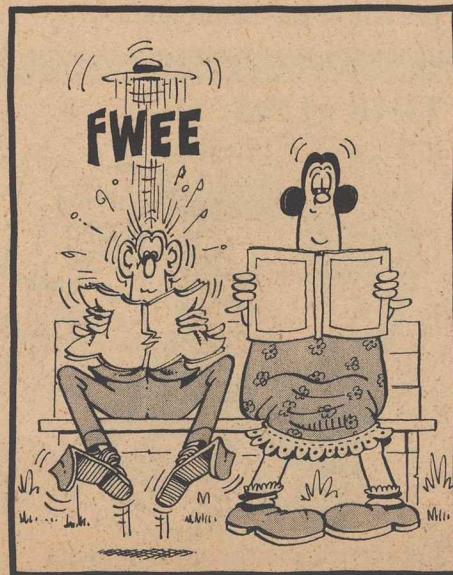
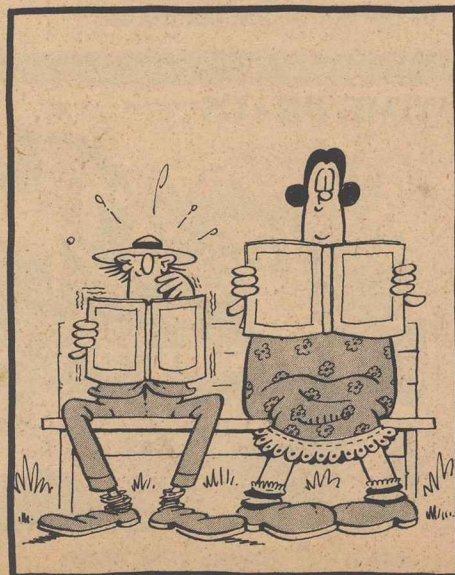
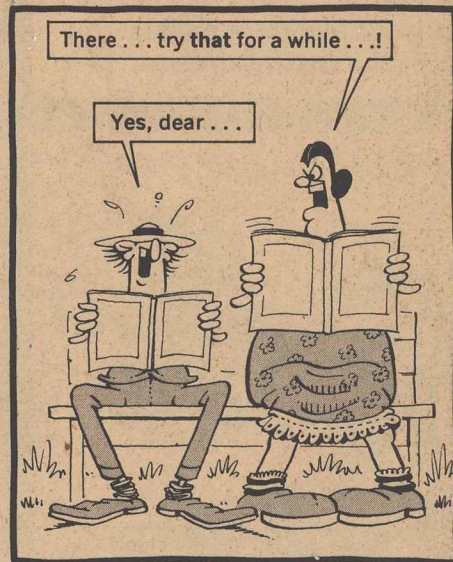
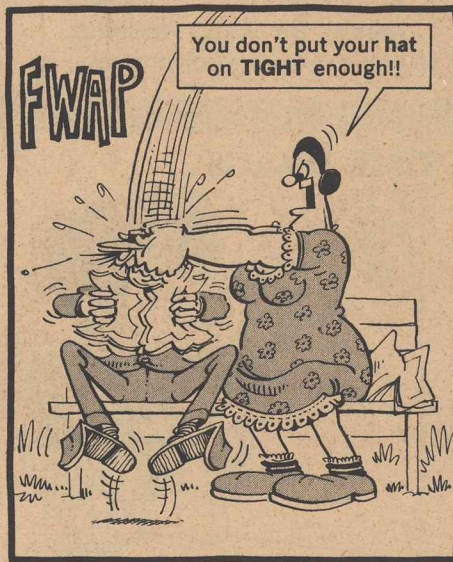
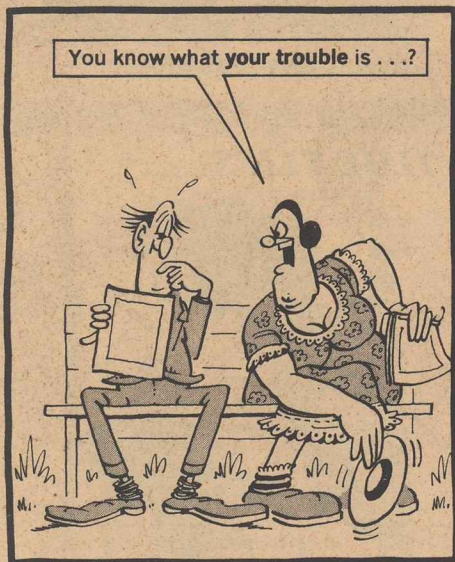
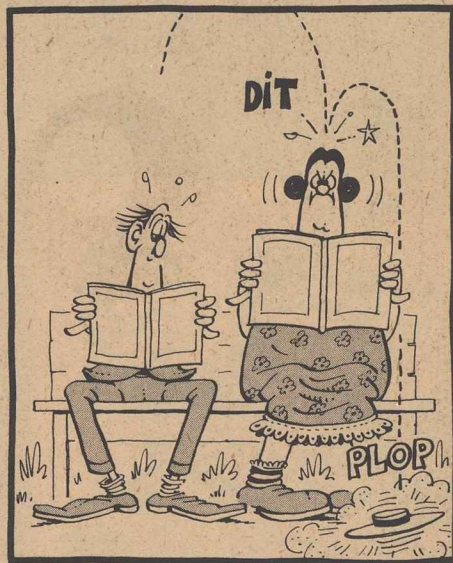
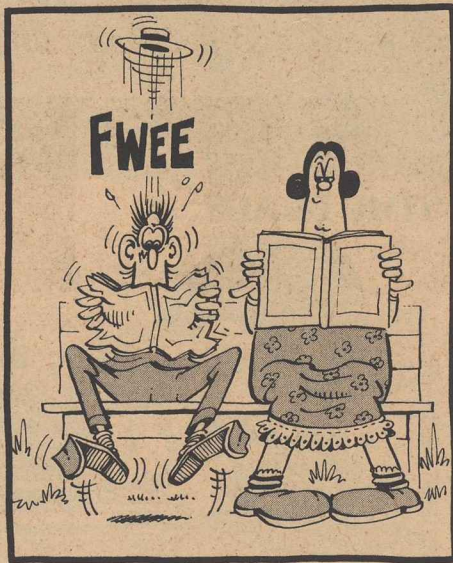
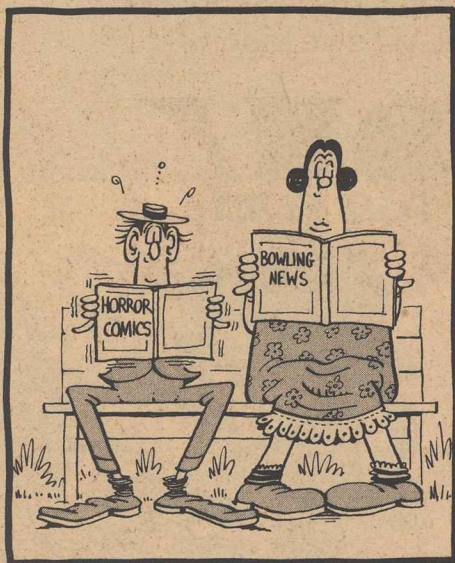
...between Dentist appointments.

TIME DRAGS...



...when he's drilling your tooth.

ONE SUNDAY MORNING IN THE PARK



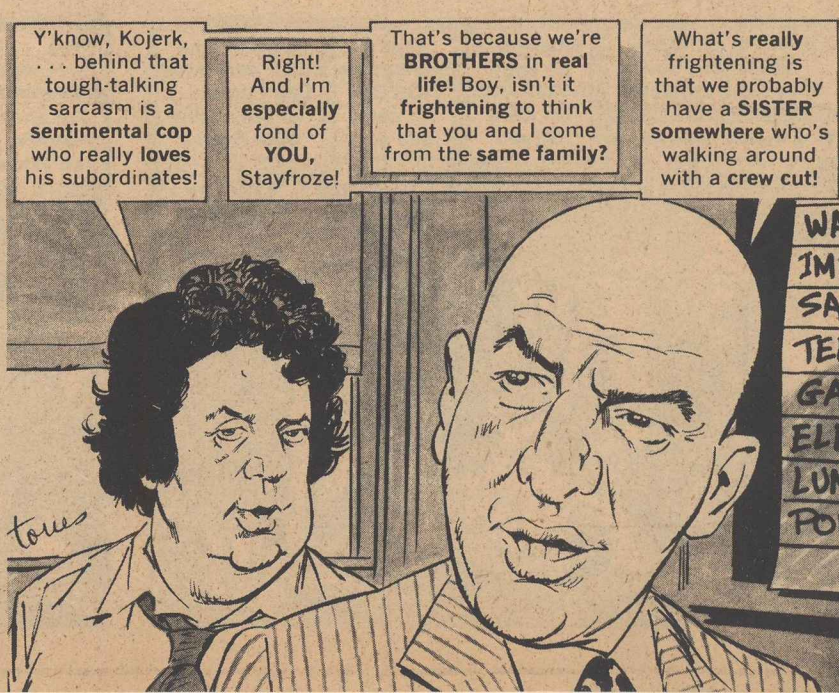
PUTTING ON THE "TELLY" DEPT.

One of the silliest trends on TV the past few seasons has been "The Ethnic Detective Show." We've had Banaceck, Kodiak, Kolchak, Nakia...and one guy who's become the top-rated TV Cop of them all. Yes, we're talking about that charismatic, burly Greek with the cute mannerisms and the gleaming skull. So, lower the "brightness" in your room, and get ready for MAD's version of . . .

KOJERK

ARTIST: ANGELO TORRES

WRITER: ARNIE KOGEN



Kojerk, the Department's been getting **complaints** about you! You've been roughing up our **suspects** a little too much!

C'mon, Chief! I only lean on 'em if they give me any **lip**, or if they committed some **atrocious crime**!



I'm in a **very, very ugly mood**!

Gee, Kojerk is really mad! What did the guy do?

Petty theft . . .

All **THAT** for petty theft?!?

He stole Kojerk's lollipops!!

We better **stop** it!! Kojerk may kill him!!



Let's get down to business, Kojerk! We've got a **dead man** on our hands!

Don't tease me! Show me the **body**!

It's your assistant! **Cracker**!

Aw, he's not dead! He's just **very bland**!



So I'm **NOT** a 250-pound Greek "**Mr. Clean**!" And I'm **NOT** a reject from a "**Marty Allen Look-Alike Contest**!" I'm just a simple, ordinary guy with an **average haircut**!

Okay! Okay! Don't be sore! I guess there's gotta be **ONE** freak on every Police Force!

Hey, you guys! It's **Friday night** in "**Fun City**!" Better get out and start **cruisin'**!



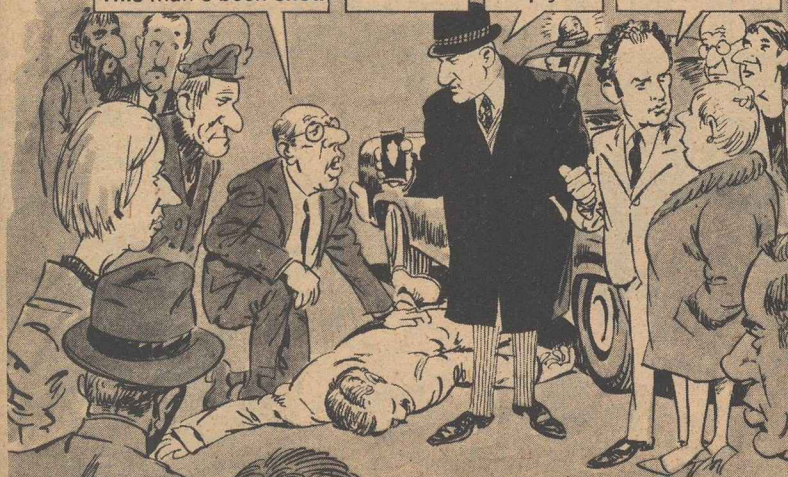
Okay, I'm Lt. Kojerk . . . **Manhattan South**! What's the problem?

Where was he shot?
On **63rd Street**!

That's **Manhattan NORTH**!! We can't help you!

Kojerk's the most dedicated Cop I know . . . but only below **50th Street**!

This man's been shot!



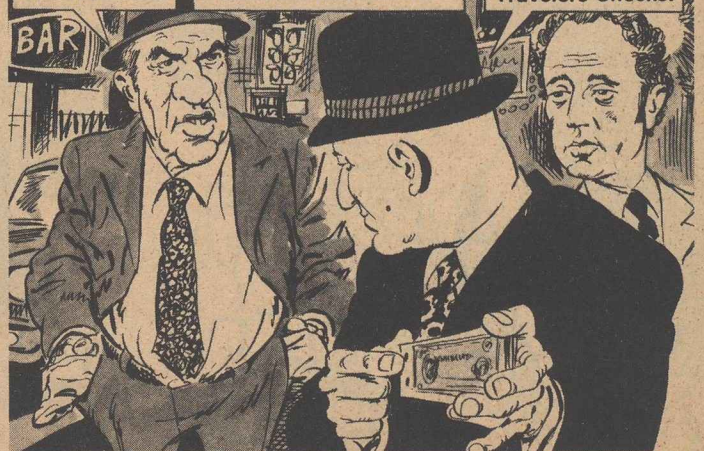
Well . . . what have we here?

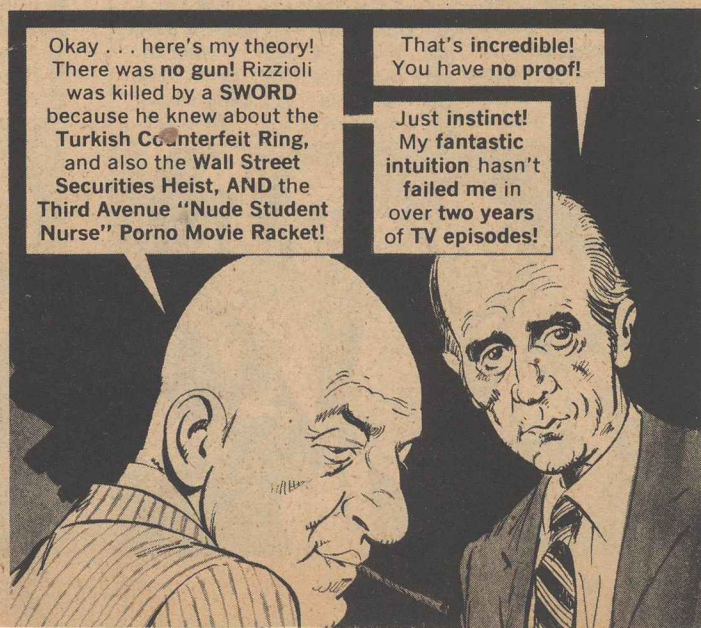
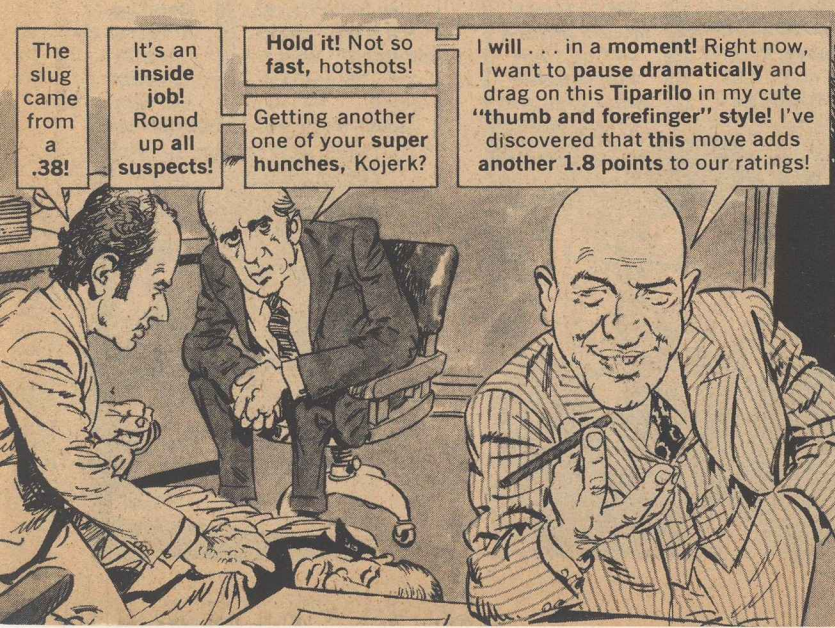
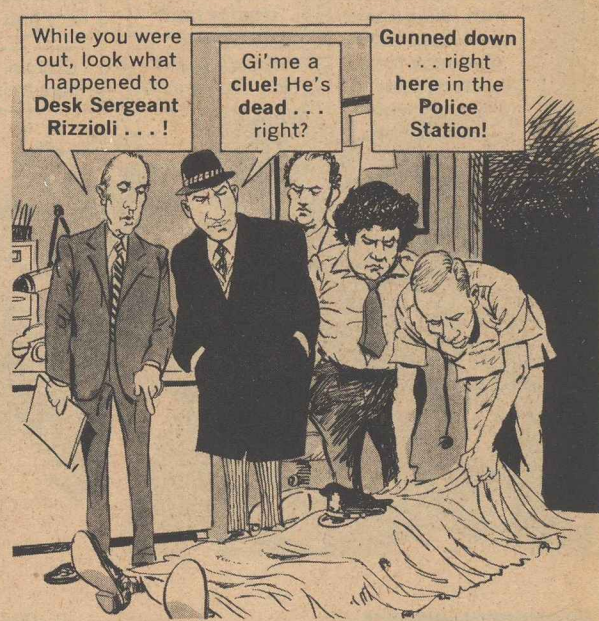
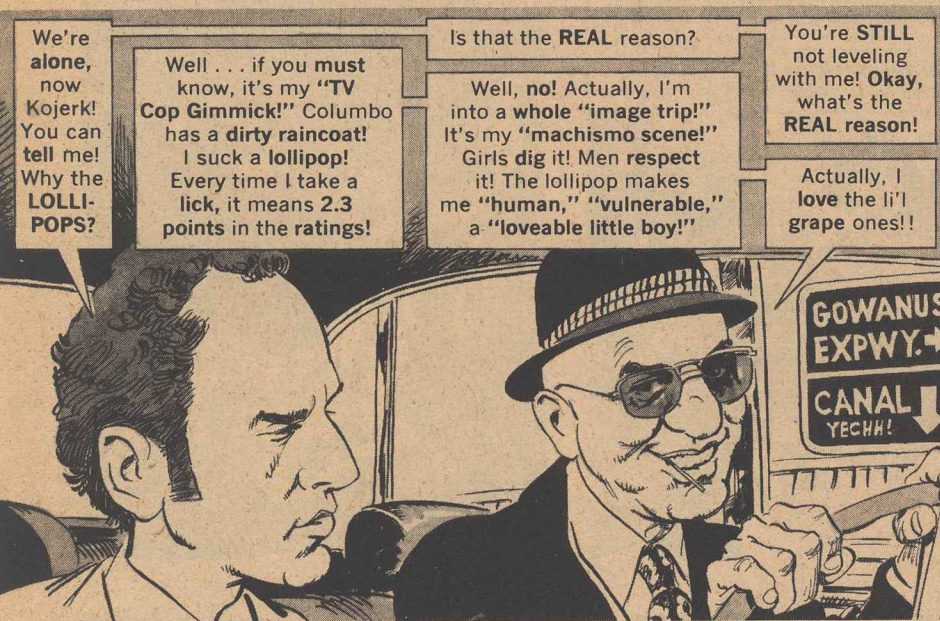
That's **Manhattan WEST**! A little out of my area!

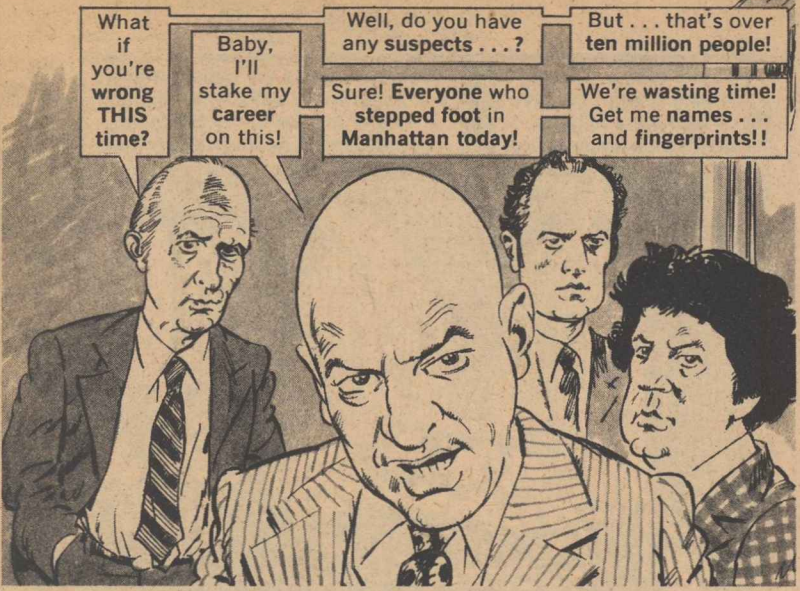
A little warning, Mister! **Never** carry cash in **New York**! Always carry **American Express Travelers Checks**!

I'm an **out-of-towner**, from **San Francisco**!

But my pocket was picked **HERE**! I had six hundred dollars in cash on me!







What if you're wrong THIS time?

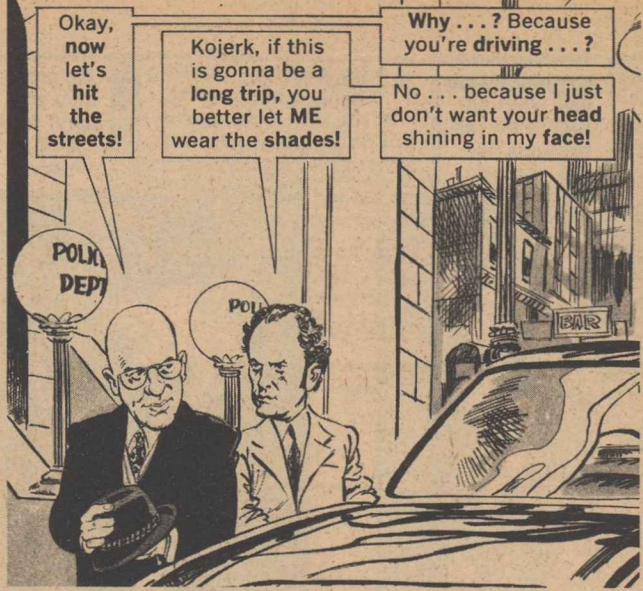
Baby, I'll stake my career on this!

Well, do you have any suspects ... ?

Sure! Everyone who stepped foot in Manhattan today!

But ... that's over ten million people!

We're wasting time! Get me names ... and fingerprints!!



Okay, now let's hit the streets!

Kojerk, if this is gonna be a long trip, you better let ME wear the shades!

Why ... ? Because you're driving ... ?

No ... because I just don't want your head shining in my face!



Listen, Cracker! I'm up to here with jokes about my skull! Let's just look for a suspect, okay?!?

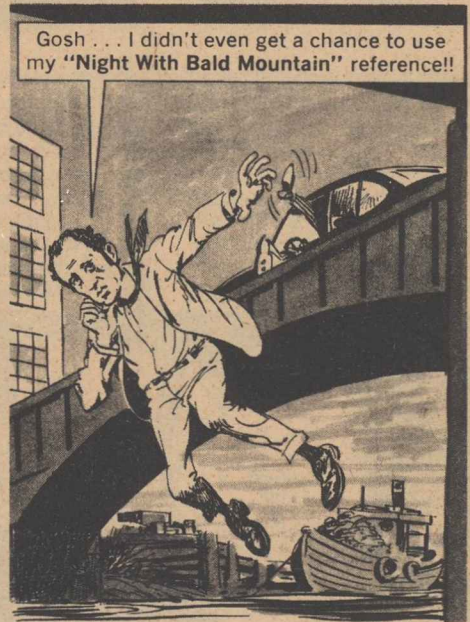
Right! We'll COMB the city for him!

Knock it off! Don't say comb!

Sorry! All I meant was, after we get through with him, he'll know he's had a BRUSH with the Law!

Cracker, you are giving me a very hard time! Now, cool it!!

Whatever you say, Lieutenant! You're the HEAD man!



Gosh ... I didn't even get a chance to use my "Night With Bald Mountain" reference!!

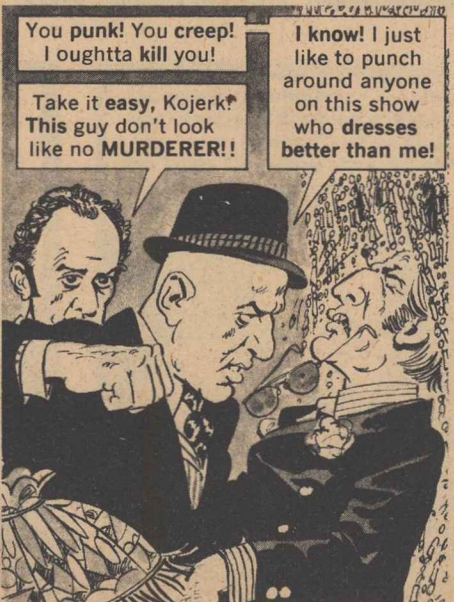


Okay, this is our first stop!

Hey, you ... send out twelve of your best-lookin' broads!

A Call-Girl Operation?! You think Rizzoli's killer is a hooker?!?

Nahhh! Now that I'm a SUPER STAR, I want to re-do "The Dirty Dozen" MY way!!



You punk! You creep! I oughtta kill you!

Take it easy, Kojerk! This guy don't look like no MURDERER!!

I know! I just like to punch around anyone on this show who dresses better than me!



I think our killer may be in there! It's a big "Hood Hangout!" Wait for me! I'm going in alone ... but in a clever disguise!

Listen, don't go in there, Kojerk! It could be very dangerous!

What happened? Any luck?

Well, I didn't find the killer, but I think the disguise worked pretty good!

I didn't even mind being rolled down the "gutter!" But coming through the "return ball" chute was murder!

Whew! After that, I need a break!

SHEEPSHEAD BAY LANES

BOWLING LEAGUES NOW BEING FORMED



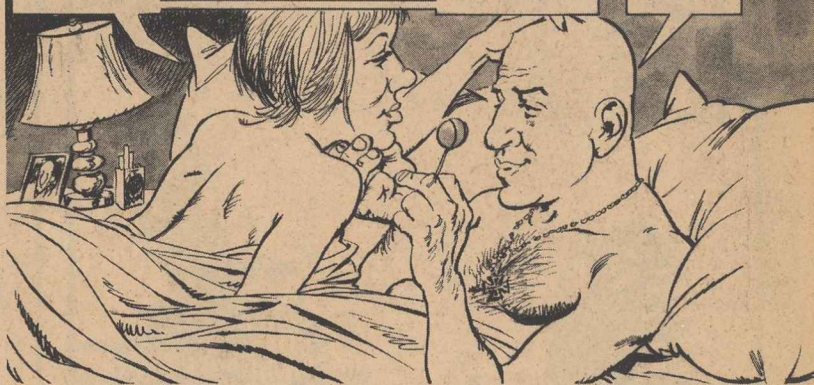
Hi! YOU'RE my break!

Kojerk, is it true that bald men are more virile than guys with hair?

Well, it's true in MY case! But it's frightening to think that Don Rickles could be more in demand at an orgy than Robert Redford!

It must be great to be bald! Imagine... no brushing... no messy shampoos... no frizzies!

Yeah... there's less hair to comb! But then again, there's more face to wash!



Kojerk... how come you're always dating Police Women...?

I like taking the Law into my own hands!



Well, I'm off to the Statue of Liberty! I'm gonna slap her around a little! I think the Lady of Steel knows a lot more than she's telling, an I'm gonna—

I'm afraid it's too late for your crazy hunches, Kojerk! We've found our murderer!

You—you have? Who is it...?



STAYFROZE! Those plants he's been growing for two years were Marijuana! Rizzioli found out about it, and Stayfroze killed him! So it turns out Stayfroze is the "heavy" in this story!

He's not the heavy! He's my Brother!



I—I can't believe it! Kojerk, the great Greek detective... unable to solve a lousy crime!

I guess this means I'm all washed up, eh, Chief...?

Not exactly, Kojerk! We still have a place for you on the Force...

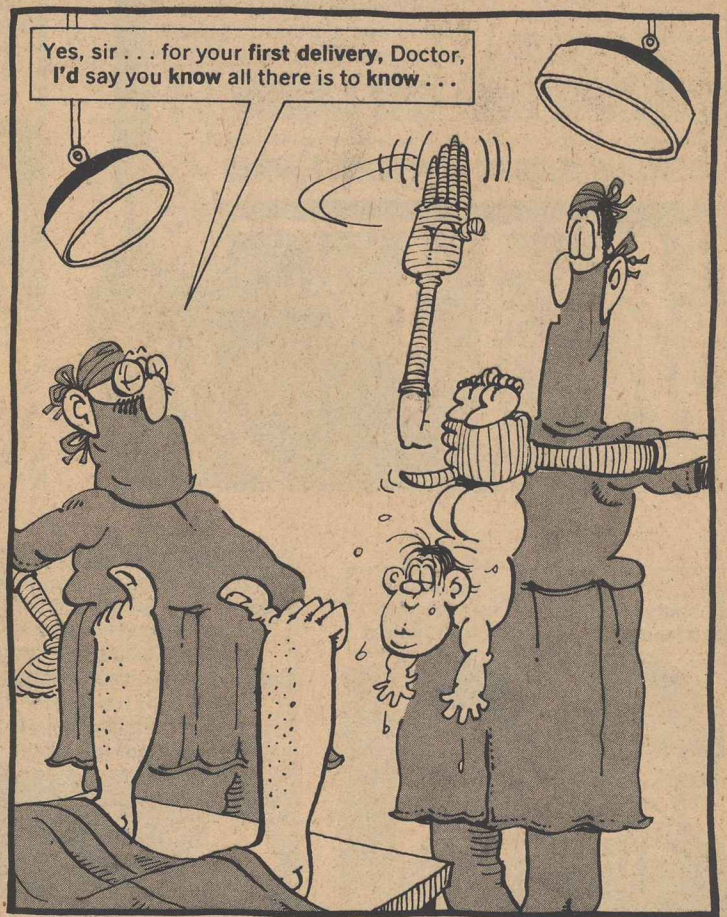


Pardon me... but is this the Manhattan South Police Station?

S'matter, Creep? Can't you READ??

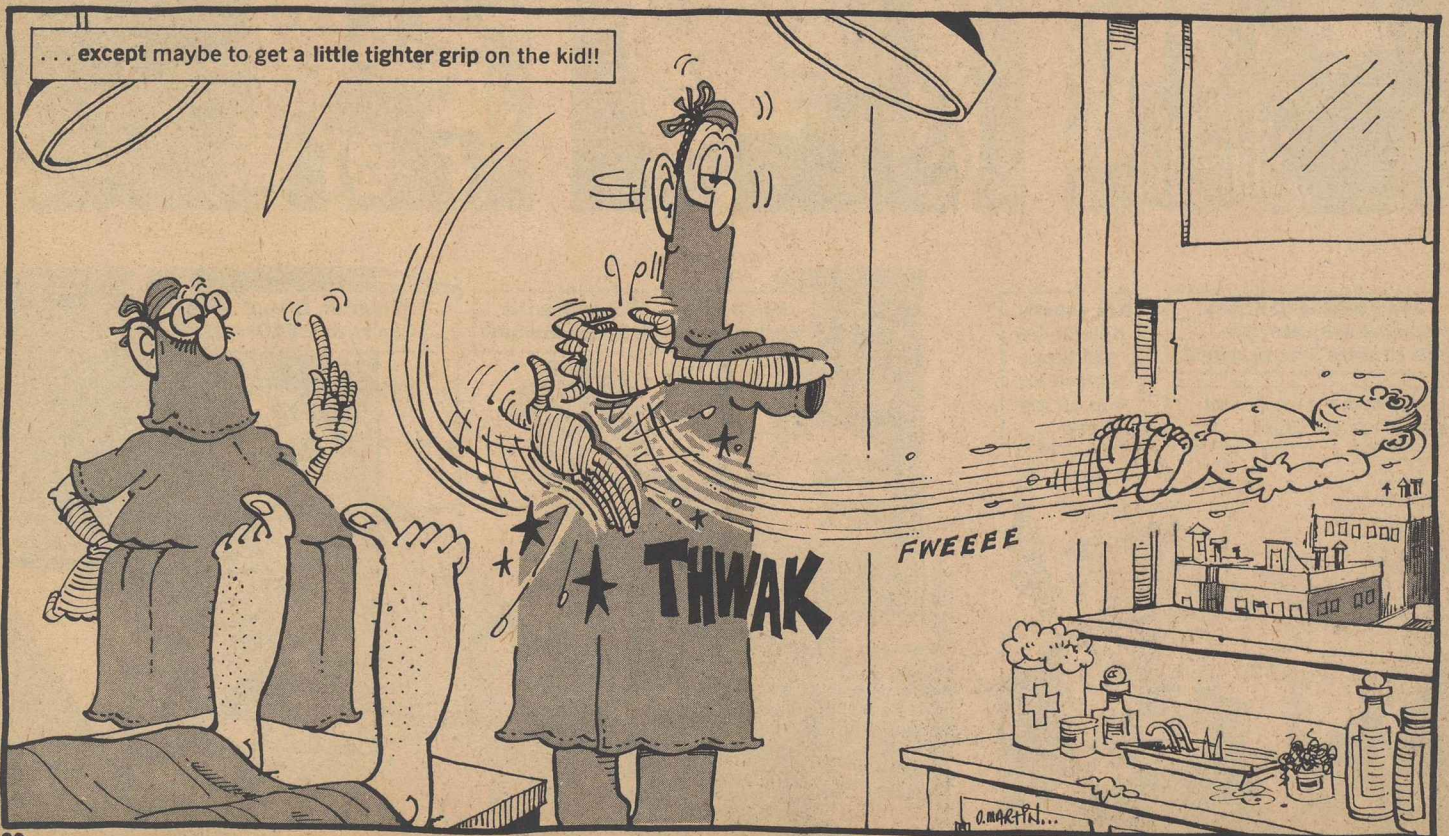
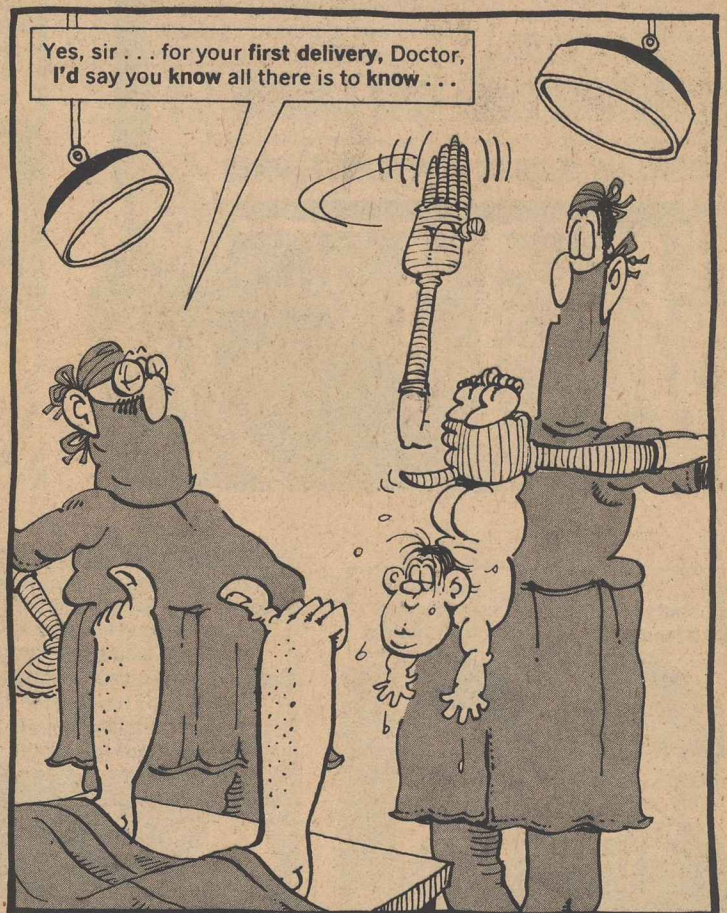
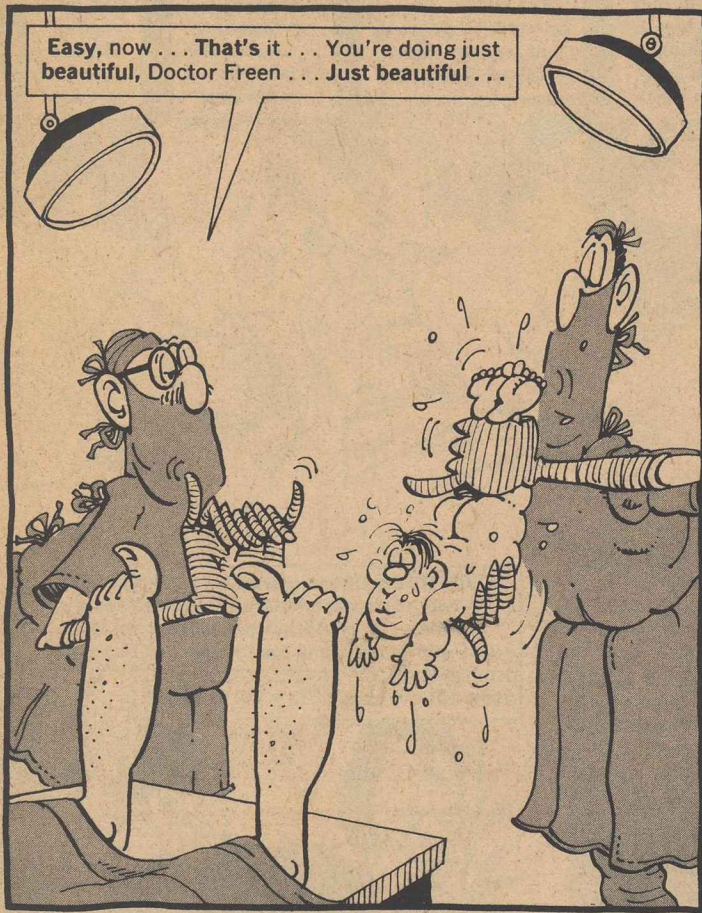


YOUNG DOCTOR FREEN



▶B

YOUNG DOCTOR FREEN

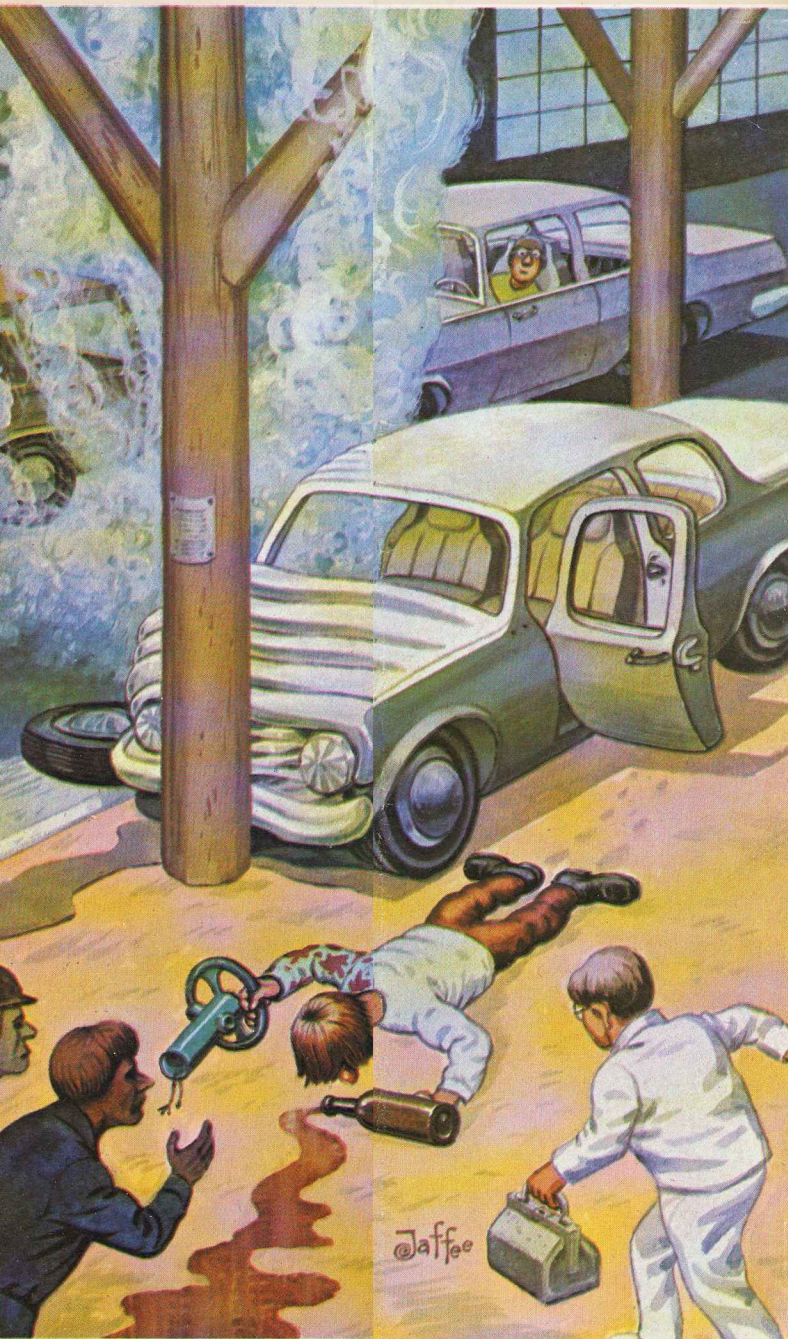


**WHAT IS THE
ONE DRIVING
HAZARD THAT
AUTO MAKERS
ARE ALMOST
POWERLESS
TO REMOVE?**



FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

A ▶ ◀ B FOLD BACK SO "A" MEETS "B"



DRUNKEN

**ARTIST & WRITER:
AL JAFFEE**

DRIVERS

A ▶ ◀ B

THE MODERN-DAY CARPETBAGGERS



ANOTHER
MAD
MINI-
POSTER